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Memoirs of Edward Vaughan Kenealy .

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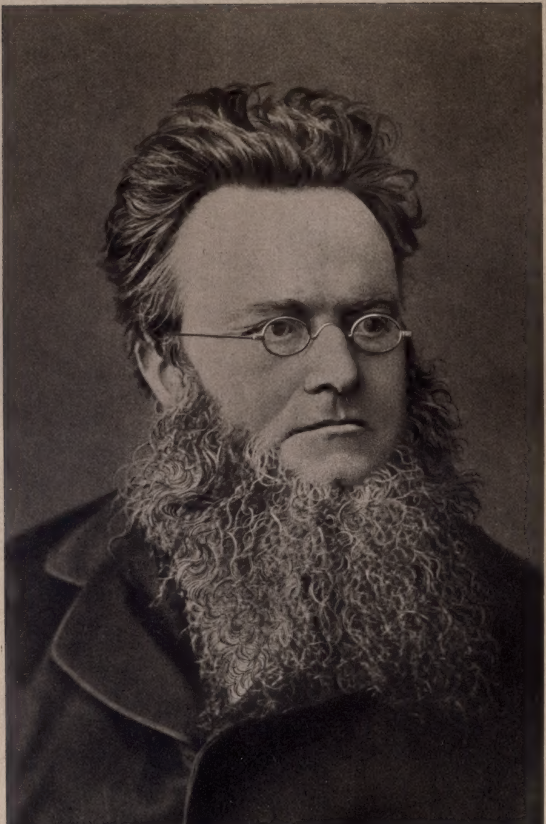

Memoirs of
Edward Vaughan Kenealy
LL.D.

By
His Daughter
Arabella Kenealy

With Photogravure Portrait and Sixteen Illustrations

London
John Long
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In Memoriam

EDWARD VAUGHAN KENEALY

The idea of thy life shall sweetly creep
Into my study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of thy life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving—delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of my soul,
Than when thou lived'st indeed.

Memoirs of Edward Vaughan Kenealy

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

THIRTY-FOUR years have passed since the Tichborne Claimant was tried and sentenced, twenty-eight years since Dr Kenealy died.

The younger members of this generation learn, with amazement bordering upon incredulity, of the absolute furor of interest, of partisanship, of intense personal feeling which the case excited. The only parallel to be found with it, I think, is that which was aroused in America by the War of the North and the South. For, as during that great crisis, so during the Tichborne Trial personal bias ran so high that parents and children were estranged for ever, life-long friendships made and severed, political factions and commercial and social alliances sealed and sundered—feuds of every magnitude bred and fostered—over the question whether The Claimant was Tichborne and was entitled to the estates, or whether he was a mere vulgar, unscrupulous Impostor.

There can be no doubt but that the man's immense size, by contributing a phenomenal note to the *personnel* of the Case, magnified the interest attaching to it in the public mind to a dimension which a claimant of normal proportions would have failed to excite.

In the minds of the more cultured, this same bulk struck a note of distaste and offence, by adding an element of enormity to that which might otherwise have seemed to be a mere ordinary imposture.

Certain it is that during the course, more especially of the second Trial, by which time the Tichborne Claimant may be said to have become an Institution, he and the merits of his case were beyond all others the topics most discussed in every circle, serving as the red rag to the bull of blind partisanship, fire to the tow of more rational talk.

After a time indeed, I have been told, he and the merits of his case were topics which, as are religion and politics, became taboo at the tables of the well-bred, feeling regarding him running so high as to disqualify the greater number of persons from discussing him with that moderation and tolerance for the opinions of others which are demanded by social proprieties.

Also I am told that in circles less amenable and more candid, men still continued to discuss him, and in discussing frequently came to blows. As I have said, the intensity of feeling excited by the Case was a thing which is almost incredible to-day.

Speaking broadly, it would seem that this strong animus formulated itself presently into class feeling. There were, of course, many persons of standing and of rank who implicitly believed that The Claimant was Roger Tichborne. There were persons among the proletariat who were ready to demonstrate by tongue or by fist that he was an arrant impostor. But, broadly speaking, it was a question upon which the classes were drawn up against the masses.

Society saw in him an unwieldy, vulgar Idol of the people, who had sunk to, or had emerged from, the lowest depths, who had earned a livelihood as a butcher in the

Australian backwoods, who had married an illiterate person of the class with which he was allied, who was raising funds for his defence by appearing in public, by shooting at pigeon matches, and by doing, generally, things which a man of family and of self-respect should on no account have done. And beyond all else Society saw in him a person who had violated every tradition of good feeling and of breeding by making against a lady of its order an imputation which alike the honour of a gentleman or the chivalry of a man demanded that he should rather have gone to the stake than have betrayed

As there are fashions in hats, in sleeves, and in slang, so it became a mode of the day to assume that this wholly impossible person was an impostor.

On the other hand, the populace saw in him one who, like themselves, was excluded from the ranks of the elect, but who, unlike themselves, was unjustly excluded, and was with his children in danger of being defrauded of his name and just inheritance.

Class jealousy, for all the apparent cool running of our social system, is an ever-smouldering fire, ready upon the slightest fanning to break into flame. It broke forth then, adding its heat and fume to the popular indignation.

It was to have been expected that any man who should ally himself—albeit merely professionally—with one about whom was beating all this flame and odium, this passionate heat of sympathy and of justice, this fashionable contumely, this fever of hero-worship, this respectable repulsion, should too become irradiate and scathed.

Dr Kenealy entered reluctantly upon the man's defence. He had no sympathy with him, no grain of interest in him, no convictions regarding him. Having, however, been persuaded to accept the brief, and having gone into the facts and extraordinary features of the

Case with that enthusiasm and acumen which distinguished him, and with a knowledge of men and things derived from his long legal training and experience, his whole view changed. There were facts and circumstances which seemed to him to offer no other explanation but that his Client was the man he represented himself to be.

In his first interview with him he saw him careless, indifferent and confident, with none of the nimble plausibility of the impostor. He saw in him a man of apparent breeding, with that touch of finish in his manners which comes but with generations of good stock; with a restraint and refinement of demeanour sufficient even to rob his monstrous bulk of that offence with which the least shade of vulgarity would have invested it.

He marked his small and well-kept delicate hands and their supple movements, the courteous mode in which he conveyed a letter, first deftly slipping it from its envelope, unfolding and then passing it across the table with that commingling of deference and dignity which marks the intercourse of well-bred men. He noted in him a number of other characteristics which, apparently trifling, are yet all-important in the denoting of class.

After that interview which confirmed the conviction he had formed from his study of the Case, my Father believed, and believed implicitly to the day of his death, that the man was no impostor, but that he was in truth that ill-starred person, Roger Tichborne.

And certainly it is difficult to read the strange and moving story of this most amazing Trial, as it was known to my Father, without feeling that there was great justification for his belief.

For many persons the man seems to have possessed a singular charm and fascination. Dr Kenealy did not experience this. He had no personal friendship with him. Their relations all through were but those of Counsel and Client. Men of tastes and pursuits so different could have had no common ground of cordiality.

He was sorry for him, regarding him as having been at the beginning of his career the victim in great part of a particularly unfortunate upbringing and environment, and later as the victim of a great and terrible injustice.

But it was mainly the principle involved for which my Father fought so strenuously, the principle of British justice, of which he considered the whole conduct of the Trial and the verdict grave violations. Also he deplored that the man's unhappy charming children, who bore every evidence of breeding (and singularly enough of a strain of French blood, such as Roger's French mother had brought into the Tichborne family), should have been deprived of that which he regarded as their just inheritance.

It cannot, I think, be doubted by any student of history, and of human nature, that there are persons who seem to have been singled out from birth as targets for every missile of misfortune which lies on the knees of the gods. Roger Tichborne was one of these. And these ill-starred persons attract misfortune not only to themselves, but entail it, too, upon those who ally themselves with their evil destinies

If, as my Father believed, The Claimant was Roger Tichborne, then that after twelve years of absence he should return home to be repudiated by his family, deprived of his name and inheritance, convicted under the name of an illiterate Wapping butcher, sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment, and on leaving prison should have died in misery and starvation, are facts only in absolute keeping with the fate of the undoubted Roger Tichborne, who, despite his position and vast expectations, was as unhappy and foredoomed a youth as can well be imagined. Also it was in keeping with his ill-starred destiny that the Defence of him should have wrecked the professional career of the man who, having undertaken it, strained every energy to obtain that which he regarded as mere justice for him.

In one of my Father's diaries I find the following:—

"Wesley was accustomed to entreat God of all afflictions to withhold from him Prudence. And I, who see in all about me how this quality enslaves the soul to the world, and to the things that are of the world, heartily pray in the same spirit, 'Oh, God! suffer me not to be prudent.'"

In the following sketch—mainly autobiographical as it is—will be found, I venture to think, one of the most interesting human documents ever presented to the world. For, in addition to being the self-revelation of a fine, original and rarely-cultured mind, made with the candour and vigour which characterised it, it is, too, the record of a career which, having the world for stage, yet modelled itself upon the above unworldly prayer.

As the most ordinary-minded person, who has ever set material success for his goal, could have foretold to this man of brilliant talents, the issue was—Failure.

Accomplished Linguist (he was sufficiently familiar with thirteen languages to have written charming verses in all), profound Orientalist, Orator, Poet, Man of Letters, Statesman (for his mental grasp and breadth of view of home and foreign polity make the term politician inadequate), he yet wrecked the fine career he had built up, and its still finer promise, in his efforts for his Client. Having prayed Heaven to deliver him from Prudence, he was so imprudent as to allow his indignation at that which he regarded as a great wrong to an individual, and to the man's defenceless children, and as a grave blot upon British jurisdiction to betray him at times, during the terrible strain of that protracted Trial (which included two speeches covering nearly fifty days), into unpolitic action and expression.

That men should remain ever calm of demeanour, and wary and temperate of speech, I am willing to admit. It is wise and becoming to do so. But my Father at times forgot to be wise. Mrs Browning has said:—

> "God thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our face,
> A gauntlet with a gift in't."

Perhaps God thrust in my Father's face the thing he had prayed for—lack of Prudence—and with the gift the gauntlet struck him hard. At all events he was fiery-tempered, and when strongly moved he spoke and acted from his heart, reckless of consequences, sometimes even regardless of niceties.

It was a failing, and I am the more ready to admit it as it seems to me, from what I remember of him, from a close consideration of his life and work, and from the testimony of his nearest friends, that it was a failing which withdraws into the perspective of insignificance when viewed in just relation with his many great qualities of mind and of character. For, in addition to his rare intellectual gifts, he was the most profoundly religious man I have ever known, possessing that true religion of the mystic which sees God in all things and on all occasions.

The very outspokenness which was accounted to him as a crime was the outcome of a love of truth so scrupulous as to admit of no compromise. We, his children, were taught from our cradle that even the slightest deviation from truth was the unpardonable sin. (To speak frankly, I am bound to confess that at his knee, where we imbibed

Homer and Sallust with our letters, we learned also to regard a knowledge of the Classics as constituting a good second among the virtues.)

His integrity and independence were touched with an alloy of intolerance. He made a point of treating with hauteur, or with indifference, those who would have been likely to serve him, or to further his career. He was unsociable—that deadliest of social offences—and one which more than any other raises in its wake a crop of foes. But his unsociability arose less from indifference to his fellows than because he was by nature and by habit a student, and spent every hour he could spare from his professional work in the absorbed researches into Oriental theosophies which resulted in those monuments of industry and thought, his theological works.

There is in the vast majority of men a generosity of heart and of mind which leads them to admire with fine sincerity and to honour openly talents and natures greater than their own. But there are, too, mean minds, which consume themselves with envy at the sight of attainments they lack.

Tennyson has recorded that he never published a volume of poems but that some such mean mind did not write him a letter of vituperation and of cruel abuse. And I have been told by a man of a notable academic career that he never took honours or obtained a coveted post but that he received some cruel and abusive anonymous letter.

So too, my Father has had his detractors, men who, even since his death, have been found to publish calumnies about him, calumnies as mean and as discreditable to the writers as they are baseless and absurd. For even one has not scrupled to charge him with self-interest and with mercenary aims in that zeal for his Client—which on the face of it was the most Quixotic sacrifice of a life and of a career which has ever been made.

A complete refutation of this charge is afforded by the fact that, shortly after his return to the House of Commons, Mr John Bright (who was always friendly to him) approached him on the part of the Government, promising that he should be reinstated in his profession, and intimating other substantial reparation to be made to him if only he would stop the publication of *The Englishman* and would drop the Tichborne Case.

Long they talked behind the Speaker's chair. Long Mr Bright argued and persuaded. My Father had but one answer. Believing the sentenced man to be Roger Tichborne, and that a great wrong had been done to him, and a great violation done to British Law, he could not with honour desert and cease to advocate his cause. So the matter ended, my Father persisting, without one iota of weakening, in the chivalrous course of which, although his misfortunes have sadly shadowed their lives, his sons and daughters are to-day proud.

I do not profess that my Father was faultless. Nor do I deny that he committed indiscretions. But his faults were the defects of his virtues, of his integrity, of his sense of justice, of his zeal for right. And the defects were brought out by the wrongs and injustices he suffered.

For then was seen the spectacle of a gifted mind, heretofore calm and philosophic, goaded well nigh to desperation; of a man advanced in years, undermined by grave disease, suddenly robbed of that social and professional position for which he had long laboured, with a large family dependent upon him, flung ruthlessly upon the world to do as best he could.

Small wonder that he was embittered!

Within the last few months the scientific world has been doing honour to Lord Lister for his work in the field of Medical Science. The discovery of micro-organisms in morbid conditions has been credited to Pasteur; to Lord Lister is credited the development of the antiseptic method. Without in any way detracting from the honours of these Scientists, I may point out that which is admitted, viz.:—that the true discoverer of the infective nature of septic conditions, and of the value of antiseptics, was Semmelweiss of Vienna, who, in 1847, by his investigations and efforts in this field of inquiry, reduced in a few months the mortality of the maternity department of a great hospital to which he was attached from 12.24 to 3.04, and by the following year to 1.27.

Pasteur, coming after Semmelweiss, showed the presence of micro-organisms in these septic states. Lister, following Pasteur, showed the power of antiseptics to destroy such organisms. But the discovery that the septic products of dead or of living tissues, and of air contaminated by such, were capable of generating fever in others, and also of the value of antiseptics to neutralise their infective power, was due to the genius of Semmelweiss.

In what manner did his fellows reward him for this, his great discovery, and for the immense humanitarian benefits resulting from it? By scepticism, by misrepresentation, by persecution.

"The University authorities," it is stated, "made a dead set against him—they refused to renew his appointment. They got him out of the Hospital and out of Vienna. He went to Pesth . . . but the same opposition and hostility were at Pesth as at Vienna."

Eventually, under his increasing persecution, his mind gave way, and he died in an asylum at the age of forty-two.

What has not Science lost by this as it has by its many similar persecutions? What might not the man who by his genius lighted upon this great field of knowledge have further taught us had he not been hounded to madness and to death for his efforts in the causes of Humanity and of Science?

I venture to question: Should not the never-ending story of these wrecked lives make us pause? Should we not ask ourselves whether our system is right, whether we do not deprive ourselves of the full wealth of the best and finest minds by awarding the prizes of life to that mediocrity which finds it so easy to conform, and by deposing those whose minds and natures are too progressive and strong to conform to the methods of yesterday?

The oak only reaches full stature by ceasing to conform to the husk of the acorn.

Human history has been a history of acorns which have been trampled under foot, because they burst the husk—of fine invaluable men and minds martyred to this mean habit of Conformity.

To-day the cry goes up that Genius is no more, that our day enrolls no men of notable talent.

Can this be true? Has not every age its flower?

Is it not rather that our system, denying in fact the eternal law of evolution, makes conformity to old opinions and to husks of custom the *sine qua non* of every man's advancement? And just as a sieve of small mesh will pass on but the small and smallest particles, rejecting the greater and the greatest, so the way on to the places in our world of influence and of standing is through the mesh of mediocre minds, which, for the reason that the lesser is unable to include the greater, pass on those only which conform to their own lesser bore, and effectually exclude all greater.

There should be, I think, in every community a Tribunal of Appeal composed of its greatest men, to whose judgment might be referred the cases of persons of attainment who might be in danger of being passed over or wronged from lack of understanding. (For only they are capable of wholly understanding and of valuing us who are, at least, a little greater than ourselves.) Such a Tribunal, comprising men of every creed and mind and talent, each in so far as were possible the greatest of his kind, would represent the Universal Human Mind in its fullest and noblest dimensions, and, pure of all personal or professional rivalry, free of all taint of self-interest, animated only by desire for the common and intrinsic good, would be fitted to judge men and cases which should be beyond the mental grasp of inferior understandings.

Looking backward down the ages we have climbed, ages red with the blood of martyred Genius and Saints, we may see what such a Tribunal might have done for us; the Socrates, the Galileos, the Savonarolas and the Joans of Arc it would have rescued from defeat; the wealth of talent, of moral grandeur, and of impulses to progress it would have added to each century. For Saintliness and Genius are the great gifts of just those rare highly-organised, sensitive and altruistic temperaments which before all others lack power to fight their way to the front through the opposed mass of the great, unenlightened Average. No doubt, for every Genius and Saint of whom the world has heard, there have been a half dozen or more who have died unknown and broken-hearted, having failed utterly to give their great and epoch-making messages to the world.

Such a Tribunal as I have indicated would, I venture to think, have preserved my Father from being sacrificed to the momentary anger of Society against his Client, would have been sufficiently just and clear-minded to rule that no man should be deprived of his career and of his well-earned honours for mere indiscretions which, cruelly provoked, were the outcome of an honest zeal for right.

So would have been given to our Justice-seat (to the Chief Justiceship it was always predicted for him) an honourable, talented and upright Judge, and to our Statute Book many a fine and progressive interpretation.

In every piece of even the finest tapestry, if you turn it over on the wrong side, you will find seams and yawning stitches and loose ends.

Human achievement is imperfect. Somewhere this imperfection shows. So is it with men. The noblest of them has a wrong side. If viewed from that, you will find seams and yawning stitches and loose ends. Like the tapestry somewhere the imperfect nature shows. But as in the tapestry, so also in men, these imperfections of the wrong side do not mar the goodly pattern of those aims and achievements which the heart of them, like a flying shuttle, wove into the fabric of their lives. Like the tapestry, lives and characters are not intended to be seen from the wrong side. Only mean minds and dull view any man's life from the angle whence isolated errors and mistaken impulses, knots and tags and tangles, obscure the otherwise great design.

From Dr Kenealy's "A New Pantomime."

THE greatest of earth's minstrels, blind old Homer,
Was all his life a beggar, tramp and roamer.

Meander drowned himself in proud despair;
Dogs tore Euripides; the Ascrean sage
Was murdered; Socrates drank poison; fair
And lute-souled Sappho felt the public rage;
Theocritus was hanged; the mighty pair,
Demosthenes and Tully, in old age
Died one by poison, one by steel; the knife
Cut Lucan, Brutus, Seneca from life.

Empedocles and Pliny burned in flame
Volcanic, and the Stagyrite self-drowned;
Hannibal poisoned; Naso sent with shame
To Tomos; Galileo blind and bound
In chains by knaves who dared themselves proclaim
God's Viceroys; pure Lucretius, rainbow-crowned,
Struck by his own right hand—such things as these
Show how Fate loads the best with agonies.

Plautus and Terence were unhappy slaves;
And so was Æsop; sage Boëtius died
In gaol; Camoëns, whose Parnassian staves
Are his accursèd nation's only pride,
Begged in her streets; o'er Tasso's, Dante's graves—
Massenger's, Dryden's, Chatterton's have sighed,
Thousands, who on past ages cried out "Shame,"
Then went their way and did the very same.

Butler and Savage, Spencer, Goldsmith, Lee,
Cervantes, Marlow, Otway, Drayton, Ford,
Chapman and Shirley, Fletcher, a bright three
On eagle-wings to heavenly heights who soared;
Burns, whose great soul outshone the galaxy
In splendour—lived and starved, and died abhorred,
Or what is worse, despised by human things
Who scorn the gods, but worship lords and kings—

Introductory

Who own that Genius is the Child of Heaven
Sent down to earth to beautify its ways,
Like living Revelations born and given?
How does man hail it? Like a fiend he preys
Upon its loveliness. While some are driven
Into despair, and stalk in Frenzy's maze;
Others are crucified. The murderous Jews
Of old, could they come back, would greatly muse
To see good Christians walking in their shoes.

Rome trampled Scipio; Florence trimmed the stake
For Dante; Cork its weeping Curran scorned;
London expelled its Byron; Bristol brake
The soul of Chatterton; Rousseau, pain-thorned,
Was hissed from France; pure England like a snake
Stung Shelley. Thus the world wags. While adorned
With fame and fortune move the base-born tribe
Whose names upon our books the Fates inscribe.

CHAPTER II

Dr Kenealy's Autobiography:—Descent—Father's Pride of Ancestry—Boyhood and Early Impressions—College Reminiscences—Passion for Study—Call to English and Irish Bars—Literary Friends.

The greater portion of the ensuing autobiographical sketch was written by my Father at a few sittings in the year 1850, during a period of mental distress so profound that despite his philosophy and religious faith the thought of suicide had presented itself with haunting allurement.

As showing the intimate mysterious bond of sympathy which unites all men in Common Brotherhood, my Father received at this crisis of spiritual desolation a letter from a total stranger—a letter without name or address or any clue to the writer's identity—breathing words of comfort and of noble exhortation, a clarion call to patience, to fortitude, to trust and reliance in God and in the ultimate blessing of all trial and affliction

This—his sole evidence of his unknown friend—did much to comfort and to strengthen him. The anonymity of the writer, the sympathetic grasp the letter showed of a situation in which the recipient knew himself to be misjudged, the mysterious knowledge it proved of his inmost thoughts, and its intuitive appreciation of his higher nature and aspirations made it appear to him like a shining hand of Providence stretched out to him in his darkness.

Gratitude for the moral succour and support thus spontaneously and generously extended to him by some noble-minded Unknown remained with him through life.

The Autobiography was subsequently resumed, and events were brought up to the date of some five or six years later.

For the rest I have been compelled to fall back for my data upon jottings in my Father's diaries, upon letters, upon newspaper and other records, upon the recollections of my Mother's clear brain.

Of the diary jottings—I had almost written scribblings, but that would have been a sad misnomer for the writer's ever characteristically fine hand—some I have put in as they stand, being, as I think, candid and graphic descriptions of and comments upon the men of note he knew, upon the books of his wide reading, upon the times, political, religious and social, in which he lived.

Limitations of space have compelled me to leave out much of the Autobiography, while other considerations have moved me to withhold portions of the diary and other records, and to keep back even a number of profoundly interesting letters from notable personages.

One of the considerations is that some of these contain facts and opinions the publication of which could only be painful to persons now living. And as the painful possibilities seem to me to outweigh even the interest and entertainment they would have afforded, they are omitted. I have been able to do this with the clearer conscience as some of these revelations were not intended for publication, but were recorded in diaries and in private correspondence merely in passing, and as the writer or the correspondents had personally witnessed or had learned of the circumstances from authentic sources.

As it is, there will be found some facts and some frank opinions which I fear may not please all:—

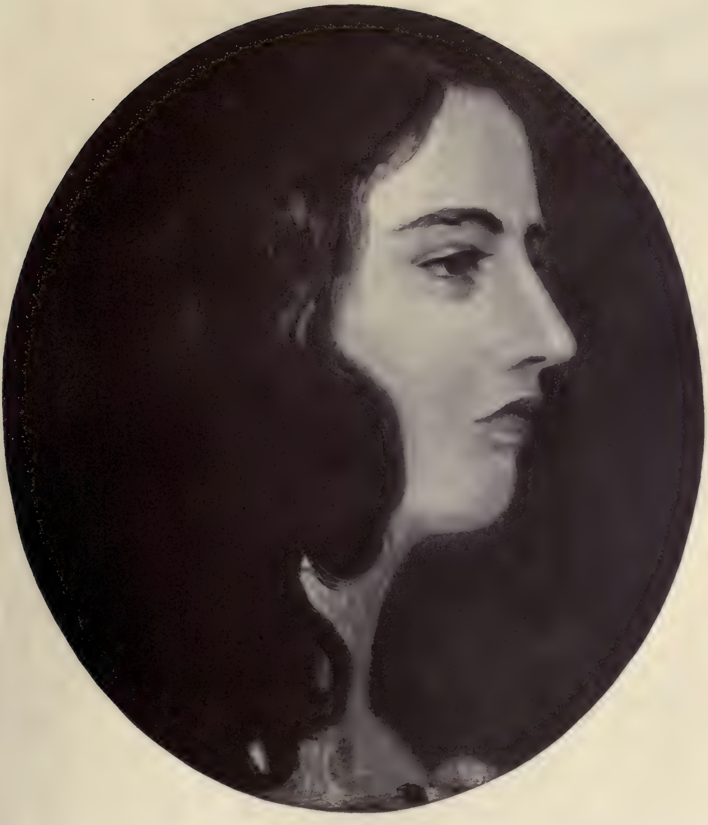
Dr Kenealy's Autobiography

Autobiography of E. V. Kenealy

I

My dear father, who, like most Irishmen, possessed a golden mine of enthusiasm and imagination, was accustomed to trace his pedigree upwards through a long line of patriarchal, regal and noble predecessors, rulers of extensive realms, and chieftains of broad lands.

Looking through his papers, I have found half a dozen closely-written books, filled with extracts from Hibernian authors of all ages and of all degrees—poetical, historical, ecclesiastical and, I fear, fabulous—the whole of which went to demonstrate that he was descended in direct line from the Arkite Patriarch, through a splendid roll of monarchs, heroes, saints and conquerors, in whom the blood and passions of many mighty families were grandly blended. The money he expended in the purchase of ancient works likely to give him information on these important matters must have been considerable. Yet he grudged it not. For these Irish dreams were his delight and only luxury. But whatsoever the family of O'Kenealy or Cennfaelad (for such it is in Irish) had been in the legendary days of yore, when Queen Enchantment cast her silver spells over the earth, and we had fairies, spirits, Druids and magicians at our beck, they have, unfortunately, no reason to exult in the extent or grandeur of their present possessions. The wizard powers which destroyed their country fell with equal blight upon their hereditary crowns and kingdoms; their thrones toppled, their castles fell. But though we had neither demesnes nor fortresses, nor feudal halls, and little more indeed than a moderate patrimony and a portrait-gallery of ancestors,



KATHERINE KENEALY, DR. KENEALY'S MOTHER

(From an Oil Painting)

my father's step was not less stately, nor his pride of birth less elevated, than any of the haughtiest of his ancient line.

Repeated confiscations for rebellion against the English sway, the influence of Penal laws, which prohibited a Papist from holding landed property, a devotion to the Stuarts, which manifested itself in many hundred broad pieces of sterling metal and many pounds of chivalric blood, and a due proportion of fiery temper which set all prudent calculation at defiance, had caused the remnant of our old estates to dwindle sadly in the lapse of time. And my paternal grandfather, though universally acknowledged as *Princeps*, or Chieftain of his clan, had but little to bestow except an honourable fame and historic recollections.

Nor was the heraldic honour of my mother less noble, although my father never would admit that any merely English blood was comparable with the pure Milesian, the product of the East. This lady, Katherine Vaughan, the eighteenth in direct descent from King Edward the Third, by his son Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloster, and Eleanor, the eldest daughter and heiress of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Constable of England, embodied in herself the blood of Charlemagne, Alfred and the Conqueror, and was in nowise unworthy of her race. She was the eldest daughter of Daniel Vaughan, a wealthy merchant in Mallow, who, however, expended so much money in the education of two dissipated and extravagant sons (the renowned heroes of many a wild scrape), that little or nothing remained for his other children. And though he was at one time possessed of twenty, or perhaps thirty thousand pounds, at his death he was probably not worth much more than a tenth of the latter sum.

He had in all thirteen children, including the two rakes, who cost more than the other eleven. He has been described to me as a small slight man, who always dressed in an olive coat and velvet breeches; very silent, very modest, very saving, and very much henpecked; in a word, just such another person as the Editor of the *Spectator* humorously describes himself to have been, with his club, his landlady, and Sir Roger.

My great-grandmother's maiden name was Mary Chapman.

Her mother was Mary Chapman, daughter of Arthur Hyde, of Castle Hyde, Member of Parliament for the county of Cork, by his second wife Mary, the child of Colonel George Evans of Carass, a Privy Councillor, and father of the first Lord Carbery.

Both her brothers being bachelors, my great-grandmother Chapman was heiress presumptive to a considerable property, and was renowned as a toast and a beauty through the entire province.

She, however, married Mr Harding, a gentleman of small but independent fortune, without her father's consent, and against the remonstrance of her brothers; became a Catholic in her old age, having likewise two daughters wedded to Catholics, and disgusted her family so much by these triple heresies, that they bequeathed away their two fine estates of Ferville and Summerville to distant relatives, in default of whose issue—the most improbable of all contingencies—the property was to vest in the male heirs of Daniel and Mary Vaughan.

So that the only tangible memorials of Castle Hyde, of Ferville, or of broad Summerville, which came to my grandmother, were a couple of old portraits, two carved sofas covered with embroidered satin, and a pair of fire-screens of ancient tapestry, the handiwork of some venerable Dowager, with which I often amused myself when I was a child, though I little knew or cared then that they were the last vestiges of a property which had been ours for ages, but was now alienated never to return.

As my great-grandmother Harding asked nobody's consent to her nuptials but her own and her husband's, my grandmother likewise in due time followed so independent an example, and resorted to the summary mode of an elopement to tie the Gordian knot.

She was a stout, thick-set, bony old gentlewoman, with a large stock of what is called common sense.

A perfect despot in her own house and neighbourhood, poor Daniel Vaughan was only an obedient minister of her sovereign desires—for a will of his own he could not be said to possess.

He was of Welsh family, and of the Lisburne blood, being grandson of a younger scion of that noble house, whose coat and crest he used, and the only vanity in which he indulged was an occasional reference to his ancestor, the famous Chief-Justice Vaughan. But he seems to have had little of the fiery Cymric nature, as he bore his matrimonial troubles with resignation, and presented to his fellow-townsmen a perfect pattern of a subdued husband.

He was, however, like Addison, mulish at times, rebelled against the iron sceptre of his masculine consort, when it was too potently wielded, and it required all my grandmother's skill and energy to bend him to her purpose, or to smooth away the ruffles of his temper, in these occasional moments of revolt against the constituted authority.

He lived, nevertheless, to threescore and odd, but my grandmother, who seldom had a day's illness in her life, survived him long. She was nearly eighty when she departed. She was a woman of great strength of mind, boldness and originality of character, and perfectly unsubduable by man or beast.

I am proud of her fierce Norman blood and overruling spirit.

Like her mother, she had been a Protestant, but changed her religion with her maiden name, although I fear she swallowed down the sacred mythology of Rome with a good deal of salt.

In the same manner, my mother was a quiet unbeliever in many of the doctrines of the Holy Catholic Church, and rather endured than sanctioned my father's credulity.

He indeed was a model disciple.

His Saturday charities were great. Regularly on that day beggars from all parts of the city surrounded his door, and I have myself seen half a dozen at one time, none of whom were sent away without relief. The number was seldom less than thirty in the course of the day.

On Sunday mornings also he was accustomed to continue his bounties, and he punctually attended every charity sermon, always leaving a handsome donation in the plate, he being himself most usually selected as a plate-holder by the priests, who knew that he would set a liberal example.

Whether it be true, as the Wise Man says, that he that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, I cannot say, but certainly my father throve in the midst of his charities, and never failed to thank God fervently for the blessings bestowed on him.

Nor was he unwilling that his son should follow in his footsteps. Many were the pence entrusted to me to give away in charity; and though I heartily longed to appropriate them, a vague awe prevented me, and I was never guilty of a breach of trust. On the contrary, so powerful is example, and so repeated were the lessons of beneficence which I received, that I occasionally gave some even of my own pocket-money for purposes of charity, and thought I was doing a most meritorious thing.

One picture I still remember, of a poor white-haired man begging in the rain with his hat in his hand; I passed him at first, unheeding his plaintive prayer, but as I went on my heart smote me at my worthlessness, and I returned a considerable distance to drop a mite from my own purse into his open palm, feeling as I did so a divine stream of happiness.

II

Of my grandfather and grandmother on the paternal side I can give no detailed account, nor do I recollect much more than one anecdote related by my father, of a midnight flight from their mansion, with their servants and a large following of fellow-believers and clansmen, and their concealment in a wood, under the apprehension of some intended massacre by Orangemen, which, however, proved to be only a groundless alarm. Though never was the morning star more anxiously hailed by trembling group, or the early chant of bird more agreeably heard, than by my grandfather's family and his companions on that eventful dawn.

This happened when my father was very young, and seems to have made an indelible impression on his mind, for he repeated it constantly, and always wound up with it whensoever he wished to instil into our minds his hatred of that English tyranny which has so long prevailed in Ireland.

The portrait-gallery of which I have spoken was indeed nearly all that remained to us of our predecessors, and I used to amuse myself with such stray anecdotes of these departed worthies as my aunts had picked up in odd moments from my father, or from such other members of the family as happened to fall in their way.

The list began with a small portrait on panel of a Dame O'Kenealy, painted in 1610, marvellous for its flesh-like colour. I have seen many famous ones in the National Gallery, and at Hampton Court, not half so fine.

After her came a portrait of her daughter-in-law, who was unquestionably a proud and great lady, if one may judge by her capacious robe of brocaded silk, her elegant lace, which was marvellously painted, her coat of arms in the corner surmounted by a gilt coronet, and the Dna. (Domina) O'K., which was inscribed beneath. This portrait was taken in her thirty-sixth year, and she is recorded to have died in 1640. Her husband came next, St Michael O'Kenealy, *Princeps*, etc., clothed in armour, with a bold, brave expression, and a chivalric gallantry which originated or realised many a subsequent vision of my own.

Maurice, the succeeding Chief, followed in due order. He was a man of noble and dignified appearance; calm, placid and studious-looking, but his face was deficient in vigour, and he seems to have been something of a fine gentleman and cavalier. His robe and lace (an hereditary foible) spoke of the Court and drawing-room, not of the fiery camp or battlement, which the paternal corslet of shining steel very plainly betokened.

The next Chief was another Maurice, who was knighted by King James the Second, of unhappy memory; but who, with the feudal pride of an Irish Lord, did not formally adopt, though he was too courtly to refuse, the royal title. He was a portly gentleman, represented seated in a carved chair, with flowing periwig, the picture of comfort and patrician ease, his coat of arms and golden

DOMINA O'KENEALY

(From a Panel Portrait by Holbein)

motto, *Aut Cæsar aut Nullus*, shining in a corner of the canvas, and apparently colouring his proud reflections.

As an instance of how faces are reproduced after generations, I may mention that my father's resemblance to this portrait was marvellous, and was remarked by all who saw it. His wife, Mary, painted by Sir Peter Lely, flashed from an opposite wall in the beauty of youth, and was one of the most finished portraits of that accomplished master.

Then came John, a remarkable portrait, on which none could look without being impressed.

The life of this man must have been a romance of melancholy and wild adventure. His face was strongly marked and ploughed with furrows of thought.

Of his adventures I know nothing. He was mixed up with the conspiracies of Charles Stuart, the young Pretender, (from whom he received a curious portrait in 1742), which probably gave that sad, solitary and guilty expression delineated in his likeness. For Ireland, although the nurse of many a Jacobite plot, was not the theatre of any great outbreak in those days, and every member of the secret organisation, liable to hourly treachery from his most trusted companions, moved, as it were, with a halter about his neck.

John was a poet as well as a man of action, and wrote one or two songs in the Irish language, which are preserved in an old manuscript book of my father's. One was anonymous; another, which was of a rebellious tendency, was circulated under a pseudonym. Neither was remarkable.

Goethe, who looked so curiously into his own mind, attributes to the influence of the varied pictures, prints and furniture in his father's house many of his characteristics as a man, and the birth and growth of his particular fancies.

I believe there is a great deal of philosophy in the idea, and that my mind too was quaintly and permanently coloured by this portrait gallery, and by the things which were before and around me at every moment of the expanding of my intellect.

III

I was born in Nile Street, in Cork, on the morning of Friday, July 2nd, 1819, the feast of the Visitation of the Virgin, in a comfortable old-fashioned house, of which I now retain no other recollection than that it was covered thickly on the outside with ivy.

I came into the world with my arms crossed over my breast, which made some gossips declare that Heaven destined me to be an Archbishop, and I believe one of my aunts predicted I was to be a Pope. Whether it was this prognostication, repeated for many a year in all faith and gravity, or the silent, meditative cast of mind which from the first I indicated, or the pride which a Catholic Irishman always feels in having a son in the sacred ministry, induced my father to say he would make me a priest, I know not. But until my fourteenth or fifteenth year I was certainly intended for the Church, and was in the habit of hearing my father speak of such and such a man having just had home his son in full-blown sacerdotal dignity, from Maynooth or Rome; nor did he omit to add his hope that he would yet behold his dearest child administering the holy offices of that sublime calling, to which Heaven itself had typically destined me from birth.

I had two godfathers and two godmothers—a thing unusual. But my father, who put faith in gossips, and never distrusted prophecy, had a notion that his eldest son was to be something wonderful, and so this extraordinary honour was paid to me.

I was an idle, quiet child, reserved, solitary and silent, dull of observation, but quick to learn. I hated restraint of any kind so much, that in my fourth year, having got a new suit of clothes, of which my Aunt Susannah bade me be very careful, I called out, "Then take them off and bring me my old clothes again. I can't be tied up in these."

My first preceptress was a Mrs Savage, a descendant of Sir Arthur Savage, a Knight of Cork, famous in his day. She was an old lady in silver spectacles and high cauled cap. Even still I recollect her with something of awe. She had several instruments of instruction, from a birch rod and half a dozen elastic canes of various lengths and dimensions, to a goat's head with hair and horns, which often crowned my infant brows for peccadilloes, but which I at length treated with so much contempt that the poor gentlewoman was sorely puzzled how to punish her unlettered pupil. There was a dim tradition among us boys and girls of a dark dungeon at the bottom of the house, in which a little fellow had once been shut by Mrs Savage for telling lies, and had been eaten by rats and mice. But I fear the legend was as baseless as are most stories which the first historians have had an object in inventing. For none of my contemporaries at school had ever experienced its terrors. Certainly if Mrs Savage had wished to keep us all within tolerable bounds, she could not have chosen a more politic course than she did in promulgating this dismal tale. A mere threat of the cellar subdued the noisiest.

I was, I think, in my seventh year when I was removed from Mrs Savage's university. What progress I had made I do not know. Once, indeed, I had won the silver medal of distinction; but, after wearing it for a week, it was transferred to some more diligent pupil, and I resigned it with a pang. I was, at home, considered to have memory and talent—but what will not "home" discover in a favoured child? I was generally taciturn. When I spoke, my sentences were short, and were supposed to contain something. I had, I presume, exhausted all the little stock of learning which the good lady knew, for I was now placed with Miss ——, whose name I have forgotten, but whose innocent, beautiful face still glitters on my memory with the freshness of young affection. She was, I suppose, the first woman I loved. Reproof from her was unfelt. I gazed impassioned on her soft blue eyes, gentle as violets, and steeped in dew-light. My school tasks were no longer a toil; my imprisonment no longer a penance.

And here I may as well jot down how early I became a passionate admirer of female loveliness.

I was only nine or ten years of age when I made long excursions down Glanmire Road to see the most beautiful woman then in Cork. She was a Miss Baker, daughter of a Colonel in the Indian service, who lived at a place called Fort William, at whose gates I have often stood to watch her come forth. She married a person who, they said, cared nothing for her, and she died in a couple of years of disappointed affection or a broken heart.

I recollect her charming face still.

A half-wild poet named Callaghan once astounded the good citizens by flinging himself on his knees before her in the promenade hour in the public Mall, opening his waistcoat, and passionately protesting the intensity of his admiration, at which, however, I believe, the lady only laughed.

Another beauty, Miss Kellett, who was like an Empress of Romance, was in the habit of walking up the Mandyke. The moment school was over I ran to meet her, lingering for hours with my satchel on my back until she came. And how passionately I fixed my eyes and heart on that enchanting figure!

I think she knew why I was there—women are so uncommonly keen sighted. My heart throbbed as she approached, my limbs trembled. I felt like the impassioned Rousseau before Madame d'Hondetol, and blushed at the shy yet searching glance she cast on me. Dearly I wished to be the ruler of an empire, that I might lay my possessions and myself at her feet.

With a new tutor, Macintosh, I made but little progress. He was a stagnant, easy, good-for-nothing soul, who pocketed his pupils' money and gave himself but small concern about their intellectual advancement. He seldom used the rod, and his pupils did as they pleased: a privilege they did not fail to use and to abuse. After remaining with him for about half a year I was removed from his guidance, more ignorant than I had been when I was placed under it, and sent to the school of a person named Casey, with whom my first real sorrows in life began.

This Casey was the most expert flogger in the city. His school was in Brown Street. It was a long, dark room, where dancing was taught at night, but which in the daytime was converted into an academy for torturing the body without doing much service to the mind. I entered it with instinctive repugnance, for nearly all the pupils were big, brutal boys, coarsely dressed, and the master himself held a huge rod in his hand, with which he was belabouring an unfortunate wight, who howled fiercely as every lash resounded through the air.

When he saw my father he grew as mild as milk, and the astonished youth was rescued from the whip. But it was only a temporary reprieve. For Casey loved the sport so well that the moment my father retired he recommenced the flogging, and continued it to the close with so evident a relish that my heart beat against my sides like a bird's newly caught in some mischievous schoolboy's hand.

For the first week Casey was the smoothest of human beings, but having detected me in a lie, he gave me a most terrific thrashing, and from that moment until I left him for ever, a period of ten months, he regularly flogged me once, and sometimes twice a day, on hand and naked back, until the first grew horny, and even the latter was hardened into a callosity, like an alligator's, or that of an armadillo. At last, in the tenth month, he whipped me into a fit of convulsions. I foamed at the mouth and lost my senses. I raved wildly while I kicked on the floor. Casey became frightened, and asked me did I know him? I said he was the Knave of Clubs. I was taken home insensible in a maid-servant's arms, and after five weeks in bed, with medical attendance, was pronounced sane and convalescent. I saw no more of Casey as a teacher. He once spoke to me in the street; but turning my head in fear or scorn, I made him no reply. He soon after married, became jealous of his wife, and drank himself into the grave, descending to a region where only his own floggings can be exceeded.

IV

After a long illness at length my brain recovered tone, and health again invigorated me. Yet I cannot attribute all my debility to the ordeal through which I had passed. Mismanagement in other things had something to do with my mishap. A very great and grave mistake was made with me in those early days, which I note for the instruction of others.

Every morning I was waked in summer at half-past five, and in winter at half-past six to go to school. And great indeed was my reluctance to quit my warm blankets, and the refreshing slumber of childhood, for the dull, cheerless school, especially as I knew that a flogging awaited me for the slightest slip. There was a blackbird in a wicker cage in the house opposite to ours. In spring and summer he was put out in the air as the morning sun shone. He whistled beautifully. The melodious note echoed in my ears at every step I took, for I would have given all I possessed to stay and listen all day to the bird.

The moment I entered the school-room my happiness was gone. I became gloomy as the gloomy place itself, into which, as it seemed to me, the sunbeams never penetrated, for it was upon the shady side of the street, and badly lighted.

Le Sage, who in old age became animated as sunshine smiled over the earth, and decayed again in intellect and sensibility as the vivifying beam declined, was not in closer sympathy with that grand star than I have ever been. I felt it then in childhood. I feel it now in the flower of my days. Nor will I ever consent to place any one connected with me in a dark house or in an atmosphere of melancholy like that. Yet when the hour of reprieve arrived, and I bounded home to my beloved books, all was forgotten. I lay in bed every night reading, until nearly twelve, stories of fairies and magicians—*Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, *Baron Munchausen*, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, *Fortunio and his Seven Wonderful Men*, *Tom Thumb*, *Jack the Giant-killer*, *Fortunatus and his Purse*, *Blue Beard*, *Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp*, *Tales of the Genii*, and *The Seven*

Champions of Christendom. All of these I read at least a hundred times, finding in every new perusal some new pleasure. No entreaties were sufficient to make me lay aside these loved companions, and at home no severity was used. For these delightful books what floggings have I not endured, what tears have I not wept! The floggings are forgotten, the tears are dried, but the glorious recollection of these stories of enchantment remains, and I am not sure but that *that* is worth the stripes.

A return to Brown Street was of course not to be thought of. An old gentleman named Downing (poor old Simon, how vividly I recollect him with his hooked nose and spectacles, black coat, broad forehead, thin grey hairs, and profusion of snuff!) heard of me, and was anxious to secure so promising a pupil.

I was now initiated into Latin grammar and Greek, and made rapid progress. I well remember my astonishment and my pride, when, in three months, I was plunged into Cæsar's *Commentaries*, and found myself translating for my delighted audience at home the well-known beginning of the first chapter. From Cæsar I passed into Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Sallust, the *Æneid*, and Homer, and was soon considered—or perhaps I considered myself, for I can scarcely now discriminate between rumour and fancy—one of the best Greek and Latin scholars in the school. How well I can recal my dear father's joy, when, taking me between his knees, he made me translate for a visitor the story of the unhappy Phaethon, or the wonderful transformation of the cruel Lycaon into a wolf. The adventures of Deucalion and Pyrrha, and their ingenious mode of repeopling the desolated globe, filled me with wonder. I threw stones behind me on my way to school, and was half amazed when I found they did not start up boys and girls. I cursed Apollo for his pursuit of Daphne. I never forgave the Greek chieftains for adjudging to Ulysses, instead of to Ajax, the heavenly armour of the brave Achilles. I read over and over the magical stories of Perseus and Andromeda, of Theseus and Helen, of Jason and Medea, and lingered with delight above the labours of the demigod Hercules. For Menelaus I had an early contempt, and hated Agamemnon for his sacrifice of the beautiful Iphigenia, and for his unprincipled abduction of the sweet Breiseïs.

Marmontel writes with rapture of his days of boyhood, when he read Virgil under the shade of a blossoming bower, while the honey bees murmured around him, and the azure sky of Limoisin breathed beauty above. Such a scene might well have reconciled him to the Dutchlike dulness of the *Æneid*, but I doubt if it would have satisfied me. Of the *Eclogues* I can speak with rapture, for I felt and feel their exquisite cabinet paintings, redolent of rose and thyme, and bathed in sunshine. But the *Georgics* have no interest for a boy, and the pious Æneas is a wretched fellow. For him, indeed, I had neither sympathy nor admiration. Strange that Homer and Virgil should both have committed this fault, selecting for their heroes characters who interest neither heart nor mind.

My Midsummer and Christmas vacations I sometimes spent at Cove, with my dear mother, sometimes at Castletown Roche with my Aunt Susannah, in a large and comfortable farmhouse, named Ileemana (evidently the Sreemana of India), but more commonly in Mallow with my grandmother, who gave me my own way in a manner which enraptured me. In those days I was as shy as a young antelope; nothing induced me to speak to a stranger, neither sixpences nor sweetmeats. I avoided strange faces. The arrival of a visitor to my grandmother was the signal for my flight to the woodland. For I preferred the Dreams which were my friends in field and forest to intercourse with men or with boys of my own age.

My ideas were majestic; my temper serious, even sage. I climbed the brown hills, fragrant with heather. I saw the sun ascend in parti-coloured cloud. I lingered until the moon swam through the heavens like a goddess in a lake. The distant prospect of towns or farmhouses filled me with rapture. I loved the trees as cherished friends, and sympathised with every habitant of Nature, save only with human kind.

My good grandmother and I were incessant walkers. Wheresoever she went, I was sure to be found, holding on by her silk gown, or with my little hand in hers, which was bony, strong, and seemed made to grasp an iron-hilted sword or the ponderous sceptre of a Charlemagne. She was fond of pointing to me with pride as her only grandson, although my modesty was not particularly well gratified by exhibitions of this kind, and I always hung back from observation. She spoke to all she met like some Princess walking among her feudal vassals. In mould of mind she was wholly Norman. Her features, dark and massive, stood in bold relief; one could fancy her pure and ancient blood rolling like a proud river, strong and irresistible. Her eyes, indeed, were blue and Saxon, but her breadth of limb and solid bone, her commanding temper, her dictatorial tones, her massiveness of will, spoke more of Normandy than of Anglia. Nor did she or my mother possess one atom of what is called Irish patriotism. The contrast between her and my father was as wide as that between the countries themselves, of both of which, indeed, they were representative.

I cannot now look back without deep interest to this sturdy old gentlewoman before whom all trembled, as well in her own domestic circle as in the pert, presumptuous town of Mallow itself. For by the force of an imperious iron will she made herself, even in her old age, respected, even feared, by persons who were in no wise dependent on her, and who were foremost in their jibes and jeers at others. That she ruled in her home I have already intimated, but her sway extended beyond. During her life no gaslights intruded their profane radiance upon the midnight streets. With a few old followers she opposed with true Tory bigotry all innovation and improvement, preceding them to the fight like Taillefer at Hastings, and chanting the song of triumph. In vain the Commissioners—very great persons in a small way—urged and remonstrated. Her own will she was determined to have, and had. Indeed it was waggishly reported that it was not until they were well assured of her decease that they ventured to convene a meeting for the purpose of obtaining the long-coveted light.

Yet, with her masterful temper, she was a woman to be regarded, though not perhaps to be loved. She was hospitable to a fault, open, sincere, candid and perfectly honest. She never indulged in professions, but meaning to serve one she did it without any intimation or vain boast.

V

The domestic economy of my family, no less than my course of study, was well fitted to foster in me the poetic and contemplative disposition which from the first I manifested. My dear parents lived solely for one another and for their children. There were no entertainments given or accepted. We lived strangers to all, dependent only on our mutual love. This suited the temper of both.

I had an uncle, Connor Kenealy, who lived near Kanturk, to whom I once paid a visit of some weeks, which teemed with Irish legend and fairy superstition. He lived like a patriarch of old, or like the Saxon thanes commemorated by Sir Walter Scott, sitting every evening at the head of his table, while his family, his followers, his retainers and his servants were ranged along the board according to the affinity, rank or position which each held in the master's household.

It was a pleasant and a goodly sight to see them so collected. The long oak table was abundantly filled with dishes and brilliantly lighted. At the top of the room was a fireplace six feet long, blazing with wood and peat; the lord of the banquet presided at the head, and when the feast was over, song and legend, and village news, occupied the easy hours which preceded the time of repose. At this table what wild stories have I not heard? What Jacobite reminiscences of James and William, and the young Pretender? What tales of holy priests and sheeted ghosts and haunted castles? What narratives of bleeding nuns, enchanted lakes, and abbeys charged with magic; what chivalrous adventures of Irish rogues and rapparees?

Once, I remember, a pot of old silver coins of the reign of James the Second was dug up in one of the fields. This set us speculating for days on hidden treasure. On another occasion, my uncle took me, with many a solemn gesture, to a fairy or Danish Rath which was on the farm, pointing out the ancient rampart, four or five feet high, perfectly distinct in outline from an ordinary hedge, and guarded with sacred care. He struck with his large stick the ground beneath us. It returned a hollow sound. The surface shook where we stood. He told me that there was a cavern underneath, which he had been often pressed to excavate and explore, but as it was unlucky to break into

MARY HARDING, DR. KENEALY'S GREAT-GRANDMOTHER

(From a Pastel Drawing)

these hallowed places, and whosoever did so either died soon after or suffered some other misfortune, he had always refused to permit interference with the enclosure.

How I pressed him to have the place opened! I dazzled him with hopes of gorgeous treasures, vessels gold and silver, fairy riches, wonders such as I had read of in my *Arabian Nights*. I offered to take upon myself the whole risk of the encounter, to dig the first sod, to face whatsoever ghost, or fairy, or enchanted sprite should issue from the violated cavern. My uncle would not listen. He grew angry as I grew importunate, and finally withdrew me from the place, afraid lest I should enter upon the task of digging out the enchanted prince, who lay bound by magic within the Rath. When I again looked for the spot I could not find it, or I fear I should have been tempted. No doubt it still exists inviolate, and will do so, until some English farmer gets possession and enters the labyrinth.

VI

There was a high mountain at the back of one of the farms of a maternal relative of mine, near Mallow, and one of my greatest delights was to ascend its steepest summit and lose myself amid its solitudes. Regularly I made my daily pilgrimage. When the mists rose and the vapours curled or rolled beneath my feet, hiding the plains, I fancied myself enveloped in the clouds of heaven; and this freak of imagination was often rendered still more powerful by the lightning which occasionally flashed beneath me, and the reverberating thunders.

The Castles of Mallow and Kanturk, the ruins of Lohort and Ballinamona Abbey, with towers and loopholes, and dimly-lighted chambers, with broad tilt-yards and ancient gateways, which I peopled with soldiers and waving banners, filled me with feudal longings and monastic fancies, with aspirations after bygone times when I too would have been a Chieftain and a Conqueror, or the Prior of some princely monastery, famous for my charities, my learning and power.

Was I not also the representative of a noble and princely line—those O'Kenealys with whose deeds and prowess many an Irish annal was emblazoned? I felt my heart swell. Though my ancestral halls were gone, had I not the blood and spirit of those bygone men?

How I longed for battle-fields, to bear our glittering banner, the White Hart on the Scarlet Shield, and the surmounting crest!

An old retainer of my father's accompanied me through the Abbey of Buttevant, and as he recounted to me deeds done by my ancestors, I felt the fire of a thousand chieftains burn in me, the strength of a thousand hands.

I wrote home in the wildest strains, and for a month signed all my letters O'Kenealy. Nor would I permit myself to be addressed, either by word or by letter, by any other title.

What is there too lofty for the eagle-wings of Imagination?

Alexander, in his tents of gold and purple, never filled his heart with conquests so vast, so gorgeous as were mine in these ecstatic hours.

Coleridge, when a boy, walking in the Strand, could believe himself Leander swimming the Hellespont, breasting its blue and silver waves. Nor was I less apt to lose identity in some ideal. According to the books I read I was everything by turns and nothing long.

The volumes I usually packed up for my Mallow visits were *Homer*, *Don Quixote*, *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, *Tasso*, *The Castle of Otranto*, Rollin's *Ancient History*, *Gil Blas* and *Robin Hood*.

It was while in the full rapture of these romantic dreams that I became acquainted with that gem of beautiful and legendary things, the *Undine* of de la Motte Foque—a fable or allegory which I conceive to be almost divine in its loveliness.

How I have been lured to Paradise by this. It invested for me with new and hitherto undreamed-of charms the lake, the river and the brook.

I plunged my hand into the morning streamlet, hoping some fay would clasp and place in it a garland of flowers, or a chaplet of emeralds and coral fresh from palaces beneath.

I made boats of paper or leaves, and floated them to some invisible magic isle, whence they were to return, bearing an Undine to my rustic cot—an Undine charming as the heroine of the story. I longed myself to float in them, half persuaded that they would lead me to some wondrous continent unknown to geographers, where only happiness and beauty dwelt.

VII

My father had a good library which I augmented from time to time, and before I was sixteen I had read most of the best books in the English language, and many of the French and Italian classics.

The first great poem which fell in my way was Hoole's Translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem*. I read this before I was ten, I am sure a dozen times.

It gave me the greatest delight. I can still recur in fancy to sunny hours when I thought only of Rinaldo, Tancred, Armida and Argantes.

After this I tried to read Spenser's *Faërie Queen*, but I tired of its monotonous allegories, and could not enjoy its siren sweetness. Burns delighted me; and I pored over the wild dialect of Ossian, and dreamt it not an ingenious fraud.

Of Shakespeare, my favourites were *Richard the Third*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth* and *Hamlet ;* the last of which I could have read for ever.

I did not understand it—Who does?—but I knew it was a treasure, and as such I prized it.

Cook's Voyages filled me with stores of adventure. I read Rollin's *Ancient History* again and again. I knew and believed all the miracles recorded in the veracious Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints.*

Goldsmith's *History of Rome* I read twenty times at least, as well as Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, every step and adventure of which I believed to be fact. I longed for some one to show me that celestial road, that I too might go forth upon a pilgrimage to the shining City of the Blessed.

I got through Pope's *Odyssey* twice, but without much interest in the narrative, and had read a library of romances.

Sterne's *Reflections*, *Zimmerman on Solitude*, and White's *Natural History of Selborne* accorded well with that meditative cast of mind which has always characterised me, and which is in curious contrast with my passion for action, my iron will and indomitable energy.

Plutarch's Lives was a favourite. *Xenophon* and *Lucian* were daily companions. I knew Keating's *History of Ireland* almost by heart, lured by its legends and tales of enchantment.

I was also well acquainted with the history and features of the leading cities in the world; and when I went first to Dublin, and a youth named Dennison undertook to show me its wonders, I knew all the public buildings and their treasures so well that he would scarcely believe I had never been in Dublin before.

Of *Don Juan* I had heard a great deal, and at last, by hard pinching my pocket-money, I saved enough to buy it, and ran off to the shop where I had often gazed at it with coveting eyes.

The good woman looked with astonishment at such a little fellow—I was about eleven—wanting such a book. She refused my money, telling me very properly it was not a fit book for children to read.

Yet in wishing to purchase it I had been guiltless of corrupt intent. I had heard it was a great work, and had no notion why it was not proper for me to possess it.

VIII

I was passionately fond of theatres, but my father was unwilling to gratify this taste, and it took long weeks of entreaty before he would take me to a Play.

I, however, erected a small puppet show of my own, and having purchased some thirty dolls I dressed them in spangled robes of silk and velvet; I painted with my own hand scenes and wings, and made palaces, caverns, rocks and waterfalls.

O glorious theatre! O dolls and puppets, eloquent! What plays and grand romantic dramas I composed for these.

My sisters were my audience. I was myself manager, printer, painter, tailor, scene-shifter, poet and fifty actors of versatile power rolled into one.

And here I am reminded of my first night at a real theatre. The play, I think, was called *The Exile;* but I have no recollection of its plot, although I can still recall some of the characters and many of the scenes.

It filled me for months afterwards with poetic fancies. I could not rest, I could not sleep. It unsealed the fountain of my fancy.

How passionately I longed to mingle in such scenes; to transport myself from the prosaic world around me—the school, the family meal, the dull, leaden features of every-day existence, so far beneath that ideal world of beauty and enchantment.

The last time I experienced these ecstasies was in the Dublin Theatre, when on my first visit to that city.

The Talisman, dramatised from Sir Walter Scott, was exhibited.

As in all melodramas, there was a rich profusion of claptrap sentiment, of gaudy declamation, of swelling phrases which seemed to me to be the essence of the sublime.

I was in the pit, wrapped up in the play. Behind me was an old gentleman, shrewd, worldly and rotund, with rosy cheeks, who, whensoever anything particularly romantic or fine was declaimed, burst into a horrid fit of laughter, which infected others beside himself. I could have killed him for irreverence—I longed for the Gorgon's head to transform him to stone.

At every vile guffaw I turned about and stabbed him with my eyes, my every feature breathed contempt and rage. But he went on, and as the pathos increased, and I was ready to weep myself to stone, or to rush upon the stage, ardent to mingle in the fray, out burst from his hideous mouth and cheeks an explosion of mirth which filled me to the brim with waters of bitterness. I was too young to remonstrate, and too prudent to strike, but all my enjoyment was destroyed for the evening.

How often since have I reflected on the old gentleman's wisdom, and sympathised with his humour. For what burlesque or farce equals that of hearing heroic sentiment from knaves and debauchees, and virgin innocence from the painted Messalinas of the stage?

Thus did I grow a boy-Quixote.

To the Don himself I had been introduced when at Casey's school, and had plunged with rapture into his history. Yet my imaginative faculty was but half delighted.

The proverbial and sensual pleasantries of Sancho seemed to me a deformity. They bore me back from the world of ideality to a sphere of real existence which I detested.

I was not then subtle enough, or learned enough, to enjoy the fine sarcasm, the rich irony, the knowledge of human nature, the pathetic and delicate painting of Cervantes, although I lingered with delight over its sylvan pictures.

IX

An uncle of mine, Edward Vaughan, presented a strange contrast to my dear father. He was one of those wild sons of old Daniel of Mallow, of whom I have before spoken.

The fiery blood of Rochester, from whose third daughter Malet Wilmot, wife of John Vaughan, first Viscount Lisburne, he was descended in the third generation, had by this time either cooled into the icy current of the fiftieth year, or had exhausted its volcanic energy in so many eruptions, that nothing of its pristine flame could be discerned.

He lived at Glanmere in a small but elegant villa (which has since been taken down), and having survived the follies of his youth, was a staid and orderly member of society. One who saw his tall grave figure, and noted the marble taciturnity which distinguished him, would not credit that he had been a successful leader of the most noisy school riots, the hero of the Rakes of Mallow, the terror of its watchmen and of all sober people; the unscrupulous plunderer of his father (who, with an eccentricity peculiar to those days, had no faith in banks, but kept his silver in barrels, to which his sons got sly access and which they deeply drained); the principal performer in all those disgusting revelries which the reader of *Peregrine Pickle* and the comedies of the last century will remember were then considered as proper to a fine gentleman as was the Grand Tour.

Such he has been described to me—but such he never appeared, for he was a pattern of morality. But his opinions of religion were sadly lax.

He had been of course bred a Catholic, but the Protestant spirit of my grandmother predominating, he had —oh horror!—been seen even at Church. Eventually he resigned both creeds for open Infidelity.

How well I recollect my affright when one of my aunts first told me mysteriously that "Uncle Ned was a Heathen." Thenceforward I looked upon him with secret awe and amazement. My catechism and my confessor had both charitably taught me that he was walking the way to Hell, and great was my consternation at having such an accursed member in our family.

Yet his latter life was harmless, and perhaps innocent. He was sober, quiet, sensible, frugal and honest. He lived like Epicurus, and the gods of Lucretius, caring for nobody, eating meat on Fridays, incredulous in holy water, fulfilling all his duties as a member of the community,

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

From whom by his 3rd daughter, Malet, Lady Lisburne, Dr. Kenealy was descended in the 4th generation

(From a painting by Sir Peter Lely)

and supporting two of his sisters, who kept house for him, as he was a bachelor.

Whither he went when he departed I know not. But from a few hours after his death until the lid of the coffin was screwed down, I never, except at night, left his corpse, but sat at the head, gazing in dread at that inanimate placid face, whose living owner was then, as I had been taught to believe, howling in flames of perdition.

Even now I can recal my feelings. They held sorrow of the most poignant kind for what I believed was his inevitable fate; and wild wonder at the stern decrees of God. He died without a priest—a "Heathen" to the last, albeit several of the Catholic clergy followed him to his grave, and read prayers for his soul as though he had been a veritable believer.

Nearly similar of belief was my Aunt Mary, whose deep love for me is graven in characters of light upon my soul.

Daily communication with these two sceptics, who were, or who appeared to me at all events to be, excellent persons, made me first tolerant of religious disbelief. For it seemed clear that the most strict fulfilment of what are called religious duties could not make any persons better in their respective spheres than were Uncle Ned and Aunt Mary; nor could I much longer hold it as an article of divine faith that two individuals of most blameless life were doomed to Hell because of their convictions.

X

There are many who protest against the indulgence of reverie, against the fostering of the imagination, and who speak of dreamers and castle-builders with sublime contempt. The whole artillery of modern education-mongers seems to be directed against this, the most beautiful faculty of the mind, as though that which God has given should be destroyed by man, as though the wisdom of the Creator were at fault in imbuing His creatures with the perception and the love of contemplation of ideal splendour. Hence, from our nurseries and schools are banished now those fairy and magic volumes which have been the delight of millions, and which have, I doubt not, in great measure beautified the minds of all.

Never can I agree with those persons, nor have I in my own experience found any of those evils which are now said to be the consequence of studies of this nature, of the indulgence of dreams, which Homer tells us sometimes come from God.

Whatsoever keeps the heart and soul childlike in innocence cannot be evil. Whatsoever wins the thought of man from the gross world about him into realms of imagination must be beneficial. Whatsoever presents to the mind a picture of brighter and more poetic scenes than these of prosaic life must tend to elevate and to adorn it. Whatsoever bathes the soul in momentary happiness, provided that happiness be of a pure nature, must assuredly be a blessing to him who is impressed.

For my own part, not for all the treasures of Ophir would I barter the faculty of fancy, from which I have derived more exquisite enjoyment than any earthly thing can give, and which has kept my spirit free from many of the vices which I see the practical, the worldly and the commonplace commit.

Yet the reader must not imagine me moping and moon-stricken.

So far from being crazed or flighty, I was strong, healthy and bold. I was an excellent and daring swimmer, famous for speed in running, skilful at the sling, and an expert and hard-hitting boxer. I had tried to learn dancing, but it struck me from the beginning as a ludicrous employment for so grave a creature as myself and I gave it up in disgust or despair.

I played the violin excellently, was an adroit draughtsman and a courageous horseman. This last was even a passion. For the Eumenides themselves seemed to enter into me, and I spurred my horse to a fury, enjoying with a kind of drunken rapture the headlong breakneck speed at which we flew. It was like Burgess's Ghost Ride, only by no means ghostly. And although it might have led to, it did not terminate in a churchyard.

As I grew older I wisely gave up the steed, for, once in the saddle, the fury seizes me, and I cannot restrain this desire for lightning speed.

The last time I mounted a horse, John Windele, of Cork, was my companion, and in his fruitless attempts to keep up with my pace he was thrown and broke his leg in two places. I have not set anyone my bad example since.

I was also, as I am still, a great pedestrian, and could walk a long distance without fatigue. I always went alone. If company joined me the pleasure of the day was gone and my spirits sank.

I was a good oarsman and an excellent shot. But once, when firing at some small birds, I shot a lark. The poor little bird soared singing into the clouds, and having ascended to a great height suddenly fell down dead. On taking him up I found I had struck him in the eyes, which spurted with blood. I was shocked and sorry, and from that day I have never shot any living creature.

How poor are the pleasures of those who derive their enjoyment from the destruction of innocent creatures—the birds, the fish, the butterflies of summer! Yet it is more from thoughtlessness than from real cruelty they do so; and as I myself never reflected on the true nature of the occupation before this incident of the lark, I can look with lenience on those who still continue their silly and degrading amusements.

The best preventive would probably be an early acquaintance, from books and conversation, with the lives, habits and affections of these harmless existences, and with anecdotes of their gratitude, their tenderness and their virtues.

Never can I forget the humanising influence which the well-known lines of Shenstone had upon me when a boy of nine or ten:—

"I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood pigeons breed,
But let me that blunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.

'For he ne'er could be true,' she averred,
'Who could rob a poor bird of its young,'
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.'

XI

During one of my absences in Mallow my young brother died. At the time I was not able to understand or to appreciate the manner of his death; but for long after, and during many and many an hour, did I hear from my aunts the tradition current among them, that he was "struck" on May-day eve by the Fairies, from whose spell he never recovered; it being a favourite habit of these little people to carry away the flower of the family, which this arch, witty, mercurial child was considered to be.

His left side, as he lay in death, was said to be black, and this was considered a certain sign of unfair play on the part of these enchanters.

Just before he died, half a dozen women in the house heard the Banshee or Faërie Nymph (who is a well-attested follower of our family), keening in the wildest song of melancholy, immediately outside the window of his bedroom, which made one of my aunts exclaim, " Good God! what a voice she has.'

All these things were narrated to me with an air of implicit faith. They were the contemporary tradition of my childhood related by those who were too honest to deceive. And many a year elapsed before I became a sceptic, although I should hesitate now to record my positive disbelief in their reality. Indeed I was fully sixteen before I ceased to credit folk-lore, before visions of clusicauns and leprecauns ceased to float before my imagination.

In addition to the beautiful Faërie or Banshee, whose wail announced the death of any member of our family, there was another legend, too well attested to be disbelieved, and my Aunt Mary, a considerable time before her death, in full accordance with the tradition, predicted to all her friends, and frequently to myself, that she would be the next number of our society to depart.

The legend is, that the person who has last died comes in dream to the one who is next to follow (or to someone intimately related to him), and brings either a horse or a beautiful chariot in which he invites the doomed one to ascend. After this they disappear, and the dreamer wakes in the morning with the full conviction that his death or that of the person represented in the Vision will be next in turn.

A few weeks after my uncle's death I heard my Aunt

Mary say that she dreamed he had come for her in a carriage, and although another of her sisters appeared to be present he invited *her* only to ascend it. Not regarding the chagrin of the one who was left behind, they proceeded on their journey. Whither she could not tell.

She was impressed next morning with the conviction of her death, and although she lived for a whole year after, she always cited the dream as a certain prediction. And she was in truth the next member of our family who followed her brother to the grave.

So vividly was I a believer in these things, that once at midnight, when all the household was wrapped in sleep, I solemnly invoked a Spirit, with all the cabalistical forms of adjuration prescribed by necromancers. And although no Spirit came I was not the less convinced of the possibility of compelling such a presence under more favourable circumstances.

My thoughts were not slightly fostered by the superstition in which, in common with my contemporaries, I was brought up.

Almost my earliest recollections are of visits to Holy Wells, where, with my aunts and others, I crawled about on hands and knees, thumping my breast and praying, bathing myself in holy water, and performing a thousand such rites, worthy only of a dancing dervish or of a madman. When all was over we tied a rag of some kind, as an offering to the Saint, upon one of the trees and returned home well pleased with the excellence of our devotion.

Tents and booths were erected all about the Holy Wells, and the majority of the votaries usually concluded in drunkenness, debauchery, or in a fight, the pious evolutions of the day.

On the Eve of Saint John I was always present at the Vesper fires of wood, tar and dried gorse lighted in honour of the great god Bel or Baal (called the Baal-Tinne), and I failed not to dance in the mystic circle, and to jump three times through the flame to purify myself from past sin and to ensure good fortune for the future. This symbol of the ancient fire-baptism or the sacrifice of human life to the bright divinity of the sun, exists in Ireland as in the East, and is one of the clearest proofs of the identity of a religion which once connected all peoples under the same faith.

Priests, nuns and sisters of charity I venerated as though they had been God's own elect. In a word, I was sunk into a state of slavish superstition which reduced me almost to the level of an African devotee. Reason eventually broke through these trammels. My poor dear father was a perfect fanatic in these things, and surrendered his judgment blindly to his confessor.

Time was when I regarded a Romish chapel as the Holy of Holies, to be moved through only with the solemn, silent step which dared not wake even the least reverberation, to be gazed on as the veritable dwelling-house of the Most High, to be exempt from all profanation of thought, or look or action.

Not in heart only, but in body I prostrated myself before the gilded sanctuary. I gazed with awe-inspired reverence on the image of the Crucifixion, on the beaming face of the Virgin. I sprinkled myself from the blessed font, and felt in the external coolness a symbol of purity in my soul, and had the sacrifice been required, should have been happy in these moments to lay down my life as a martyr for this sacred creed.

Later, when my father knew all my views on the subject of religion, and lived to see my predictions more than verified as to this tyrannical Church, he could never be brought to entertain the feelings I then shared with my mother on the subject. She, indeed, was made of sterner and of nobler stuff, keen and clear in her perceptions. She never erred in any judgment, but had a rare wisdom, illumined by a bright and full intelligence.

She was one of those women who could not deceive although a crown were to reward her deviation from truth, and her instinctive knowledge of character was so fine that no man or woman living could deceive her. Nor was she less skilful in detecting the falsehood of a system than of a man. I looked with admiration on her sound sense and vigorous character.

My dear father was accustomed to say in the end that I "had made her a Protestant," but he said it in joke rather than in earnest, for it was more likely that her scepticisms of Papacy had made me a Dissenter. Whensoever he felt inclined in late years to argue with me about religion, I handed him his flute and asked him to play me one of those old plaintive Irish melodies so sad that they pierce the soul. This at once put an end to all controversy, from which, in the domestic circle, no good ever results.

My father was certainly one of the best of men. His heart was tender and gentle as a woman's. Of no deep learning himself, he had an exaggerated notion of the splendours and advantages of erudition. Gay's *Fables* and Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* he knew by heart, and was fond of repeating them to me as I grew up, so that every line and sentiment of the last-named charming writer was familiar to me from my seventh or eighth year. He knew also a great part of Pope's *Translation of Homer*, and had constantly on his lips the sublime distich:—

"'Εχθρὸς γάρ μοι κεῖνος ὁμῶς 'Αΐδαο πύλῃσιν
Ο῞ς χ'ἕτερον μὲν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἄλλο δὲ εἴπῃ."—Iliad ix. 312-3.

"Who dares think one thing and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell,"—POPE, 312-3.

a couplet which sank into my soul when I first heard it, and has, I think, helped to impress me with that horror of falsehood, of double-dealing and hypocrisy, which is one of my chief characteristics, and which has not advanced my worldly prospects.

XII

As an instance of the care with which he guarded me, I may mention an incident which happened when I was fourteen. We were coming up to Cork from Cove in the steam-boat one beautiful summer afternoon, after witnessing a regatta or some other enjoyment of the day. We sat in a small cabin attached to the grand saloon. Presently some young bloods came in, heated with wine and with the pleasures of the table, accompanied by two silken damsels redolent of perfume, champagne and those other delicacies which, from the time of Lais down to those of Lady Blarney and Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, have been dedicated to "maids who love the moon."

Immediately there began a conversation by no means suited to the ears of a boy, although, as I suppose, particularly agreeable to the parties concerned. I got a great fright. But my father all at once rose, took the two charmers by the shoulders, and pushing them through the door, with an indignant exclamation of "Get out, hussies!" before their gallants could recover from their stupor, fairly locked them out, and returned to his seat highly pleased with what he had done. The young bucks looked at each other in dismay, seemed ashamed, and slunk out one by one with the most contemptible and crestfallen appearance, while I inwardly rejoiced at seeing such a termination put to a scene which was beginning to fill me with disgust.

Never do I think of this unbounded love and care in all things that I do not weep his loss.

XIII

All my recollections of the time I passed at Downing's school, nearly four years, are agreeable.

We hurled the sling; we played at goal. We divided the school into French and English, or Greeks and Trojans. We planned ambuscades and surprises; we had pitched camps and waving banners. These battles left no unpleasant recollections behind them; we mingled again in friendship on the following day, as though we had never been foes.

When the weather was wet we debated indoors. When first I became a pupil there was a weekly discussion on some vexed question of politics, history or morals, in which the best scholars took opposite sides, one of the seniors occupying the chair. There was a good deal of talent, some learning, and great order.

The master's son Frank, my tutor, often solicited me to join, but I had an unconquerable shyness and could not bear to speak in public. I told my father of the discussions and he also pressed me to take part in them, but in vain. Finding that he could not induce me, he took another, and I think a very excellent course. When the newspapers came in, he employed me to read Mr Peel's speech, or Huskisson's, or Brougham's, and this strengthened my voice and gave me some idea of elocution.

When alone in the drawing-room, I used to mount a chair or a table, and declaim for half an hour before a large looking-glass in such language as was probably never before heard, but which at that time I thought very fine oratory. No one ever knew of my essays in this way, for the moment I heard a footstep I retreated into a corner, seized a book, over which I pretended to pore, and sat as silent and as shy as a young monkey. I also read aloud speeches from whatsoever volume I laid hands on, and began by degrees to take courage.

At last, in 1830, the news of the French Revolution set us all wild. There were two very clever lads at the school, named Bailey, who were our guides in all intellectual paths; and as Reform was the general cry, we resolved to imitate our seniors and to have elections in school for that purpose. A number of boroughs and cities were named, which returned members. Of necessity all the boys in the school had votes for all the various towns and boroughs, but as they did not always attend the elections, the Tories sometimes had a majority over the Whigs. There was great canvassing, bribing and public meeting. An election was held every day.

Our Parliament was nearly completed when the younger Bailey and I were both elected members for the City of Cork, after a protracted struggle and a hard-fought contest, in which the same passions were exhibited on a minor scale which I have since seen displayed on a larger and real arena.

Our Parliament consisted of about twenty, half Tories and half Reformers. I was elected principally by the latter. I wore a tri-coloured star on my breast. Great were the discussions which took place between the Ministry and the Opposition. We carried them on for months, and it was now that I first took courage to address my fellows.

XIV

Cork was in those days a much more lively place than it has been since. Special commissions, with attorney and solicitor-generals from the metropolis, and hosts of leading counsel for prisoners, were everyday occurrences, and harmonised well with our forensic tastes at school.

The O'Connell agitation kept the whole country in a perpetual bustle, and what with processions, political breakfasts, dinners, meetings, and anti-tithe skirmishes, the Irish mind never stagnated, but was always joyous and ebullient, we schoolboys being as inflammable as our seniors.

I well remember one grand triumphal entry which O'Connell made into Cork, and which was almost regal in its magnificence, as it was more than regal in its extent. I remember also Cobbett's visit, and was greatly struck with that true Englishman. His brilliant little blue eyes were the most beautiful possible. They twinkled like stars, although he was seventy when I saw him in 1834. He lectured in the Cork Theatre, in a plain, yet playful, manner, which delighted even a boy like me.

A very different appearance O'Connell's eyes presented in 1845, when I was introduced to him by my beloved friend, Archdeacon O'Keefe. The Liberator's were fixed, immovable and glassy. The affection of the brain, which afterwards killed him, no doubt worked this change, for before then they had been filled with many-changing hues and life. But it is for the lessons which my father gave me when these worthies visited the place that I now recur to them. On such a theme as O'Connell or Cobbett, elevating themselves from humble foundations to high and dazzling—alas! not good or happy—eminences, he was inexhaustible, and his words were fire to my spirit.

In this year, 1833, there occurred an incident characteristic of the monastic and hermitical modesty in which I had been reared. I had a tutor who was engaged to teach me the violin. One day he closed the door and told me a story of some prank of King William the Fourth, when he was in the Cove of Cork as Prince William Henry. It was a vapid, dirty trick, worthy only of the gun-room. The blood rushed to my cheek. I was indignant that so great a liberty should have been taken, so impudent an outrage offered to my habitual modesty. To the horror of my tutor I rang the bell and ordered the servant who appeared at my summons to see that gentleman to the door and never again to let him enter the house. My orders were obeyed. The fiddler got his dismissal, my father applauded, my mother silently admired, and I was placed under the auspices of a new and more decorous disciple of Amphion.

I had by this time exhausted poor Simon, and was now sent to Dr Porter, a cruel, heartless pedant, who made his scholars personally and bitterly hate him, and who has reminded me of the portraits we have of Macklin the player, the iron-hearted, and the brazen-faced. This Porter seemed to feel a savage delight in inflicting torture, and when his pupils were insensate to his sarcasms, treated them to grins of ghastly horror. His language was vile, his temper bear-like, nor to me did he appear to possess a single good quality, but was all selfishness, heartlessness and brutality. I remained with him for a year, but his tyranny and abuse half broke my spirit, and I was taken home more dead than alive. Flogging I could have endured, and had endured patiently enough under Casey. But scolding, mockery and sarcasm, vituperative epithets and ugly grins were too much for my nerves. I sank almost into imbecility under his tuition.

And here let me once for all make entreaty of my reader not to consider me uncharitable if I appear at times to be severe on those who pass before him in this mirror of memory. What I write I write on principle. I believe no man should conceal the crimes or the faults of those with whom he comes in contact, unless by silence he can do some good to others. Cicero, in his *Treatise on the Laws*, declares it to be the duty of the perfect man "to immortalise the wise consultations and noble actions of the brave and true, and to punish the shame and infamy of the wicked by handing them down in undying records."

Beattie, indeed, as I remember, commenting on some of Johnson's severe censures of the silly or the worthless, asks indignantly why Boswell should have recorded them, adding that they do no good, and appearing to regard this stricture as unanswerable.

True that they may do no good to those censured. They may be callous; they may be dead. But does it work no terror in other knaves? Does it not restrain the wickedness of those akin to them in vice? Shall we ever again have a Walpole insult a Chatterton, a Mrs Brett bastardise her issue, or a Chesterfield thrust a Johnson from his door?

XV

The next person to whom I was sent was Mr John Goulding, a very excellent man, whose seminary was in Duncan Street. His classical reputation was considerable, he had a great amount of knowledge. When my father took me to him he lifted his glass to his eye, and observing me closely, said, "He has an honest face." After which he took me into the school.

Goulding was deeply read; a sound Greek and Latin scholar, well versed in French and Italian; the most liberal and enlightened of all my tutors. He had a fine collection of books, and he pored incessantly over them.

He had been designed and educated for the priesthood, and was on the point of being ordained, when from some eccentricity he changed his mind and set up as a teacher of youth.

He was modest and quaint.

He made all his scholars keep diaries, in which they entered their modes of passing time when away from school, with occasional criticisms on the authors they read. Thus he was able to form an accurate judgment of the mind and temper of each. This plan, an excellent one, gave his pupils an idea of elegance in prose composition. He was also accustomed to read a chapter from some Greek writer—usually one of the annalists of the lower Roman Empire—which we took down as he read. and were expected to bring on the following morning as well and as accurately paraphrased into English as we could.

Under this good man I recovered the tone of my mind, which had been seriously injured and weakened by the savage Porter. My spirits were buoyant, and I was called "the young Earl" by my fellows, for having once said I should be one before I died—an ambitious hope which does not seem likely to be realised, and which would not probably conduce to my happinesss if it were. Goulding completed my classical education; and after passing some months in idleness I went to a school kept by a very worthy fellow named Wiseman, from whom I strove to learn algebra and mathematics. In vain. I could not get them into my head. Or if they got there they so quickly escaped that it was only time and money thrown away to pursue these studies longer. I gave them up accordingly and prepared to enter Trinity College.

XVI

On the 6th of July 1835 I entered Trinity College, having got the eighteenth place among eighty-five others, who were enrolled at the same time. The long vacation followed quickly after my entrance. I had employed persons to paint and decorate my rooms during the summer and autumn, and early in September my father and I went to Dublin, he to purchase furniture and to enter me as a student of the Inns of Court, and I to astonish the members of the University with my knowledge.

What a happy midsummer and autumn that was! I spent it between Cove and Cork, in boating parties and in country rambles of exquisite enjoyment, with a young girl of about my own age, to whom I was fondly and innocently attached. I had met her at school. We fell passionately enamoured each with the other at first sight. I experienced in all its intensity the fascination of first young love. Our vesper meetings under the trees, prolonged till moon and stars shone beautifully above, were moments of Paradise, and I still find myself dreaming of that ecstatic union of souls—for it was nothing else—my love for her being then as pure as air. The ladies will probably laugh at this expression, but I must endure their ridicule.

A thousand wild romantic thoughts rush back on me. I feel once more that May-day of my life. One night in particular I remember. We had been together for hours. She hung on my breast. What an atmosphere of happiness we breathed! It was in Cove. The moon was up, glimmering on the waters. The spirit of a Divine Dream, or of Love, prevailed. It was the night we were to part, as next day I was to set out for the University. What tears, what kisses, what burning love! At length I tore myself away, and late at night got into the little sail boat which was to carry me back to Cork. The moon sank, and when we got to Lough Mahon it blew a gale. Our sail was stretched to the utmost, the mast creaked, the ropes seemed ready to snap, the waves rose with white and angry crests, like hissing snakes, and toppled over the gunwale, as the small boat bent beneath the breeze. I wished we had been together, that, clasped in each other's arms, we might be submerged, and hand in hand go forth into unbounded space, and flit together through the everlasting, from star to beautiful star.

This vision of delight lasted for a considerable time. On my part it was a perfect madness. I could not tear myself away from her. The worship I felt for her I cannot depict. It was a thing to be experienced, known, but not described. A painter might as well hope to paint a world of perfect chrysolite, to transfer to a small field of canvas the flashing splendours of a universe. Beside her I trembled like the magnet trembling to the pole. For this extraordinary mesmeric ecstasy I cannot account, but there have been hours when in her company I was no longer on earth. Intoxication suspended my faculties. I no longer felt myself mortal. I floated in disembodied bliss. Those only who have themselves been magnetised, spell-bound, in this way can understand what I mean. When last I sailed up that beautiful avenue of waters from Cove to Cork, in the autumn of 1849, every revolution of the paddles brought before me those old scenes of love and romance.

XVII

I took possession of my chambers in Trinity College in September 1835. My dear father had furnished them with elegance, with statues, busts, classical prints and a fine collection of books. My heart was filled with hopes of pleasure, my head dazzled with dreams of renown.

I longed for my father's return to Cork, in order that I might be my own master. I charmed my fancy with a thousand airy pictures of independence and enjoyment. At length all was completed. I was entered a member of King's Inn, with my college bills paid in anticipation. My dear father took his leave of me with many a parting admonition of prudence, to which I listened impatiently.

His admonitions were not without due effect, although, indeed, I needed little to preserve me from excess. Dissipation never had charm for me. I cared not for the noisy orgies, rumours of which I heard around me, and in which I could discover neither Anacreonic grace, nor Horatian elegance. The tone of Society in the College, so different from that which my father imagined, was low and vulgar; and the little I beheld of the roysterers of the day, or rather of the night, only disgusted me with their coarse tastes and sensual conversation. Vice, if not etherealised, is a loathsome companion. When she is etherealised, she is, at best, but vice. But when shown in the ugliness of college depravity—which is never more refined than the saturnalia of swine—I loathed her as a horror. If I am to revel I like to do so with Aristippus, not with Petronius Arbiter and his companions.

At the October examination I filled a creditable place, and I believe I was recommended for classical honours, but I did not compete, either through idleness or contempt.

For "grinding," or "cramming," I had an utter scorn, and a month after I had been there I mentally resolved never to contend for a College prize, as being at best only a sham, meant to deceive and delude parents and friends by the semblance only of application. Subsequent observation and experience have confirmed me in this view. I hardly ever yet knew one of these "honour-men," or "prize-men," who was not really an arrant dunce.

The after career of persons of this order is as dull and stupid as possible, to the never-ending amazement of their friends, who form grand erroneous notions of the "young hopefuls" from their collegiate distinctions, but who never dream that the whole thing is mainly the result of "cramming" under a painstaking tutor, and that the man who bears off the prize generally knows as much about the book in which he has won his triumph as a parrot does of the English language, because he has been taught to utter twenty words.

XVIII

My tutor at the University was the Rev. George Sidney Smith, D.D., a fat, jolly soul, who valued little but good eating and drinking, and looked as happy as the Trian minstrel. There was an impudent rumour among the seniors that Smith had been in early life a tumbler, or a tight-rope dancer. If it were so, no contrast could be greater than that between his former and his collegiate condition; for he was sleek, corpulent, gouty and luxuriously lazy. How well I can call his figure before me as, reclining on the softest of stuffed chairs, with a leg stretched on a cushion, he listened listlessly, and seemed longing to sink back again into Epicurean slumber. Never was there a truer type of the *Porcus Epicuri de grege.* The name of tutor is, of course, a sham, like many other sounding titles in this fine world, for nothing did I learn from George, and nothing did George give me to learn. He excused me from all lectures and disagreeable things. He dozed over his meals and lounged on his couch. He was civil but useless, except that, through his interposition, I never paid a fine while I was at the University, although I disregarded every law and broke through every regulation.

XIX

The College Historical Society was at this time in full vigour. It held its meetings weekly at Radley's Hotel, in Dame Street, in a great room upstairs, and was graced by men of considerable ability—William Archer Butler, John Ball, John M'Cullagh, Wilson Gray, Joseph Lefaure, William Ribton, Isaac Butt, Torrens M'Cullagh, Joseph Lawson, Tom M'Nevin, William Keogh, Thomas Davis, Richard Armstrong, James O'Hea and others, who have since made themselves known or notorious in various departments of literature, politics, eloquence or scholarship.

I attended some of the meetings of this Society as listener, but did not join them until a twelvemonth after I had been at the University, my old shyness continuing, and presenting to me an almost insurmountable barrier against making a public appearance. There were moments, it is true, when my heart beat high, and I panted to mingle in the strife of oratory. But whensoever

I seriously thought of addressing the members I shrank back in terror, and deferred from day to day enrolling myself.

My attendance at these debates turned my attention with perhaps more than usual ardour to the subject of politics. But what can I say of my real opinions on this all-comprehending subject, but that they were equally illusory, wretched and unsubstantial as were my views on religious matters?

Paine, who is a writer of great force, truth and subtlety; Emmett and his example, and the *History of the American Revolution*, made me, in my seventeenth year, an ardent Republican and admirer of unrestrained liberty. But Montesquieu and Burke soon after drew me back to Monarchy and sober institutions. Yet though the latter led me captive for a period by his eloquence and gorgeous philosophy, there were occasions when I could see beauty only in socialistic and in communistic theories, and I longed for the days and speculations of Lycurgus, Plato and some of the more renowned French and English philosophers.

The writings of Algernon Sidney sank deep into my soul. Their vivid, fiery declamation and virulent abuse of the wretched Filmer sounded like a trumpet of battle, and I perused with rapture the treatises of Harrington and of Sir Thomas More, in which they so persuasively portray their ideal Commonwealth.

My dear father had made me, from an early age, a bigot to the cause of Ireland by his dreams, his enthusiasm, his legends, his anecdotes. A follower of O'Connell, he was ever pouring into my ears eulogies of that intellectual prodigy; and his Irish songs, in the harp-like native language, were sung with so much artless sweetness, accompanied by his flute or violin, that I learned to love the land for the sake, as it were, of its divinely-modulated minstrelsy.

My reading also had been of such a nature as to fill me with enthusiasm for the island and its heroes.

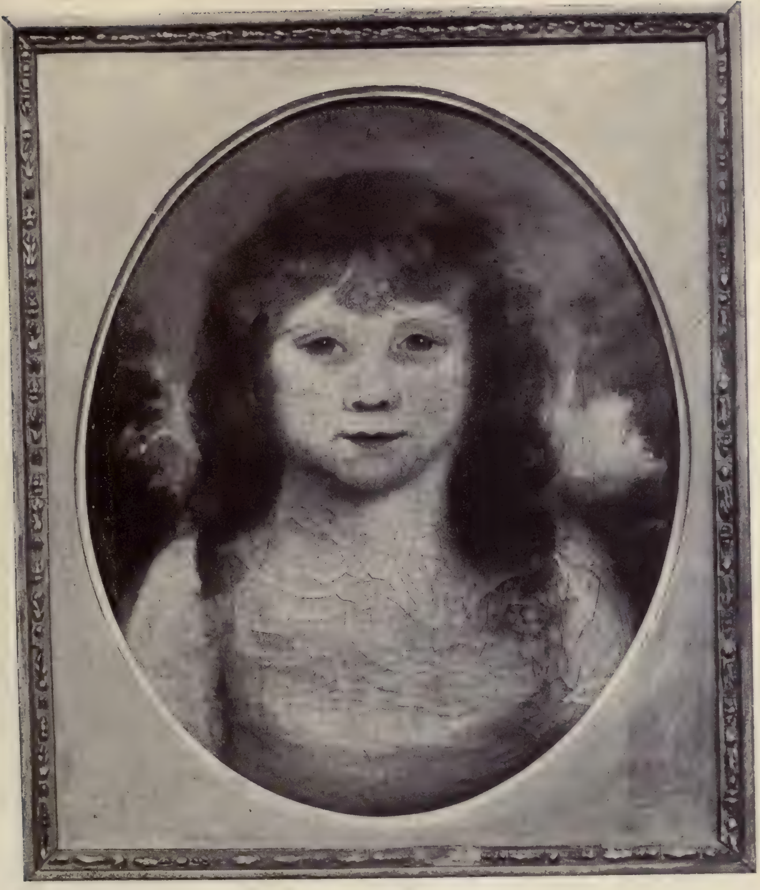
The glorious career of Curran was perpetually before me. Over his speeches I pored for days, dazzled with the beauty of their inspiration, their imagery and daring flights. Often I exclaimed in the spirit of Alexander or Themistocles, "This O'Connell will leave nothing for me to achieve." I longed to be a man that I might mingle in the struggle. But as I grew older I saw, with saddened eyes, that in the game of politics also roguery and selfishness played their detested parts.

XX

It is not often that children are early initiated into a knowledge of the world around them and the malignity of some of their fellows. At school they see mischief, sportive, arch and sometimes playful, but seldom of a vile or malicious kind. The young novice on the earth is disposed to find in every one a friend, with affections warm and melting as his own. His heart yearns toward all, in love, his trust and confidence are great and noble.

Swift speaks of an early disappointment in angling which, he says, influenced his mind through life. He was drawing up a large fish which suddenly escaped from his grasp, and he never forgot his sensation of chagrin. To how slight an incident may be traced the development of that discontented humour which found vent in *Gulliver*.

An almost equally trivial event made me long a hater of society.



DR. KENEALY AT TWO YEARS OLD

(From an Oil Painting)

A Wrecked Toy

When I was seven or eight years old I had a beautiful little boat, rigged, painted, gilt, with sails and silken streamers and pretty ornaments. I went to sail it one day in a sheet of water. The little ship was becalmed, and as the tide was ebbing she drifted on a bank of mud. Two boys came up, and at my entreaties endeavoured to draw her off. But they were unable to reach her. Three or four more now approached, one of whom flung a stone at her. His example was followed by his companions; and—worst of all—the two who had previously assisted me joined the new-comers. In five minutes she was a shattered wreck, broken into twenty pieces, and floating in as many places. What could I do against superior numbers but remonstrate against injustice? I shed no tears, however, for I felt that such were unworthy of me. Expostulation and remonstrance were unheeded. I returned home shipless and sorrowful, who but a couple of hours before had set out all joyous with my treasure.

What a lesson was this for me! How it filled me with hatred of my kind! It was such a thing as I should never have thought of doing to another. Here was injustice of the most glaring kind practised against me, who had not done these boys a wrong, but had resorted to them as friends and helpers in my calamity.

At Porter's I groaned under the daily tyranny of himself and of a subordinate of his, named Douglas, who seemed to take a hellish delight in tormenting me for my ineptitude in algebra; while to complete my misery, a very big boy named Bennet, to whom I had never given the slightest offence, made it his custom to follow me home every day, calling me every name of insult he could invent.

Cowper recounts a nearly similar story of a wretch of this kind who made his school days a torment.

But time passed, and I began to grow contented with the Real, finding how impracticable was the Visionary.

A boy of seventeen or eighteen feels in his heart the spirit of a god, in his arm the vigour of a giant. His whole life is to be a grand epic. Nothing mean is to disfigure it. He is to live and breathe among kings and kingly thoughts, to make the world fall at his feet and bless him for the blessings he has brought. But time advances and all is changed.

It will be said this is one of the evils of an indulged imagination, one of the results against which modern teachers guard when they seek to curb the reins of thought and to exclude romance from the nursery.

But though the reaction into fact from poetry is melancholy enough, yet I am still persuaded that our dreams are monitors of heaven, and that in setting before us beautiful impossibilities they do it, not that we may be driven to despair, but that in experiencing the miserable nature of worldly things and their insufficiency to satisfy even our wills and fancies, we may learn to despise them and to uplift ourselves.

XXI

In the library of King's Inn I discovered every book to satisfy a reasonable reader.

Every morning at ten o'clock precisely I was found there at my desk, and never left it till dusk. My evenings at chambers were devoted to digesting and arranging the knowledge acquired in the day, and I never had an unhappy moment, so intense was my enthusiasm.

I verily believe I made myself master of every standard work in that library. There certainly was not one valuable volume in it—except the absurd, dull and vulgar sermons which the librarian, Monck Mason, was always ordering—of which I could not give a good account, and perhaps a short summary of the contents.

My industry was unremitting, and I have never ceased to experience the immense benefits I derived from this schooling.

The *curriculum* of the College I treated with scorn, for, master of Greek and Latin almost to perfection, I did not care what work in either language was placed before me, being certain I could read it as though it had been English.

Classical honours, as I said before, I despised.

To a gentleman, or to a professional man, the acquisition of the small minutiæ of learning necessary for prizes is quite useless. They are suited only to schoolmasters and tutors, being of no practical use.

I read all the Greek and Latin books which were not in the *curriculum*, while I never looked into those which were. This was rather absurd, but it was my fancy.

Strangely enough, in the midst of all this reading, I wrote nothing but a diary.

My mornings before breakfast were devoted to walks in the College Park; my days and evenings as I have described; my nights to solitary commune with the sparkling, silent heavens.

I had no time for original composition, and I wished to fill my mind before I drew upon its resources. I wrote a great many letters to my dear father, but I thought every half hour irretrievably lost which was not spent in company with my beloved books.

The consequence of this hard reading was soon apparent. I knew more of miscellaneous literature than did any other student in the University, and was constantly consulted by men of twice my age for critical, historical, poetical or antiquarian lore.

XXII

I was at heart long a Catholic, and if I thought of dying in any creed it was assuredly in that which I had first been taught to venerate as sacred.

The splendid line of Popes, glorious in the distance, the army of learned Bishops, Doctors and Divines who, from interest, or vanity, or fanaticism have maintained the creed of Rome, the number of her Martyrs, the legendary heroism of her Saints, the wealth of her conquests, present a grand and imposing spectacle, and one calculated to overawe the youthful and poetic mind.

I had not yet learned to segregate profession from belief, nor to know that thousands of Rome's most able champions have been, in truth, like Erasmus and Pope, and perhaps Dryden, utter sceptics on the very points of faith which they pretended to uphold. Neither was I experienced enough to understand that multitudes of great men (or those whom the world ignorantly calls "great"), enrolled by the Church in the muster roll of her children, were politicians and tricksters, who used a creed, as did Mazarin, De Retz, Alberoni, Richelieu and Wolsey, as a stepping-stone to worldly advancement and pride of place.

I had a profound sense of the overwhelming Majesty of God, in whom I recognised not the Being of popular belief, but the Benevolent and Just Father, the Immutable and Holy One of Heaven, whose rule was strictly perfect in all things.

XXIII

There was a man at this time in College who boasted of his infidelity, but whom, as he is now a member of the Church by law established, I will not designate by name, although all who lived at Trinity from 1835 to 1838, and mingled in Society, or did not bind their ears, will remember, without minute description, the reverend person to whom I allude.

He was an acute metaphysician, a learned scholar, a sharp reasoner, and at times a scoffer of the French school. My anxiety to see him was great. I could scarcely then believe it possible that such a being as an Atheist existed. I fancied every sort of horror investing him, could hardly sleep for thinking of this lost and guilty wretch, toppling upon the Abyss of Hell, and doomed to fire on the instant of his death.

At length my curiosity was gratified. But instead of the dreadful being of my imagination, I found him a very plain sort of man, not at all ghoulish in appearance, nor having tail and horns. He was not an Atheist at all, but he disbelieved some things which are related of God; and was consequently called an Atheist by those who in reality are so. For the true Atheist is he who worships a demon and calls him the Most Holy.

My imagination thus acted upon, he involuntarily set me thinking about much of what I had hitherto believed to be the revealed word of God. With the Old Testament before me I studied its internal evidence.

With what solemn and dreadful awe I first admitted doubt into my mind I cannot now describe. I wrestled against it with heart and soul. I strove to subdue my reason to a blind belief. I repressed, I kept down my rising understanding with a chain of steel. I strove to persuade myself that if I doubted I was for ever lost.

But the thought returned again and again. At length I sat down to the Pentateuch with a sacred resolution to scan it as I would any other ancient volume, and judge of its contents for myself, unbiassed by early prepossessions, or by any other passion than a love of knowledge. I did so, and became convinced that it was as a whole not genuine; but that, like life itself, it was a blended form of good and evil.

With this throwing off of spiritual bondage what strange inspiring thoughts and speculations visited me!

Plato would probably aver that they were recollections of a former state. Nor would he, perhaps, be wrong. For that my spirit has pre-existed for millions of years, and that in palpable being it has played many parts, I am as well assured as I can be of anything.

XXIV

Let me pause for a moment to inquire what benefit I derived from Trinity College. I answer at once, None whatsoever, not the shadow of a shade. Had I possessed anywhere else a large library and equal leisure I should have advanced as much in mental energy. I saw no noble emulation after great things to fire my soul, no zeal in the service of knowledge.

I participated not in, for I did not meet, any exalted confraternity of youths aspiring to the beautiful. The contests were about straws and stubble; the combatants word-splitters and grammarians. There was no palæstra of august strife for the classic nymph, Philosophy.

The proper metre of a chorus, the most accurate history of a spondee or of a particle, were the mighty things which showered honours on the candidates for renown. Not one of those whose names were published with distinction knew a thousandth part of what I knew; while for the trash they studied to acquire I would not have yielded a single half-hour of my leisure, though sure of the trophy if I had.

But even then I had begun to prize things, not for what they seemed, but for what they were. Of what consequence could it be to me to see my name paraded on the College walls,and in the newspapers, among the "Honours" men, when my heart told me it was in truth no honour? How could I be aught but liar or fool if I walked about dressed in "Honours," and endeavoured to impose them upon men, when I myself was conscious that these gew-gaws were of no more value than are the straws and feathers of a savage?

Trinity was not, in this, worse, I suppose, than are other places. I am not acquainted with the eleusinia of Oxford or Cambridge, but I have no doubt the same sickening thirst for nonsense prevails, the same wretched byways lead to distinction, while the broad, majestic, open road of learning conducts to little or no fame, nor to any profit.

To my mind all collegiate institutions need to be entirely remodelled. I do not wish to appear an ungrateful son to my University, but I give her no thanks because I received from her no benefit. To me she presented no avenue to success, but was a sour and churlish stepdame. The tone of her society was poor; her sons were chilling magnates, and undistinguished in the world for aught but elementary treatises on the exact sciences, which, as they were introduced into the College course, put money into the purses of the compilers. She has nothing but a library and a file of splendid busts; and even these last are degraded by the company of dead provosts of whom no one hears, and departed bishops whom no one venerates.

Goldsmith, or Curran, or Sterne, or the heroic Tore are not there, but there are heads in wigs which it would be no profanity to set above the posts of some garden gate, or the architrave of a stable.

If Oxford and Cambridge be to general students, as I doubt not they are, equally contemptible, I can only regret the infatuation of such parents as support them. The men whom they send forth would be great from any place; I am positive they owe nothing to their Universities for wealth of knowledge or for wealth of fame.

XXV

"If a man," says Swift, in his *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, "would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, etc., beginning from his youth, and so on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last." In the same tract he adds, "The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices and false opinions he contracted in the former."

The profundity of both these observations I find singularly verified in my own experience; and although I do not pretend to the character of a "wise man," I frankly avow my title to that of one who has had his "bundle of inconsistencies."

In religion I began life as a bigot to the Papal creed, but after I had been a year at the University I doubted much of that I had hitherto regarded as hallowed, by fits surrendering myself to Byron, to Gibbon, to Bolingbroke, to Paine, to Rousseau, and to Shelley.

Hume I could not endure, nor can I still. He is pert, ignorant and shallow, and how one can believe in him, or be led by his superficial logic, is marvellous to me. He is far inferior to the scoffer Voltaire, who has wit, learning, sense, and even argument, while Hume is deficient in nearly all, and has really nothing but Scotch hardihood and metaphysics. Bayle had a great influence on my growing and inquiring reason. I was scarcely ever wearied with his wondrous Dictionary, the most entertaining and instructive of books.

While in Dublin I scarcely ever attended the ministry of the faith in which I had been brought up. I was more frequently found at St Patrick's, to which the grave, the memory and bust of Swift, of whom I had always been an admirer, took me. Occasionally, also, I attended dissenting meeting-houses, but more from curiosity than from devotion, for my opinions were wandering and unfixed, and I felt a strong desire to investigate various forms of religious belief.

I soon began to take a philosophical view of Catholicism, as Goethe did of Paganism, and supposed that men of learning were allowed to disbelieve in what was evidently absurd and false, while they could safely accept that portion of the faith which accorded with common sense, and was supported by reason and by antiquity. The fire-eating but evangelical lieutenant in *Tom Jones*, who fancies that military men are exempted from the strict observance of the dictates of Christianity, and allowed to read the texts that regard duelling by an interpretation of their own, probably suggested to me this bright, erroneous idea.

XXVI

Volney's *Ruins of Empires*, and Shelley's *Queen Mab*, both of which I read simultaneously when very young (albeit one alone would have been enough, for the last is little better than a cento taken from the first), had great influence in awakening my spirit, though I can now see how little of profundity either writer possesses.

From Byron I learned to dare. For though his lordship is a copyist of other people's thoughts—for to think for himself he cannot be said—still, to a boy of fourteen or fifteen, his *Cain* appeared a very sublime production, and if Scott thought highly of it, no wonder that I, poor youth! should think so too.

The neglect into which Bolingbroke, who is a writer of the most exquisite beauty, has fallen, is discreditable to the reason of the age.

Johnson, who never scrupled at a fib when orthodoxy was concerned, made him the subject of one of his diatribes. The parsons took up the yelp, and since then Bolingbroke has been held up by the shallow tribe of critics, and believed to be by the more shallow tribe of general readers a superficial writer, than which no charge can be more impudently false.

Bolingbroke does not make a parade of erudition in footnotes. He was above the ostentation of pedantry. But every man who investigates the subject on which Bolingbroke has written must see that his reflections are the result of deep, supreme and admirable study, that he was far in advance, not only of his own age, but of the miserable age of Johnson, when England seemed sunk in such deplorable bigotry, and polemical folly, as the present generation can scarcelv realise

A Splendid Scholar

When we read Bolingbroke we cannot believe we are perusing the works of a man who wrote more than a century ago, and before Voltaire had sounded the trumpet against superstition. We seem to be, on the contrary, deep in the speculations of some profound German scholar of the present day, when all reverence for names is gone, and things are venerated not for their age but for their utility and beautifulness.

Bolingbroke, if he achieved no other good than this, should be for ever venerated by all lovers of truth. He paved the way for Gibbon, and probably did good service by illumining the mind of that splendid scholar, and opening it to the general advance of philosophy.

Here, indeed, is one before whom the parsons stand aghast. Their parrot cry of superficiality will not succeed against the historian of *The Decline and Fall.*

Paine they may pronounce vulgar, and Volney a scoffer, but the mighty shade of Gibbon overawes them.

Yet Coleridge, who sought in a certain way to ape Johnson, is not without a fling at Gibbon, and if the compiler of his *Table Talk* is to be implicitly believed, he had the courage to attack the recluse of Lausanne as an unfair and superficial painter of the age which he delineates, and pronounces his book to be a positive obstacle to true knowledge of the subject, rather than what it is—a splendid lamp, which flings a magic light on ages which had otherwise been enveloped in Cimmerian gloom.

That Coleridge was competent to pronounce a conclusive opinion upon Gibbon's merits I do not believe. He was as prejudiced as was Johnson on the subjects whereof Bolingbroke has treated. The former read Plotinus Porphyry and some other Platonists, dabbled perhaps over Eusebius or Sozomen, and hence fancied he knew the affairs of fallen Rome. The latter was deep in the nonsensical divinity of Charles and Queen Anne's reigns, and believed he could decide on antique theology, of which he knew nothing. Both were slaves of mulish bigotry, and pronounced opinions which every hour has a tendency to prove worthless. Neither will be regarded by posterity as anything but sphinxes or chimeras of the day, who made only the ignorant stare with wonder.

XXVII

With some occasional visits to Cork my College life was undiversified by change. I attended and passed the usual examinations. How I managed to answer in the mathematical or scientific departments I do not know. Bayle, who stuck fast in the first problem of Euclid, and could never get beyond it, must have had brains like mine, but my proficiency in the classics stood my friend. It was a favourite joke with my science tutor, who considered me an incorrigible dunce and dullard, that I would never set the Liffey on fire. No doubt it was lest I should do so that Providence denied me scientific brains.

A scholarship, which I take to have been worth £500, I could have attained easily if I had only adjured Catholicism. But I knew it would break my dear father's heart if it could be said in Cork that I had changed my religion for lucre, and so I gave it up, although at great inconvenience. How wrong is that system which says to the most learned: Avaunt! you shall have nothing from me unless you apostatise from your father's faith.

When I said that I formed no friendships I perhaps wrote hastily. There was one at least of my College companions to whom I was extremely partial, John Robert Walsh. Our friendship still continues, notwithstanding that it has been interrupted by the accidents of life. He is a very noble little fellow, although with a queer, eccentric temper; fancying himself an Atheist and Materialist, when he really has a soul filled with a hundred good qualities.

J. R. W., when I first knew him, was like Moore, whom he resembled also in intellect, short and round, fat-cheeked and bright-eyed, an enthusiast about poetry, and one of the most good-natured and good-humoured persons possible.

We used to sit up for nights together over the fire until dawn, talking, talking, talking, never tired, occasionally interweaving with the conversation a little ballad or madrigal. W. had a low, sweet voice, but simple, bird-like, and unaffected, and this kind of natural singing has for me the greatest charm.

We used to tell stories to each other, sitting over the fire in the long winter evenings; anecdotes in abundance, and all kinds of amusing things. Our tastes were eminently congenial, our reading had been much the same.

We talked of Byron and Shelley, of the philosophy of Plato, of the sentimental seer of Geneva, and the speculations of Tully, of Socrates and Plutarch, until we were intoxicated with admiration of our own wisdom, and with that of those on whom we commented.

W. was terribly fanatic about Moore, but he could never make me sympathise in his eulogies of that little heap of sensual clay.

Poor J. R. W.! The last act I did on leaving College was to disappoint him sadly. I had plaster busts from the antique which he greatly coveted—there were Homer and Cicero, and some dancing nymphs on pedestals, a figure of a child, and images of Grecian loveliness. He asked me to give them to him, and I promised. But as ill luck would have it, on the day I was to surrender my rooms a friend, wild and thoughtless as a fawn, called. We laughed and shouted wildly; we drank wine and smoked cigars, we spoke of past frolics, and recalled traditionary legends of College eccentricity. In the exhilaration of the moment we pelted busts, pedestals and Ionic beauty into fragments, leaving for poor J. R. W. a beggarly remnant of what but an hour before had been a breathing assemblage of sculptured elegance and moulded grace.

XXVIII

In the autumn of 1837 I resigned my chambers and returned to Cork. I devoted my spare hours—for I had almost exhausted ordinary studies—to anatomy, in which, as in other useful branches of science, my father wished me to be proficient.

Never shall I forget the first day of my handling a scalpel. Two subjects were on the tables; one, a man six feet tall, in the prime of muscular development, who had thrown himself into the sea from the steamboat between London and Cork.

The other was a female of beautiful figure, who must have been a glorious specimen of womanhood in her flower, but was now sadly emaciated. She had been the mistress of one of those small country squireens with whom Ireland is infested. Falling ill, her dastardly owner had sent her to the hospital, and no inquiries being made during her illness or after her decease, she became a subject for the knife.

Here was a totally new sphere in which for me to make my observations. I stood in the awful presence of death, before me the human frame, the unequalled masterpiece of a wisdom most divine, with its fine and complicated mechanism, every vein and muscle, and artery and sinew displaying the perfect and Almighty workmanship of the Omniscient.

Whither had the spirits fled? Were they cognisant now of the wretched condition of that they had once prized?

I soon tired of this charnel house. I learned enough of the human frame to know it for the work of Omnipotence. Five months were sufficient for all I needed, but my queries as to the world to come remained unanswered, and as to them I am now as ignorant as ever.

XXIX

I went to London early in January 1838, and on the 13th of that month was entered as a student of Gray's Inn. I had by this time kept all the Dublin terms requisite for the bar. There now only remained the eight which were to be kept in England.

My dear father accompanied me to this country. Great was my surprise at the contrast between the habits and tempers of the two people. We travelled in the steamboat from Cork to Bristol. Now was I indeed in land classic to me.

The image of Chatterton was before me, the splendour of his genius, the wretchedness of his end—the pauper's grave, the tears of an empire for that wild, light-eyed, daring boy, who seemed to wield in his soul the strength of an infant Hercules, while Horace Walpole, like one of the swollen snakes, lay gasping in his grasp.

I passed the Exchange, and thought of Burke, whose rushing eloquence seemed to echo from its opulent halls. I paced the old cathedral, mused along the hoary aisles, rich with memories and trophies. I passed in review before me the youth of Southey, and Cottle, and Coleridge, my brain filled with fancies fair and solemn and suggestive. From Bristol we travelled in the mail to London, in one of the hardest frosts I have ever seen.

The night we entered Modern Babylon the Royal Exchange was burnt down. I remember when we went next day to the Bank of England to get money, the firemen were in crowds about the ruins, and flame, smoke, fog and water were mixed in the confusion of primeval chaos.

The greater part of this year and the next I passed between London, Dublin and Cork. I do not know that I ever spent a more agreeable time. In January, 1840, I came to London to enter myself in a pleader's office for six months, and lodged in a small house at Stepney, which agreed with me better than the heart of London.

XXX

I attended the House of Commons frequently and cannot say I was greatly impressed by its debates. Peel did not appear to me to make the slightest approach to oratory. On the contrary, I thought him the most puffed, and the least deserving of leading statesmen.

His light hair, poor forehead, cunning eye, drab pantaloons, white waistcoat and loose blue frock are all I recollect of the leader of the Tories. His sentences left no stamp upon my spirit, and his action was that of a mountebank.

O'Connell alone filled the eye and the House. Compared with him, the rest seemed pigmies of insignificance. One night he was superlatively great on the wrongs of Ireland, and launched forth into the most scornful denunciations of the Tory party.

His speech did not resemble in any one quality the speeches of those about him. It was unlaboured, simple, beautifully plain, yet strong as fire. It was a lava rush which carried all things with it and within it.

He denounced the misplaced humanity of some purists on the opposing benches who were apostles of liberty when negro emancipation was under discussion, but cold as ice when Irishmen were struggling for freedom.

"Oh!" said O'Connell, "that we could convert Irishmen into negroes!" This elicited volleys of applause—the action, the gesture, the intonation of indignant sarcasm and scorn were perfect. He looked them in the face as though he would have reduced them to ashes.

In another part of his speech some noise was occasioned by the entrance of Sir Francis Burdett, who took his place exactly opposite to O'Connell, and beside Peel and Graham. The Agitator looked at them, and commenting on some recent proceedings of the baronetage with reference to a claim for heraldic privileges, bowed with derisive deference. Then he exclaimed, with a dramatic fire which conveyed the very essence of mockery, "Oh, what a beautiful body are the Baronets of England!" Peel and Burdett showed as though they wished the ground to open beneath them.

At his first rising, when he alluded to the seven millions of his oppressed countrymen, some persons opposite endeavoured to cry him down. Yells and clamour succeeded in loud volleys. O'Connell crossed his arms on his breast and exclaimed, with a distinctness which was heard in the remotest corner of the House, "Paltry!" "Despicable!"

"Contemptible!" until the yellers were tired out, and the Agitator was suffered to proceed.

One of his turns was adroit. He spoke of the benefit which England had gained, and might continue to gain, if she would only behave justly toward his country. "You may want us again," he cried. "Do you forget Waterloo?" Here the Tories vehemently cheered.

Somebody said "The Duke." But O'Connell instantly rejoined, in a voice of bitter contempt:

"I do not boast of Wellington. What is there to be proud of in *him?*"

Peel attempted a reply. He might as well have sought to grasp the lightnings of heaven. So poor and solemn he seemed, that it was the actual realisation of the step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

XXXI

I made acquaintance at this time with Doctor Maginn, and through him learned something of London literary life.

Mrs Maginn related on the authority of Miss Landon (if L. E. L. is a credible witness), that she and Lady Bulwer were once in the latter's dressing-room. L. E. L., observing a beautiful shirt before the fire, began to admire it, for it was fripperied with lace, and with many adornments of needlework, etc.

Lady B., observing her evident admiration of the tunic, asked, "Do you really think it beautiful?"

"Yes," says L. E. L., "very beautiful indeed. I never saw anything like it before."

Lady B. said, "See," and putting the shirt into the fire she covered it with burning coals, reducing it to tinder in a few minutes. Bulwer's rage when he called for his shirt soon after may, as the newspapers say, be more easily imagined than described.

Did you ever hear of such a charming pair? Is it not enough to make one an enthusiast about wedded bliss to hear such pretty fairy tales of what passes behind the curtain of polished and poetical life!

The Doctor was full of stories, and was a most entertaining companion. He was a very queer fellow, and no one would have dreamed from slight intercourse with him, that he was the man he was.

The first thing he did when he entered the room was to hand me the order of admission to the British Museum which he had promised to me the first time I saw him.

When I called he was not at home; but after I had been there about five minutes a knock at the street door announced his arrival. Mrs M. ran out, and did not suffer him to come into the room where I sat until he had put on a clean shirt and his best clothes.

As this little drama took place in a bedroom, which was separated from the sitting-room only by a folding door, and the play was audibly rehearsed, I was rather amused at the ceremony which so eminent a scholar and wit was forced—I doubt not very much against his will—to undergo before he was considered presentable to one of my pretensions.

* * * * * * *

I led a very quiet life in London, enjoying the simple pleasures of my suburban retreat. I walked much and read more. I wrote, however, more than I can recollect, as I meditated to throw my miscellaneous reading into a volume modelled after the fashion of Athæneus, and to be called *The Deipnosophists*.

[This book, Dr Kenealy's literary first-born, was published in 1845, under the title of *Brallaghan, or the*

Deipnosophists. It had but small vogue. Even in that ripe day of scholarship, Thucydides, Anacreon and Dionysius Hallicarnassiensis, who were its inspirations, did not number enough admirers to call for a second edition.]

XXXII

I had scarcely any acquaintance, being as lonely and as solitary as ever.

The people with whom I lodged scarcely saw me. I must have seemed to their plain English sense one of the most silent, monastic and secluded of fellows.

The time at length arrived when my father's hopes were to be partly realised. I proceeded to Dublin in order to be called to the Bar.

The 2nd of November 1840 was the day on which I was admitted as a barrister, with some thirty others, not one of whom has achieved any success either at the Bar or at anything else. So end ambitious airy dreams! So ends my record of my days of youth!

I was just twenty-one years and four months old.

XXXIII

In the September of 1841 I left Cork with the intention of driving my way to the English Bar, hoping to maintain myself by my scholarship, as others before me, Campbell, Talfourd and Brougham, had honourably done.

The connection I formed with *Fraser's Magazine* gave me confidence in myself, and I was conscious of possessing no inconsiderable treasury of varied knowledge, on which

I hoped to draw, and through which I was not unambitious of winning many a laurel of literary distinction.

I tenanted a very handsome set of chambers in Furnival's Inn, fresco-painted by some classic predecessor with subjects from Anacreon.

I became a member of the Literary Fund Club—Mahony, the author of the *Prout Papers*, having proposed, and Moon, the print-publisher—now an Alderman of London—having seconded my admission, while Robert Bell, who was in the chair, sang my praises far and wide.

I wrote a good deal for various quarters, and passed my days in pleasant indolence or in studious ease.

The dry atmosphere of London, so different from the wet, fever-producing temperature of Cork, the vastness and independence, the magnificence of the commercial capital of Europe, the sunshine and the palaces, the possession of the British Museum, with its costly and unbounded treasury of books thrown open to my eager hand—a Tree of Universal Knowledge from which I could at will pluck all delicious fruitage—my Sunday rambles to Wimbledon, to Twickenham, to Hampton, to Norwood and to other suburban retreats combined to make me enraptured with my change of place.

I do not know that I ever passed a pleasanter time than I did from September when I arrived, down to July or August of 1843, when I left London a second time. My health was perfect. My spirits were most buoyant. I wrote a great deal, and read a great deal. I felt myself to be somebody, and was not dwarfed as I thought I had been in Cork. I mixed a good deal with Society.

Toward the close of July 1842 I received a note from Mrs Maginn, summoning me to Walton-on-Thames to see her husband, who had removed there to die in peace, after many an anxious tempest of adversity and suffering. I had not seen much of him since my return to London, although I remember still with pleasure one delightful night we spent together, he having dined at my chambers and crowned the evening with what Tommy Talfourd would call "a divine intoxication."

XXXIV

Then it was that he said of death, in the words of Rabelais, *Je vais chercher un grand peut-etre*, and for the first time repeated to me that remarkable poem of his which I here transcribe, and which was so strangely in unison with the sentiment of the Frenchman. For it need not be now concealed that Maginn, although a supporter of Church and State, advocated the first merely on political grounds, and disbelieved in much of the "inspiration" of the Old Testament. His views were dark in the extreme, as may be read from this poem:—

SONG OF A SCEPTIC

The sky is dark behind, Jack,
  The sky is dark before;
And we drive along in a current strong,
  Without helm, or sail, or oar.

We know not whither we wend, Jack,
  As we know not whence we come;
We are sure that our voyage must end, Jack,
  But where is the haven-home?

No star in the sky to guide, Jack,
  But all is dark, dark, dark;
And still colder runs the tide, Jack,
  The longer floats our bark.

As the Tower of Lebanon

We hear not the noise of the stream, Jack,
  But we feel that we hurry on;
And where we go, must we never know,
  Till the weary voyage is done.

And when the bark has arrived, Jack,
  Oh, what will the welcome be?
Why no one can tell, whether ill or well,
  It will fare for thee and me.

So hand me the bottle aft, Jack,
  And I'll hand it thee fore again;
And cheered by the thoughtless draught, Jack,
  We'll float down the darksome main.

I once asked him the meaning of the comparison in the Song of Solomon, chap. vii., " Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus."

He paused for a minute, and then said, " If you conceive a stately rampart, surrounding a city, and surmounted by lofty towers projecting beyond the walls, you will have an idea of beauty and symmetry. Liken the face to the rampart, and the nose to the projecting tower, and you will perhaps get at Solomon's meaning."

At another time, I said I had seen a certain statement *on* a newspaper.

" There you betray the Cork man," said he; " an Englishman never says he saw it *on* the paper, but *in* the paper."

The following was part of his discourse on his deathbed. " Have you seen my barber, Pinder? He is a very singular, simple fellow. Yesterday, while he shaved me, I said to him, ' Pinder, there was once a celebrated poet of your name in Greece.'

" ' He was no relation of mine,' says the barber, ' I never heard of him before. None of my family ever went to forren parts.'

" 'There was another, too,' I added, 'a namesake of yours, who relates a singular story of a man who used to sell razors that would not shave, and which were made, indeed, only to sell. He was a poet also, and his name was Peter Pindar.'

" 'That was a very knowing gentleman,' replied the barber, 'but I never seed him.' "

XXXV

Among other literary individuals with whom I became acquainted this year was Tom Campbell, the Poet, a curious compound of meanness, irritability, sarcasm, avarice and selfishness, seasoned with almost habitual intoxication, but to this last indulgence he resorted rather to drown painful thought and perhaps bodily suffering than from any sensual enjoyment of its abominations.

What Campbell was in his days of glory I know not; but a more faded specimen of Parnassian dandyism it is impossible to conceive.

He had scarcely an atom of fire or of intellect remaining. His view of things was icy and wretched. Whatsoever heart he had once possessed seemed to have withered into a dry fungus, uninspirable by noble sentiment, by grand idea, or by generous fancy.

Let it not be supposed that I write this in scorn or mockery. I pen it in sorrow. Poor Tom was a good Poet. His battle songs are beautiful, his "Pleasures of Hope" a finished essay. Both will live. What reduced the Bard to this state of inanity I cannot tell. Gin and smoking no doubt helped to do so. He was weak, nervous, fidgety, finicking, like Gray, a fop also in his younger days, when he wore curled wigs and blue coats, and was the luminary of Holland House and of other Whig mansions. I think his associations and connections spoiled him.

Nature, the forest, the ocean strand, the mountain, these are the companions God has appointed for Poets. When they desert them for drawing-rooms and boudoirs, for lords and Cabinet Ministers, they lose their native majesty and become apes.

XXXVI

Of Mahony, another of the literary tribe, of whom I now saw a good deal, I may here pen a passing sketch.

He was a member of the Catholic priesthood, but did not officiate in any clerical office. He was intended for a Jesuit, but the Jesuits have an admirable rule of discovering who and of what sort are persons who design to become soldiers in their ranks.

His caprice, waywardness and other peculiarities were of such a nature that he was considered an unsafe person to be enrolled in that mysterious body. He was obliged to content himself, therefore, with ordinary sacerdotal honours.

This soured him for life, and filled him with the mad ambition of bringing as much contempt as possible on the Order into whose ranks he had been, as it were, pressed.

Accordingly his whole career as a priest was in utter defiance of decency and morality.

But he was not all black.

Archdeacon O'Keefe told me that when the cholera raged in Cork the most zealous of all persons in the city in visiting the sick, relieving the afflicted, and bringing the comforts of religion to the dying was this same Mahony, who at this crisis presented an inconsistency with his entire previous sayings and doings which astonished the whole of his brethren.

In the same manner, when Maginn died, Mahony, who had been all his life speaking evil of him, went to the Literary Fund and got a vote, I believe, of sixty pounds for his widow and children.

As a classical scholar his attainments were great; his memory powerful, his general knowledge diversified and enlarged.

His wit was ready, brilliant, but scathing, and his after-dinner discourse, if he would only have been devout, would have been agreeable and instructive.

But with his blasphemy he united this curious inconsistency: he would allow no man but himself to laugh at Rome.

I saw a good deal of him in 1841 and 1842, but his temper and mine were so utterly at variance that we parted strangers, and have continued so still.

XXXVII

My acquaintance with Ainsworth began soon after he started his *Magazine*. He invited me to his house to a literary party, and I find in my volume of correspondence the following memoranda:—

"The first time I dined with Ainsworth we had among the company (it was a literary one) Dance and Brookes of the *Argus*, Bell, author of *Lives of the Poets*, and some other chaps of Helicon. Laman Blanchard sat next to me—a little fellow no way remarkable for conversational talent or for any other kind of talent;

he has a flash in his eye which redeems an unintellectual face; he talked a good deal, but I do not remember a word of what he said.

"We had a very good dinner. I was, of course, silent, as I always am when among strangers, and I believe I must have appeared to the company a good deal of a booby.

"There was a great deal of claret which was good, and a great deal of talk which was not so good. We all got merry. I came home in a carriage with Dance. To this present moment I do not recollect where we parted.

"Ainsworth's is a pretty box of a house. He has not many books; those he has are very excellent. He is a jolly, handsome-faced fellow, with a profusion of whiskers. He is a bad likeness of Count d'Orsay (whom he dresses after), for the Count is as perfect a gentleman as ever crossed a drawing-room."

XXXVIII

In September of this year I also became acquainted with Talfourd on the introduction of Sergeant Murphy.

Of this person I had been long an enthusiastic admirer. I had read his plays when a stripling at College, and had written to him my opinion, expressed, as I now see, in very silly and very exaggerated terms, but such as I then honestly believed to be only what his productions merited.

He sent me one or two polite letters, which confirmed my enthusiasm. For to a young dreamer, who fancied that poets were the Children of God, notice from even the least of the tribe could not fail to be interesting.

I went to his house to dinner two or three times. His vulgar wife I did not like, nor any of his connections.

He was himself curt, and I soon saw that he was a very false person, and that he was eaten up with a cancerous envy of all men, except Wordsworth and Lamb.

In the autumn of 1843 I made a tour, part of which I published in *Fraser's Magazine;* the notes for the rest I have lost, much to my regret, for they were picturesque and amusing.

It was scribbled in the light and careless temper of a youthful spirit which, like Mercutio, made the best of all things; and although there are passages in it of which a more mature judgment would probably not approve, I cannot bring myself to alter it in any material manner.

XXXIX

On my return from Bavaria I resolved strenuously to buckle to serious work.

I was now twenty-four. So old, and so little done! There was a time when I thought I should have immortalised my name by that period, and should have achieved deeds worthy of bronze and marble. Once indeed I rated a friend soundly for not being a man of distinguished fame at three-and-twenty, yet now I saw life flitting by me like a vision, and where were my exertions to turn it to account?

One morning I woke up, hearing distinctly in my ears a clear voice crying:—

> "Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
> Labuntur anni."

My life was gliding away like water over barren sands. I was doing nothing useful, though many things agreeable to myself.

James Roche

An invitation from the Local Council of the British Association, which was to meet in Cork this year, and which was conveyed to me in the most flattering terms by the Chairman, Mr James Roche, decided me. I was solicited to be present in my native city on the occasion of the visit of this learned body. The note was so handsome that I felt a refusal would appear ungracious.

Arrived at home the gentle love and kindness of my parents so charmed me that I resolved to give Cork another trial before I finally abandoned Ireland.

But although I attended the terms in Dublin with great regularity, and went a portion of the Circuit, I got no briefs. After a time I fell back on my literary pursuits, and with my books and a few intimate associates forgot legal ambition for present pleasure.

First and most respected of my friends was Mr James Roche. He always treated me with marked distinction. I felt and feel the value of his countenance.

He had known Louvet, the author of *Faublas*, well; and he always said how much at certain moments my looks reminded him of his. I hardly thanked him for the compliment.

During this, my second and last sojourn in Cork, I passed a great part of my time at Eglantine, the home of a gentleman with whom I now formed the most intimate association. Captain Warden Flood was the author of some military pamphlets, and of a memoir of his relative, Henry Flood, the celebrated statesman.

We became acquainted by accident, and he asked me to dinner. I went, was charmed, and became what Lord Chesterfield called " domesticated " with them.

They lived in a pretty retreat outside the city, where was a favourite walk of mine, which I called " St Mary's Aisle," and where I have passed many an enchanted hour. I went there every day. Our intimacy was like that of brothers.

He was an excellent scholar, with very great natural talents, a philosophic temper, ready wit, brilliant imagination, good judgment and statesmanlike ability.

The manners of his house I called "palace manners," so refined and elegant were they. We lived in music, in literature, songs, country rambles, and rural rides, such a life as the dames and cavaliers of old led when poetry and romance shed a faërie halo over the most commonplace scenes.

XL

On the Munster Circuit I became a sort of favourite, and wrote a song for the members, called, "The Irish Schoolmaster's Lamentation," which has become a kind of charter song of the Bar Mess, being usually sung at the Assize dinner to the judges by J. C. Deane, a member of the Circuit, in a style of inimitable drollery.

The father, or leader of the Circuit, George Bennett, took a liking to me, and always had me near him in Court, and at the lunch table, telling me stories and anecdotes, for I was an excellent listener.

A few of these I recollect, and repeat here, regretting that I cannot give to them the humorous grace with which Bennett recounted, or the careless finish with which he imitated the Irish brogue.

On a trial for manslaughter he once asked a witness whether the deceased was not rather fond of a glass? "Indeed, I believe," says the fellow, "if a glass was offered to him *he wouldn't throw it over his shoulder*."

He once saw a witness examined before Baron Smith, the friend of Burke, a learned Judge who afterwards cut his throat for reasons never made known, as indeed the suicide itself was kept profoundly secret. The witness seemed to be a very silly one, and laughed a good deal, apparently without cause, while giving evidence.

When it was over Sir William Smith said, "Sir, you appear to have been enjoying your own folly, and I congratulate you on having an inexhaustible fund of amusement for the rest of your life."

Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, the Secretary of the Catholic Association, visited Bennett one Sunday and found him reading one of St Paul's epistles. "Nicholas," quoth George, "what do you think of St Paul?" "A decided Orangeman," replied Purcell.

He once, he said, made a very powerful speech (as he supposed) in a case which greatly interested his feelings. He looked in the papers next day, expecting to find something commendatory of it, and read as follows:—"Mr Bennett spoke for two hours, during which the Judge asked a question, the exact purport of which we could not collect."

Jonathan Henn, a lawyer unequalled by any in England, was also very kind to me on the Circuit, and I was one of the select few of the Bar who always dined with the Judges at their lodgings.

I never saw a finer body of gentlemen than the members of the Munster Bar were then. I am sure their superiors were not to be found on any Circuit in this country, or in the world.

John Windele, author of *Historical and Descriptive Notices of the South of Ireland*, a volume of the topography and antiquities of Munster, was one of my most friendly followers. From him I received much Irish knowledge. But he in vain sought to inoculate me with a love for Milesian Archæology.

I loved the fables, the myths, the superstitions. But I cared little to investigate the secret of the Round Towers, or to discover whether they were Christian or Phallic—though that they are the latter O'Brien has proved beyond dispute. So Maginn thought, and so my own recent study of Oriental antiquity has convinced me.

A longer notice should be reserved for Archdeacon O'Keefe, for whom, as one of the clergymen who married my dear parents, and who baptised myself, I always entertained a reverence almost filial.

The Reverend Thomas O'Keefe was the only man I have known who realised my idea of Fenelon. He had all the submission, gentleness to authority, the mild and yielding wisdom of the Archbishop of Cambray.

Learned to a degree unusual among the Irish clergy, eloquent as Massillon or Bossuet, with a splendid poetic fancy, which gave to his compositions the ideal grandeur which illumines the majestic style of Bacon, of Bolingbroke and Burke, a most profound theologian, and a genial wit, his moral virtues shone with even greater brilliancy than his intellectual powers.

Cork tradition is full of many a well-authenticated story of his beneficence. He was universally admitted to be, without a rival, the most generous of men. Whatsoever income flowed in, went out as speedily as it arrived, at the call of charity. He was beset with applicants from all quarters, and he never sent away any unrelieved or unsympathised with. He might himself have gone without a dinner, or without a coat, but he could not bear that others should do so, whose wants were made known to him, and whose necessities appeared to him to be greater than his own.

Such a man as this is rarely to be found in this bad world. And of such a man as this it will always be my pride that I was his friend. I could not look upon him but with reverence, nor can I now allude to him without the deepest veneration.

If this man be not with God, no man I ever knew is worthy to be so. He was more innocent and childlike than any child, and although a sincere minister of his religion, he had a heart so large, a spirit so universal, a soul so steeped in the holiest love, that he embraced all his fellow-creatures within its circle, and was as far away from bigotry as heaven is from hell.

In my thirty-two years' experience of the world I have met two good men—the first I need scarcely say was my dear and honoured father, the second was Thomas O'Keefe.

XLI

My amusements, during these my final years in Cork, were innocent, my habits literary.

I rose late, after the Byronic system, and never retired until two or three in the morning, passing my nights in my library, where I read eagerly, and always with renewed pleasure.

I had a curious vision about this time, which often recurs to my memory.

On a beautiful calm morning I lay in bed wrapt in reverie. An old man with white hair, and a golden lamp in his hand, a long and snow-bright robe enveloping him, suddenly appeared. He looked at me steadfastly, exclaiming aloud:—

"*Νικα σεαυτον και παντα νικησεις,*"

"Conquer yourself, and you shall conquer all,"

so loud that I started up at the words, and fancied—Nay, am I not certain?—that I heard their echo. Whether this were an actual Dream or a Reality, I know not, but I have felt sometimes a strange spiritual power within me which foresees.

For example, the morning I was called to the Irish Bar there were some half-dozen other Roman Catholics enrolled with me.

In Ireland there is, or there was, a custom among the newspaper people of prefixing an asterisk to those of the newly-called who were Catholics. On going to bed I dreamed I saw a newspaper with my name in it, and no asterisk appended. I at once seized pen, ink and paper, and wrote to the Editor, requesting him to correct the mistake.

Next morning, on awaking, I sent for this paper, anxious to see how my name would appear. There it was unasterisked, precisely as I had dreamed—about the hour probably that they were going to Press. I called for writing materials, and from memory wrote the same note to the Editor of *Saunders' Newsletter* (the paper which had omitted to give me the distinctive sign), which I had done in sleep the night before. The coincidence was odd.

The pages of history and of biography are full of supernatural admonitions, of dreams, voices and presentiments, for purposes sometimes clearly seen, at others not so evident, and I have no reason to disbelieve that this also was one.

Cyrus dreamed that, beholding the sun at his feet, he thrice endeavoured to grasp it in his hands, but the luminary rolled away.

The Magi interpreted this as a reign of thirty years, which number Cyrus afterwards fulfilled. Socrates also, when he was in the public prison at Athens, and the galley was not yet expected for a long time, said to his friend

Crito that he should die in three days, for that he had seen in a dream a woman of extreme beauty, who called him by name, and quoted in his presence the "verse of Homer":—

> “"Ηματι κεν τριτατω Φθὶην εριβωλον ικοιμην.”—*Iliad*, ix. 363.

It is said that it happened as foretold. Plato vouches for the truth of this. Cicero believingly quotes it.

If these things occurred in olden days, why should they not now?

CHAPTER III

With Father Matthew founds the Temperance Movement—Pen Portrait of Himself—Letter to Shirley Brooks.

In the year 1845, being then twenty-six, my Father united with Father Matthew in his famous Temperance crusade. Under the title of The Temperance Institute of Literature and Science, together they founded an organisation of which the whole later Temperance movement and the numerous Associations we know to-day may be regarded as the offspring. Dr Kenealy was an ardent admirer of Father Matthew, considering him saint-like of character, distinguished by great talent and enthusiasm, of commanding influence and remarkable personal beauty.

As enthusiastic as he in this vital cause, the young barrister was proud to be his lieutenant and accepted gladly the office of Vice-President of the Institute of which the Reverend Father was President.

The Institute, unfortunately, was short-lived. The Cause attracting to it men of diverse and conflicting views upon religion and politics, the Vice-President, in a masterly address, while warmly advocating the views it had been founded to promote, warned its members against employing it as an instrument for the objects of the Repealers. This gave offence to certain of the members, among whom was the Mayor of Cork.

Those advocates of the Repeal of the Union who were disposed to use the Temperance Cause for their political ends, a use against which Dr Kenealy's warning had been directed, formed a cabal against him and called upon him to resign his official position.

Mr Dowden, the Mayor, a prominent member, even canvassed his colleagues with the object of deposing Father Matthew himself.

Dreading lest the political element should injure the Cause, the President called a meeting, at which he expressed himself in harmony with Dr Kenealy's views, and said further that rather than permit a slight to be put upon his young Vice-President he would dissolve and re-constitute the Society. And this he did, re-forming it upon lines which precluded the introduction of politics.

A petition from the more influential members of the newly-constituted Institute was presented to Dr Kenealy, begging him to retain his position of Vice-President. But he did not think fit to do so. Some time afterwards Father Matthew formed a later Society, which made Temperance its sole object. Upon this have been modelled the Unions we know to-day.

In a letter written about this time to a poet friend with whom, although they had not met, he corresponded, my Father conveys the following lively pen-portrait of himself:—

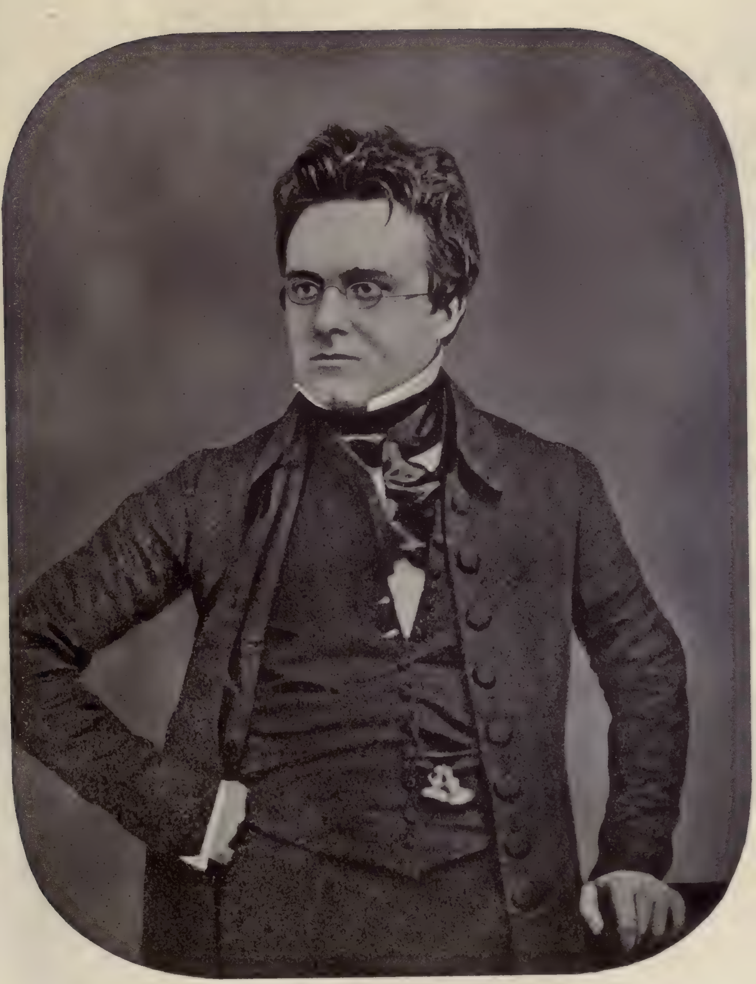
You tell me not to marry—Heigho! And in the same breath you wonder whether I am a tall Irishman, six feet and a half high, with thews and sinews in proportion. I am a small body, not at all frightful in appearance, but as grave and reverend-looking as a dean. When I was on my way to Killarney last year a beggar-woman, seeing me enthroned on the box-seat and looking as usual the impersonation of the Profound, said, "Faix, you're like Dean Swift." "Why?" said I. "Because," she replied, "you look so grave and so proud." I gave her a penny for her impudence. Nature intended my face for a bishop's, the only character it presents being that of gravity and religion and deep thought. There is an episcopal rotundity about it and it looks the picture of content. I wear gold spectacles, a white neckcloth and a long coat, and I am mistaken everywhere for a clergyman. If I should get one of these new Professorships I intend to wear breeches and long boots and a shovel hat, and to pass myself off for an Archbishop. I hope you will not see me till I get my appointment as I should wish to appear as venerable as possible in your eyes. I am afraid you are a fine gentleman with your spy-glass. I stand in awe of a man who wears so daring an appendage to his dress. My grave and reverend spectacles are wholly outshone by your quizzing implement, and I picture you regarding with a smile of supercilious coxcombry so student-like a habit as that of wearing spectacles. But you are a fop and a dandy-poet, and I bet a shilling you wear a ring and a fine neckcloth. I never wore a ring nor a bit of ornament in my life. And what is more I never shall. But I feel the greatest deference toward a dandy, and *par consequence* to you, and all other parson-poets who dress well. I am sure had I known Beau Brummel I should have worshipped him.

The same year he writes to Shirley Brooks:—

From a Letter to Shirley Brooks.

I prefer beauty in a woman to anything else. I shall never marry without it. Beauty blinds me to other defects. A constellation of virtues and accomplishments would be as dim as a farthing candle to my eyes without beauty. After a long experience of women I am persuaded that beauty is all potent, and that it deserves to be so, being worth everything else in the world. It may be an idiosyncrasy on my part. But my eye is so vividly attracted by the beautiful, so sensitively alive to all external loveliness that I should enjoy no true happiness without it. Therefore, as I am not rich enough now to marry for love, I must wait until I am—and then you shall see a vision, if I can find one in these prosaic times! I did not know that your heart had been touched by the wand of Cupid. These young love-dreams are magical.

* * * * * * * *



DR. KENEALY, ÆTAT. 26

(From a Daguerreotype)

About Love

No, truly, it is not first love, but the love of thirty or of thirty-five or of forty which is the true, absorbing, terrible passion. And so you will find. Why, I remember the time (and it lasted for four years) when I would have faced ten thousand cannon balls and a hundred thousand ordinary obstacles for the sake of a woman. And I did face a hundred social dangers, indeed, enough to have consummated my ruin. And do you think I have not outlived and forgotten all that wildness? Did I not once order a respectable burgher of Dublin, a married man with, for aught I know, a family, for some piece of insolence to the lady I speak of, did I not order him to be thrown into one of the canals by two of my myrmidons (college bed-makers who had been soldiers, and who would have faced Lucifer himself in my quarrels)? And did he not escape drowning by a miracle? And did I not play a hundred pranks of the same kind when my father thought I was studying law in the Temple, or the classics in my dear old reading-room in Trinity College? And do you think these amenities now give me any of these terrible heartaches under which you, romantic donkey! seem to be labouring? . . . Take my word for it, Master Shirley, you will out-grow it all. Love indeed! What is the love of girls and boys? Ethereal, delightful, exquisite, romantic—but a mere summer flower which dies in short time. When you are as old as I am—I was twenty-six last July—you will come to my opinions. Don't despair. You will make a very pretty lover yet.

CHAPTER IV

Defends Francis Looney—The Ministry and the Chartists—William Dowling—Mrs Mowatt—Richard Birnie—Stands unsuccessfully for Cork.

THE Autobiography once more takes up the thread:—

XLII

I left Cork on Wednesday, 3rd June 1846, and arrived in London by a long sea passage on Sunday, the 7th. The voyage was cheerful, and it seemed ominous of good that I was not once (as I generally am) sea-sick. The captain of our ship (the *Sirius*) got drunk just before we reached the Eddystone Lighthouse, and it was not until an hour after that he found he had been steering to the United States instead of to Merry England. We soon put about, and were again in smooth water. About a year after he lost her, and with her a number of passengers, who paid with their lives for our skipper's love of brandy.

I was soon happy in comfortable lodgings, from which I sent missives to my literary friends. I went to pleasant parties, renewed many of my agreeable country excursions, and felt the greatest satisfaction at my emancipation.

XLIII

On Friday, the first of January 1847, my darling mother died, my name being the last on her lips. This compelled me to go to Cork for a month or six weeks, where I found my father paralysed with grief, and entirely incapable of taking care of himself. I induced him to sell his house, and to join me in London, and I bade a final farewell to the city of my birth.

On the first of May 1847 I was called to the English Bar, and three weeks afterwards addressed the constituency of Trinity College on Repeal Principles. I received but few promises of support, and on the 12th of July I issued my valediction.

From the Irish newspapers, I may here remark, I received no manner of assistance, and those who were loudest in their shouts for nationality were mysteriously silent when my claims were brought before them. I joined the Irish Confederation, which then seemed to me to be actuated by noble principles, and I worked very indefatigably at the London Clubs, many of which I founded and set going. There was a great amount of talent put in operation, and I could not but be gratified by seeing such intellectual strength exhibited by my countrymen. In this autumn I took another foreign tour, pedestrianising a good deal, with my knapsack on my back.

In February 1848 I again addressed the electors of Kinsale, but received no support from either constituents or from newspapers. I regretted this, not on personal grounds, but because I saw that Ireland was not fairly represented in the House of Commons; and the trading members whom she returned did all in their power to degrade both themselves and their country.

This year, 1848, was rendered memorable to me by two legal speeches of mine at the Central Criminal Court in London: the first on 8th July, in defence of Francis Looney, tried for sedition; the second on 15th September, in defence of William Dowling, tried for treason-felony, as it was called.

The speech for which poor Looney was convicted was a very harmless one. But it was considered by the Whigs that nothing which breathed in the least of sedition ought at the time to be overlooked. And as the Ministry were about to make away at one fell swoop with some forty of the most violent Chartists, who were then concocting general incendiarism, the half-dozen were tried in the first instance for what was called sedition. This was a very judicious feeler as to what Juries would do in the event of a charge of treason-felony.

The jurors, being all sagaciously chosen, convicted the speakers. Looney got, I think, two years, for what would have been only laughed at during any other period than this exciting year.

But Dowling's case was different, and was far more serious. This youth—he was only twenty-one—was the son of very respectable persons in Dublin. Finding no field there for his talents he came to London, where he followed the profession of a portrait painter with some success.

The whirl of political excitement in 1848, when Kings were kicked off their thrones, and Governments knocked down like ninepins, caught him in its vortex. He joined the Davis Club, of which I was President.

The members of this body were, for the most part, men of a sober, earnest, energetic cast of character; fond of Ireland and of Irish glories, and bent, if possible, on attaining for their country a restoration of its native Parliament. They were seceders from the Repeal Association, which had at that time become a mere appanage of the Whigs, O'Connell having sold them his genius and his position, although for what exact price no one could discover; for neither he, nor any of his direct family, derived much benefit from the alliance. It was understood, however, that his private patronage was enormous. He probably gratified his love of sway more than any sordid principle of pelf or of profit.

However it was, the more honest repealers saw, or thought they saw, that he was in no way earnest for Repeal, and hence the Confederate Club took its rise, and spread its branches all over Ireland, and even in England and Scotland. Their objects were purely constitutional and legal, although they subsequently degenerated into downright rebellion against English rule. But this was long after I had permanently left them.

Dowling was for some time an unobtrusive member of the Davis Club; but Looney, who was the secretary, having been convicted, Dowling was invited to fill his place, and a wild Irish ruffian, named Doheny, having come over to the Club in my absence on Circuit, got them to adopt a number of physical force resolutions, which were against all law and order, and which no Government could have permitted.

On hearing of the mischief which had been done I went to the Club and proposed a resolution deprecating altogether pikes and swords. Dowling moved that it should be taken into consideration on the Day of Judgment, and this having been carried by an immense majority I resigned my office as President and left the Club.

Very soon after this Dowling received a message from the Chartists, inviting him to become a member of their Committee. This poor boy began to think he was playing the part of Brutus or of Washington. He joined those misguided fools, and was soon initiated into all their insane projects of fire-balls, pikes, barricades, vitriol and I know not what.

London was to be fired in half a dozen places, the police-stations were to be attacked and burned; a republic was to be proclaimed, O'Connor was to be Dictator. There were half a dozen similar frenzies.

All these things were revealed to the Government, immediately they were devised, by a spy named Powell or Johnson, whom they kept in their employment, and the conspirators were arrested by the police just as they were about to put some of their murderous follies into practice —although what advantage was to be attained none of them appear to have imagined.

Dowling also was apprehended. A few days afterwards he engaged me to defend him, and gave me a large brief, in which he took care to make no revelation whatsoever of anything he really did know, so that I was perfectly horror-stricken to find at the Trial that he had compromised himself so fatally as he had done.

A more silly or wicked project it is not possible to conceive than this of the Chartists. They deserved for it, and received, the contempt of all reasonable men. The thing would only have been a reproduction of the Gordon Riots on a small scale; and would have merely proved from what contemptible sources the greatest public dangers may at times proceed.

As in Looney's case I appeared alone, and some passages-at-arms took place between myself and the Attorney-General, Sir John Jervis, the present Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. The general opinion of the Bar was in my favour, and Sir John Jervis's manner was complained of as being more imperious than courteous to a very junior barrister.

The Jury in Dowling's case were locked up for a whole day, and at nine or ten at night they found this miserable youth guilty, and he was transported for twenty years.

On a calm retrospect of this Trial I regret that any altercation should have taken place between myself and the Attorney-General. I can conscientiously declare that I was not the aggressor. On the contrary, the entire Bar were of opinion that I could not have acted otherwise than I did in repelling what all confessed was an assumption of power, and a desire to browbeat and bear down by force, a swaggering confidence of victory which ought not to have been exhibited by the head of the profession to a beginner like myself.

But while I claim this allowance I must do justice to Sir John Jervis, and bear testimony to the skill with which he conducted these prosecutions. I do not think that any other man then at the Bar could have exhibited greater dexterity, knowledge or tact, or could have secured a triumph for the Government with so much success, as he did. His entire management of these proceedings—one or two blemishes excepted—was artistic in the highest degree, a complete and perfect piece of forensic science.

To be sure he had a packed Jury and a packed Bench, and a host of witnesses who traded in perjury; but still his conduct of a difficult prosecution deserves the praise of dexterity.

XLIV

Among the persons with whom I associated a good deal at this period was Charles Rosenberg, a man of much intellectual power, considerable learning and fine sense. Rosenberg had been employed on a London morning paper as musical and fine art critic, and had been thrown by various circumstances into a vortex of fashionable people, and being quite a youth, he became dissipated and corrupted by the vices which he saw round him.

He fell in love with a Frenchman's wife, and became involved in troubles which destroyed him for ever on the London Press. He lost his engagement and went to seek his fortune on the Continent.

I greatly regarded him. He was a most sincere friend, but overbearing at times, and unnecessarily blunt. For this I made allowances. I knew how severely he was suffering for one crime, in sleepless nights, famished days, and in the most heartrending shifts to which poverty subjects those who are her unhappy slaves. In him the misery of Savage was re-enacted. Yet he possessed a large fund of the noblest virtues, and a nature opposed to all vice.

To Rosenberg I am indebted for one escape. I had connected myself, as before said, with the Irish Confederates, believing that they were the only Party in the country who seriously meant Repeal. I was elected one of the Council for conducting their affairs. When the crisis drew near, and the examples of France, of Italy and of Hungary had, as it was believed, sufficiently inflamed the members, there was wanted but a single war-note to begin a struggle in which the liberties of Ireland were to be finally achieved.

Every day seemed to bring it nearer. And as I was at heart convinced that we were right, and was enthusiastic enough even to brave death in the sacred cause of freedom, I made up my mind to join them in the field if they should turn out. I accordingly arranged my affairs, and having packed my things, resolved to set out for Ireland in time for the fray. On the evening when the final step was to be taken Rosenberg called.

He came ostensibly to bid me farewell, but really to dissuade me from what he considered the madness of Quixotism itself.

We sat long into the morning discussing, and it was not until four o'clock, as the sun was rising, that he finally triumphed, and by sheer common-sense compelled me to abandon my projected expedition, to which the famous one of Humphrey Clinker was wisdom itself. Had he not come that evening, the next would have seen me in Ireland, committed with Smith, O'Brien and Meagher; and I should either have fallen in the "cabbage-garden," where the liberties of Erin were lost, or should have been an exile from the land for ever.

Rosenberg, in addition to his scientific and critical knowledge of art, had considerable talent as a portrait painter, and before he came to London he had followed it as a pursuit in Bath, of which city he was a native. Beckford, who knew his family, employed him to paint a picture for which he was to pay fifty pounds. Rosenberg did so. Beckford pointed out some defects in a blunt way, more galling to the pride of the artist than the promised sum was agreeable to his pocket. The painter, however, did not allow his rage to break forth until he had finished the picture in a manner highly agreeable to Beckford, who declared his approbation of it, and sat down to write the cheque. Rosenberg asked him if he really liked the picture, and on Beckford replying in the affirmative, he fiercely rejoined, "Then I'll see you damned before you get it;" upon which he drove his foot through the canvas, destroying it in a moment, to the unutterable rage of Beckford, who never forgave him.

This little incident was in perfect keeping with all Rosenberg's proceedings. He resembled, both in character and in genius, the American poet, Poe.

There was the same energy, the same vivid and original fancy, the same love of minute analysis, the same strong common-sense view of men and things, the same unbending pride of demeanour, the same heedlessness of the conventions which so remarkably displayed themselves in the transatlantic writer. Poe and Rosenberg were both thoroughly men; frank, ardent, faithful.

The latter had not indeed the unhappy failing of the former, for he was temperate, and consequently always a gentleman in all places, and at all times. But I never think of one without involuntarily calling up the image of the other; and I console myself for not having known Poe by reflecting that in Rosenberg I beheld as in a second self all his good and great qualities and none of those unhappy imperfections which so sorely tried the temper of Poe's well-wishers.

XLV

Another of my friends at this time, and of whom I saw a great deal, was Henry Spicer, author of several tragedies of merit.

Mrs Anna Cora Mowatt was a lady with whom I became acquainted, and one whom I remember with pleasure. The house at which I met her was Mrs Bartholomew's, the wife of the celebrated flower painter, where also I met Cruickshank, and Miss Muloch, a very clever novelist.

As an actress she was exceedingly good, her grace of deportment and buoyancy of spirits infusing radiance into every part in which she appeared. There was great artlessness at times in her manner, her attitudes were statuesque and exquisite, her voice silvery, and her general bearing queen-like and fascinating.

As a beautiful woman I have scarcely seen her superior. She was small but elegantly made. There was an appearance of delicate health about her, which added to her charms. She more than any other woman re-awakened in me a feeling of religion which had slumbered; taught me to look to the future with different hopes than those usually presented by theologians.

A circumstance which she related seems worth mentioning. The superstitious may make what they like of it.

When Watts opened the Olympic Theatre it was resolved to celebrate it by a supper and a ball on the stage. Mrs Mowatt, as the heroine of the company, was of course invited. She went, but had a strange presentiment that some misfortune was about to happen. At supper Albert Smith, who was invited to make the company laugh, was called upon to say grace. He did it in the following fashion: "For what we are about to receive, let us thank Mr Watts!" This irreverent parody, which was probably meant for humour, operated like a sudden chill on all. Mrs Mowatt was particularly affected by it, for her sense of reverence was great.

She said she thought she saw a flashing fire and heard a wailing scream. She sat silent and melancholy, nor could the monkey antics of Smith give her any pleasure. The dancing was suddenly brought to a sad close. One of the actresses, who wore a light gauze dress, went near to a footlight, her dress ignited, and she was burned to death.

But this disastrous affair did not end here. Nemesis does not like such blasphemous toasts. Watts himself was soon afterwards tried for robbery, was sentenced to transportation, and the same night hanged himself in Newgate.

XLVI

Charles Kemble, the actor, was another of those whom I met occasionally. He had passed his seventieth year, and can scarcely be said to have presented an opportunity for a favourable portrait. I scanned him closely, but could detect no marks of genius in the man. Like all the Kembles he had been made by newspaper puffery. There was no soul of fire in that sluggish brain.

I have heard people speak of his wit, of his delightful companionship, of his agreeable reminiscences. The whole thing was fable or imagination. I tried him on all themes, and could find nothing worth the toil. He was very deaf, and I sought to draw him out, to relieve the monotony of his existence, for it was sad to see him sit in company like a statue, cut off from all intercourse with his kind. But in truth there was nothing to be extracted from the old man. Even his stage reminiscences were worthless.

XLVII

Another of my friends, as I suppose I must call him, though Cowper was not more anxious to behold that rare phenomenon, a friend, than I was, was Robert Romere Pearce, the author of the *Life of Wellesley*, the *History of the Inns of Court*, and some other works of a like nature.

Last among my intimate friends and associates was Richard Birnie, son of the Sir Richard Birnie of Bow Street renown. Birnie was a barrister so far as the name went, but he was skilled in all other subjects on earth save law.

Discourse with him on language, poetry, criticism, theology, philosophy, history, fiction, and he was the rarest of companions, rivalling, perhaps even exceeding Maginn in versatility of acquirements, in ready memory, original humour, caustic wit and profound learning. Talk to him on law and he was the merest baby. Unfortunately it was only by law Birnie could live, and as he knew nothing of it he made nothing.

Richard Birnie

He had run through a fortune, had shone among the richest at Cambridge University, mixed in the fashionable life of London, had travelled, and had seen every species of character, from the highest to the lowest, had got into debt, into prison, out of it, and back again, and finally into a marriage and a garret, where I found him, a laughing sage, a veritable Diogenes in his tub, treating the world and its troubles with scorn, making a boast of his poverty, a jest of his starvation; recounting with jokes and wit of inimitable richness the thousand shifts to which his necessities drove him; the terror, perhaps the envy, of men at the Bar, who were counting their guineas by thousands, while Birnie, with a stomach intended by nature for claret and venison, seldom soared beyond cheese and beer.

He had the largest head of any man on earth, and the soundest views, whensoever he condescended to be serious. But he was a perfect Yorick, and could with difficulty be grave for five minutes. Like Mirabeau or Churchill in bigness of limb, although not in asperity of feature, he impressed you with the conviction that here was in truth a Man!

His perception was fine and clear, but he had no fixed principles, and as he was almost always starving, steadiness was perhaps not to be expected from him. His expedients were as numerous and as absurd as were those of Lazarillo de Tormes, or Fielding's Parson Adams; and he used to set the Bench and Bar in roars of laughter by his admirable manner of recounting the various ingenious devices which he and his wife adopted in order to secure a Sunday's dinner.

But the Bench and the Bar did nothing for Birnie, and he starved on gloriously, without flinching; his spirits always lively, his hopes golden, his wit sparkling, his temper unruffled. When a dinner chanced to befal him, he rioted in Elysium; when he had not tasted meat for a month he luxuriated in an imaginary banquet, which instinct told him was approaching.

As a mimic he was perfect. He adopted with equal ease and readiness the grave neatness of Sir Fitzroy Kelly, the see-saw reasoning of Montagu Chambers, the lisping sentimentalities of Talfourd, the dry, cold cunning of Lord Campbell, the loud and empty declamation of Sergeant Wilkins, the rat-like rasping of Ballantine, the Irish brogue and blunders of Mr Commissioner Phillips, the melodramatic nonsense of Sam Warner, the old-ladyism of Lord Cranworth, the man-millinerism of Sir Frederick Thesiger.

With style, diction and grimace he seemed to possess for the moment the very soul of each. Birnie was no longer before you, but the individual whom for the occasion he represented.

What a rare orb is this earth where *men* like Birnie are starving! As there is most certainly a God, the next world will present an odd Lucianic reversal of the order which prevails in this.

Here is Birnie, with the soul of a Shakspeare, a man made to be a light of the world, with only a crust of bread in his cupboard, a few coppers in his threadbare pocket Here again is Parry, with the spirit of a ground tumbler, successful, strutting and crowing, yet looking, nevertheless, with inconceivable terror on Birnie, "the mockery of whose cold grey eye" he once admitted was a sight which, of all others, he could never endure. And by this, his confessed superiority over others, Birnie was, doubtless, more than recompensed for an empty stomach and a ragged wardrobe.

A Candidate for Cork

XLVIII

In 1849 I stood as a candidate for Cork, my third and last trial of an Irish constituency. It failed, and I have since abandoned all similar efforts. I found myself without a supporter or a friend on the Irish press, and having, as I conceived, heroically attached myself to a ruined cause, and proved my sincerity beyond all question, I expected at least some welcome from its advocates.

[My Father stood on the broad principles of Repeal of the Union, Full Equality with England in all measures, Increase in Number of Representatives and the Exclusion of Englishmen and Scotchmen until Full Reciprocity should have been Established.

A leading article in the *Dublin Evening Herald*, 1st November 1849, thus describes the event:—

"Mr Kenealy is trying if not a bold, certainly a sporting experiment upon the constituency of Cork. Without a single paid agent or even the 'ghost' of a bribe, he proposes contesting the seat. Mr Kenealy is like Richard, 'himself alone.' He relies solely upon his own ready and reckless talents and on the sympathies of the electors. . . . Against odds that are absolutely appalling he presents an undaunted if not smiling front. He denounces, ridicules and defies his opponents with a *gaieté de cœur*, pluck, pungency and exuberance, that appear to have bewildered if not terrified them all—the nearest approximation to the O'Connell vein which has, since the departure of the Liberator, appealed to an Irish multitude."

Comment by Dr Kenealy:—

"I have lost Cork by my own indolence in not canvassing—if it indeed were indolence and not rather a belief in the high spirit of the electors who I thought were above the petty exaction of this system of solicitation."

XLIX

Here in Cork I for the last time saw my ever honoured father. He had left me in London about two years before. One of his letters of this year details at length his mode of life. It was written in answer to a pressing appeal of mine, that he would live with me altogether in London. I transcribe it here, as almost the last record of his loved hand.

"*August* 14*th* 1849.

"MY DEAREST CHILD, MY DARLING EDWARD,—I am well pleased and grateful for your kind and affectionate invitation to go back to you again to London, than which nothing would give me greater comfort or consolation; but I never could persuade myself again to live in that city.

"Nothing, indeed, would give me more pleasure than to be with you, but London is a place entirely unsuitable for a man of my years.

* * * * * * *

"My heart is now entirely gone from me; a little child could throw me down, and I never could get up. I was very well when I was with you, compared with what I am now. I am deprived of health; I am limping along; I have lost the use of my right side.

* * * * * * *

"Do you remember, my dear, our walks on May mornings by the banks of the Lee, to hear the early song of the cuckoo? Those days are gone—never to return. The only comfort I now have is that I am near those whom I loved best in my lifetime, and with whom I hope to be laid in the same grave. There my beloved child is. There sleeps my beloved wife. After that, my dearest

Edward, you will perhaps feel at ease. You will know that your poor father and mother are at rest in the lonely place of death. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble; mine eye is consumed with grief."

After his departure from me in London he had sought to seclude himself from the world, and to devote the remainder of his days to piety, to solitude and reflection.

For this purpose he entered various monasteries as a lay brother, paying the prior for his board and lodging, and hoping to find in these imposing retreats religious truth and a dignified repose.

But he who was all truth and sincerity was rendered miserable in these places, where in his innocence he had fondly expected to discover the simple virtues of a patriarchal age.

Abelard, in the midst of his prying, scandal-loving and calumniating monks, was not more wretched.

My father left them with a sad experience of the cloister, as did also my poor sister.

CHAPTER V

Life in London—Devotion to Study—Philosophic Reflections—A Love-letter—Marriage.

After a hiatus in the Autobiography this is again resumed:—

L

To this part of my life I look back with pleasure, spent as it was in thorough hermit fashion, seasoned with the pleasures of constant study. Partly because of my limited finances, and partly, perhaps, for a whim, I adopted a vegetarian diet of the simplest kind. My breakfast consisted of bread and milk, with sometimes a little fruit to add zest to the meal. Dinner brought me figs, dates, watercress and bread; and my evening repast was a roll with a pint of ale. On this frugal diet I lived for several months, not, perhaps, without a change of food sometimes, but these simple viands formed the chief articles of my table. As I remember now, I believe that at no time of my life have I felt so healthy and buoyant as in those few months of scant living. Probably this *regime* was a wholesome change, which would not have answered if long continued. Certain it is that I was not satisfied with it, as I returned after a while to a more substantial diet.

When not engaged in Court I used to set off early for the British Museum, often arriving before the gates were opened, so eager was I to be with my beloved books.

Here I read and wrote for hours, often from nine till five continuously, when I would come away with a famous headache to my dates and bread.

LI

I have been always a great walker, a habit acquired in the happy days of my youth. This, with my intense love for the beauties of Nature, served as a pleasant recreation either before I began my reading, or after my day at the British Museum, to bring me back again to the world. Some evenings I spent in looking at the brilliantly-lighted shops, with as much pleasure as any wondering youngster. Sometimes a theatre attracted me; not often, however, for I had reached an age when the painted beauties of the stage, with their virtuous utterances, only disgusted me with the sham and unreality of their professions.

It always seems so utterly incongruous to see the beautiful innocence and fidelity of a Desdemona portrayed by a woman who probably knows virtue only by name.

LII

Circuit brought a change of scene and of association as well as, sometimes, an income of fees. Not always however, for I often returned without having earned even my travelling and hotel expenses. I always contrived to see the sights of the country to which business took me, and my walking capabilities were made good use of. Among other objects of interest I have noted Byron's tomb, as Sir John Peachey's gravestone is called, at Harrow. The prospect is most beautiful. The Poet showed his taste in the selection. There is an amphitheatre of trees in front—at the foot of the hill—a vast and splendid expanse of plain, richly cultivated. Harrow, or a portion of it, lies to the left below, and a large tree overhangs the monument. The wind blows gently, and the view extends for forty miles. Oh, for a day of musing on that tomb, with sunshine and my free thoughts! What is there about Byron which so fascinates us?

Strange to say, with all my love of Nature I always welcomed return to my dear London, my darling Babylon, as I called it. To me there was and still is an indescribable charm in visiting the homes and haunts of men whose writings have held me spellbound, before whose genius I have fallen, worshipping.

This feeling made me always turn to London as my home, London, the home of those whose books had delighted my student heart.

Lately this passion has been calmed. With advancing years the illusions of youth have turned to the dull fact and reality of middle-age, and I have grown more fond of a quiet retreat from this busy Babylon.

The year 1851 proved a very eventful one for me, as the previous year had proved a very bitter one. The following reflections, written in my diary at the end of each, will show the contrast which these two years had brought. At the conclusion of 1850 I wrote this sad retrospect of the previous twelve months:—

"At the close of this year I can only say it has been one of melancholy and misfortune. I have been myself subjected to sad affliction; my pecuniary losses have been great; my receipts at the Bar have sunk considerably. My dear father has died. I am lost in wonder at what Providence has designed me for, or why I am marked out for affliction. Yet I do not complain much, for I cannot doubt that my failings, errors and vices have deserved punishment. And if man does not suffer on earth for the evils he has committed, I suppose he must pay penalty elsewhere.

" My health has been good, and my spirits, excepting in occasional hours of the darkest despondency, even to tears, have not been on the whole much depressed. God certainly tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. I have no pretensions to the innocence of that animal, although I have to its endurings."

Fortune looked more kindly upon me the following year, as may be seen by this extract at the close of 1851:—

" In taking a retrospect in my own mind of the events of this year I am struck by the singular contrasts it presents. Little did I dream at the beginning of 1851 that I should end it by being married.

" I have no reason and no inclination to murmur against fate. On the contrary, I heartily thank God for many blessings which he has deigned to bestow upon me. I have enjoyed admirable health, was never in better spirits, and have a young, innocent and fond wife.

" The whole of our worldly goods and chattels amount, it is true, only to the furniture of a set of chambers and to no very considerable sum at my bankers. But I do not despair. Nor indeed had I ever more brilliant hopes of surmounting all my difficulties and in the end of fulfilling my presentiments, which, as a child of Destiny, I feel in my soul.

" Everything I see and hear among the Bar and from the Judges satisfies me that I now occupy a position with them which no other man of my standing does, and I am as intrepid and as full of spirit as ever.

" If God ever gives me money and makes me powerful, I have made a vow to use both wealth and influence for the benefit of the world. I suppose I shall be a regular Don Quixote, and shall go forth armed *cap-a-pié* against abuses. Why, indeed, should I not, having in my own person experienced so many and so great? Like my prototype Mirabeau (to whom I have been many times compared), I have passed through a Red Sea of troubles, but I hope soon to gain a glimpse of the Paradise of Repose."

LIII

Strange, I had long entertained an idea that this, my thirty-third year, would work some great change in my life. I find that presentiment verified. On my thirty-second birthday I wrote in my diary: "On this day I complete my thirty-second year and enter on my thirty-third, which I have always had a presentiment will be a year of Destiny. I confess myself rather anxious to see whether the forebodings of many years will be fulfilled between this and July 1852." The "year of Destiny" brought me a wife—a great event, all must confess, in this life of ours, which is so much monotony, that birth, marriage and death are often the only milestones on the dreary road. A prettily-furnished set of chambers in town, a collection of books worthy a better library, myself and my prospects were all I had to offer my bride. With these she seemed satisfied in spite of the terrible predictions of her friends, who could foretell nothing happy of so improvident a match. We, however, being the chief persons concerned, were satisfied to trust to Providence, Fate, Chance or whatsoever power steers us mortals through the sea of life, and to venture it together. Our determination carried the day; for before our wedding took place I believe we had succeeded in filling our opponents with some of our bright hopes and expectations.

[This marriage was, as have been many other notably happy and successful unions, the outcome of love at first sight. As my Father, writing airy theories upon the subject six years earlier to Shirley Brooks, had said, "My eye is so vividly attracted by the beautiful, so sensitively alive to all external loveliness that I should enjoy no true happiness without it," adding that on this account when he should marry "you shall see a vision if I can find one in these prosaic times." The prudent resolution of which also he had made his friend the confidant, that he should defer his marriage till such time as he should be sufficiently rich to marry for love, be it observed, faded "like snaw wraiths in thaw, Jean," before the actuality of the "vision."

The first meeting was romantic. Sauntering one morning through the Keep of that most picturesque ruin, Dudley Castle, his ear was attracted by a voice. It sounded to him in a moment as the most charming voice in the world. From behind a ruined ivy-mantled wall tripped two young girls. And his eyes were riveted to a face, a face which seemed to him to be likewise the most charming in the world.

Following at a discreet distance he discovered the home privileged to enshrine this "vision" he had once despaired of finding. He obtained an introduction. The attraction was reciprocal. But Miss Nicklin was not seventeen. The maiden Aunts with whom she lived, as also her parents, were averse to one so young being called upon to make the momentous selection of a husband.

Moreover her fiery wooer, having his way yet to make in the world, was a less eligible suitor than were sundry others. There followed deliberations, perturbations, doubtless tears, entreaties and other emotional developments. The lovers were firm. This one and only this would he or she marry. The guardians weakened. The marriage at all events must be deferred until Elizabeth were older.

Among papers of this date I have found an old letter, the ink so faded that the characters are only just decipherable. As I imagine that it decided the question, and because, moreover, it is very pretty, I present it here. Although it is more than half a century old it is still faintly permeated by an indescribably delicate fragrance. I am unable to decide whether this is the mere ghost of some scented sachet in a romantic girl's desk, whether the clinging sweetness of a cherished nosegay beside which it was long treasured, or whether it may not be something even yet more incalculable, some essence the years have distilled from the fervid yet tender emotions wherewith the now dead writer's hand was charged.

Letter to Miss Nicklin.

"*Monday, October 7th* 1851.

"MY OWN DEAREST CHILD AND LOVE,—If you really feel you are not yet able or experienced enough to undertake the responsibilities of marriage, or are in any way afraid to face some little difficulties, I will defer it. But I told you the night I saw you last *I* was in no way afraid, and that I feel I could endure anything with you. This is the only answer I can give.

"A year hence I am sure I shall be in no way richer than I am now. While I should have the dissatisfaction of living in the most solitary manner, under the great suspense of being parted from you, of being, except at rare intervals, deprived of your delightful companionship, and of drifting into a side sea without any human sympathy.

"Prudence, as I said, suggests delay. Yet Love, omnipotent Love, counsels us to lose no time, but to be happy while we can. Which will you follow? I leave it wholly to my love, and will be implicitly bound by what she says. Yet it would be the most ungracious task I could perform to defer our union even for a day; whether indeed I should bear up against it I know not. It would wound me in the tenderest point. Yet having candidly laid before you much that you ought to know I leave the decision to you; again and again repeating that no fears of any kind on my side, but only hope, confidence and faith in Heaven and a conviction that in our love all difficulties will be as nothing.

"Your dear letter has moved me even to tears. I have read it again and again. I can appreciate your good Aunts' wisdom. But it is really no question of wisdom, but one of the heart, and I feel sure it is better to obey the heart than to obey the head.

"Of what is my darling love afraid? That she would have too much to do in looking after a quartet of rooms? That she would not have food enough to eat? or money to buy a fine frock? My own love, when you ask yourself why should we defer our happiness, you will find there is really no good reason. Unless, indeed, you are more difficult to please than am I. You did right in showing my letter to your Aunts. But you will do wrong in following any dictates but those of your own heart. Whatsoever that counsels you to do—Do. My grand principle is that Nature is always right.

"If then your own sincere heartfelt inclination is to be my dear wife, follow it, and cast prudence to the winds. We will repose in God's Providence and in our perfect love. The falsest and basest proverb ever spoken is that which says when 'Poverty enters at the door love flies out of the window.' The man who uttered it never knew what love is. True love is immortal and unchangeable as God Himself, from whom all love emanates. Lesser love may indeed fly when privation assails it. But my love, my own dearest one, is not love of this kind. I love you because I feel that you love me, because I am lonely, because I am sure God has given you to me in answer to my prayers. If God has joined us, shall prudence and poverty keep us apart? No!

"Let me know at once, dearest darling, your determination. I shall be in an anguish of suspense until I hear from you. Again I repeat consult your own heart. My good kind Aunts will not suppose I mean disrespect to them, but will I am sure agree with me that it is a question for you only to decide as Heaven prompts you.

"What are these troubles of a wife, my own dearest love, of which you speak? I know of none. You must confide them to me. My dear little child Lizzie shall certainly have no trouble I can avert. In one word I have again carefully read over your letter, and have well considered its contents. The result is this, I am ready to marry my own darling not on the 29th of November, as we fixed it, but on the 29th of October, or even on the 9th, or better still this very moment. So you see how little these dreadful troubles affright me.

"And yet, if on the other hand my own love is not ready, it shall be deferred, of course. But you, not I, shall be the person to defer it From all of which it clearly follows that we shall be married on the day originally fixed. This is a bit of woman's logic, but I think it very fitting and fine for the occasion.

"And now, my own love, how go those astonishing preparations? Slow—slow. Too slow, I fear, for my lightning thoughts and hopes. Shall I buy our dear wedding ring here? Or shall I buy it in Dudley, where I can better fit your finger? If the former I must get the exact size of that dear little member so soon to be mine, although it perversely wishes to remain its own master for another year, a perversity to which its future lord and master will consent on no account. Oh! I was nearly forgetting. Has your true constancy run out that you have laid aside your pretty blue-bordered paper? For blue is an emblem of constancy, is it not? I am glad you did not use the seal. I am angry that you waver about the 29th. I am sorry you are ill. I am eager to learn about the 'preparations.' I am pleased with you for working at my slippers. I am charmed with your promise to kiss my portrait. I love you more and more with every day. Remember me to your dear, wise, calculating, provident Aunts, and believe me ever your own dearest true love, E. K.

"*P.S.*—We shall be married on the 29th of November prox."

My Mother being no more than mortal woman, and moreover, a very young, beautiful and romantic one, the prophecy of the postscript came true, as the following extract from *The Times* attests:—

[*November 29th* 1851.]

> "KENEALY — NICKLIN.—At Dudley, Edward Kenealy, LL.D., of Gray's Inn, London, to Miss Elizabeth Nicklin, daughter of William Nicklin, Esq., of Tipton."

And the young wife developed into a devoted friend and comrade, an invaluable helper in her husband's work, an unremitting nurse in sickness, his inseparable companion until death.

The beautiful girl was an object of attention, and doubtless drew pedant eyes from dry-as-dust tomes as she took her place morning after morning in the Reading Room of the British Museum, where she would make extracts from abstruse works of reference, extracts which found place later in my Father's Theological Writings.

In after years, when the press of professional duty made every minute precious, he would sometimes go into Court without having found time to read a word of his Brief, relying solely upon her careful reading and her verbal abstract of the case.]

MRS. E. V. KENEALY

(From an Oil Painting)

CHAPTER VI

Autobiography continued :—Hollowness of Life—Success of Mediocre Men—Cajollery of Juries—Inconsistencies of Law—Anecdote of Lord Campbell—Lord Brougham's Terror.

THE Autobiography continues:—

LIV

I now had a fresh incentive to work. The golden spur is less a stimulant when one has no worthier object than oneself in view. I resolved to lose no opportunity of making way in my profession, much as I despised it.

In youth, when life was clothed in gayest colours, I had considered the Bar a noble profession, with full scope for learning, eloquence, and all the powers of intellect. But by this time these fairy gardens had changed into a wilderness, and the life of a barrister seemed but a galley-slave's existence—a trade to coin gold out of fallacies.

"All is vanity, saith the preacher." These words were continually crossing my mind, unnerving the wings of ambition. A worse, although a wiser doctrine, was never taught. Act upon it and the whole world is undone. Neglect it and what becomes of your soul? *In medio tutissimus ibis.* Pish! Canst thou serve God and Mammon? Yet this is what men try to do, if indeed they attempt the service of the former.

The morning sun rises over a world where all is peace and loveliness, save in the hearts and souls of its inhabitants. It shines into our homes, filling us with a holiness and calm only to be blotted out by the evil passions of our natures. God made the world beautiful, a house of prayer, man has made it loathsome, a den of thieves.

We have the passions of demons and the sentiments of divinities. We act like devils while we have the aspirations of gods. Shall I be told that life is not a torment? How know we that? How can we sit in this Pandemonium where guilt is shown with the mask off, and not see the passions of the Inferno round us?

In many cases we see vice triumphant, virtue slain, innocence betrayed by guilt, learning and wisdom crushed by cunning, honesty dishonoured by roguery, religion and piety trampled by hypocrisy. Might rules the day, and as the wicked are in the majority, the just, so greatly in the minority, must yield to the greater strength.

To make one's way in a profession, more especially at the Bar, it is necessary to be of a sociable disposition and inclination; to issue and to accept invitations; to be in fact hail-fellow-well-met with all likely to influence one's future career. This I could never be. My natural love of solitude, increased by early education and by habit, made me silent and reserved. My pride prevented me from seeking any man's society. If offered I accepted because of its congeniality, not from any consideration of expediency.

How much grandeur there is in that line of Goldsmith's:

> "Too fond of the right to pursue the expedient."

LV

It must be that everyone has justice done to him and that we all have equal opportunities if we only use them to advantage. But it has seemed to me that I have been singularly marked out for misfortune. Those sudden and unexpected pieces of luck which fall to some men's lot, without their seeking and often without their deserving them, have never come to help my struggles. I remember losing a Deputy-Judgeship of the County Courts from the mere fact of the Judge who had the appointment forgetting my address, so that he could not communicate with me. It went to a man of whom he knew nothing, but whose name was mentioned to him by accident.

Had I chanced on the appointment I should in course of time have succeeded to the Judgeship with fifteen hundred a year and three or four hundred for travelling expenses.

Not a great thing truly, but I should at that time have been willing to accept it, as my health was not sufficiently good to make me relish the hard and uncertain life of a young barrister. It would have given me a fixed income and the leisure I coveted for the pursuit of higher knowledge.

Another time I lost a Recordership through not knowing it was vacant sufficiently long before it was filled. Never indeed have I been lucky. All that I have acquired in life has been the result of sheer hard labour.

LVI

In my long observance of human nature I have seen men of very little ability advance step by step from insignificance to wealth and position, merely from practising the art of being agreeable; while men of high culture, with minds too great to stoop, have been left far behind, struggling with poverty and even with beggary. And it is not only for future preferment, but also for present success, that this talent of agreeableness is of advantage. At the Bar more verdicts are obtained and juries convinced by cajolery and jest than by clear argument and logic. The man who can win a jury has almost won his case; for these intelligent gentlemen are most susceptible to flattery, be it directed to their persons or to their understanding. Doubtless it is a grave consideration that in many cases the liberty of an unfortunate being hangs almost as much upon the favour of a jury to his counsel as upon the evidence of his guilt or innocence. Yet this truth is so recognised, that members of the Bar are distinguished as successful or unsuccessful advocates according to their powers of cajolery, rather than from any faculty they possess of clearly stating and explaining the telling points of their own or of their opponent's side.

Hawkins is a notable example of the success which attends this style of advocacy. By a wink or a gesture he can send a whole Court, judge, jury and counsel, into roars of laughter, a trick which not only puts the jurors into good humour, but leads away their attention from the points at issue. By an elevation of the brows and a glance at the jury he is able to convey as much meaning as though he said in words, "Really, gentlemen, this evidence is too much of an imposition. The witness evidently believes us most gullible." At the same time it pleases the jury by taking them into his confidence, and appearing to credit them with an amount of intelligence which is not to be deluded by the artful creature in the box.

The artful creature, if he be, as so many country witnesses are, somewhat obtuse and slow to perceive the quips and jokes which are circulating at his expense, goes on blundering through his evidence, wholly unconscious that his words assume in the mouth of the skilful lawyer a meaning which he never intended and could not have foreseen. If, on the other hand, the witness have sufficient perception to see where he is drifting, he has rarely enough confidence to parry the question and so to extricate himself from the false position in which he is placed. He becomes hopelessly entangled in the confusion of his own statements, and leaves the box with the conviction that he has greatly damaged the cause he came to assist.

This is one reason why verdicts are often so entirely contrary to the sense, and in opposition to the evidence. The jury rely on the acuteness of counsel to discover the worth of persons called before them, and too readily surrender their own judgment to the representations of these gentlemen.

The public, who learn from the papers the facts elicited at Trials, are often astonished at results. The reason is that they use their own sense in forming an opinion of the merits of the case, without being prejudiced and bamboozled by the little comedies of learned brethren. Too much cannot of course be said against such a disreputable method of success, but custom has made it legitimate.

If people only knew what trifles turn the scale of Justice, how easily juries are flattered and deceived, and as a rule, how little they depend upon themselves, and how much upon the lawyers, there would be a considerable diminution of legal business.

LVII

There is a great deal of cant too about the purity of the Bench, as there is a very wide-spread faith in its honour and integrity. My experience of the Bench has been otherwise.

I have seen such old rogues in scarlet and ermine as it would be difficult to match even in Norfolk Island.

Campbell, from whom I have myself suffered much injustice, was a man of great talent, but, from the cruelty and bias of his disposition, quite unfitted to be the representative of the majesty of the law, certainly not in any capacity so comprehensive as that of Lord Chief Justice of England. He used from the Bench to display so much ferocity, even malignity, as to render everybody present most unhappy; the infliction of torture appeared to be a luxury to him, a luxury in which he frequently indulged. His acrimony and want of humanity resembled the characteristics of a fox, to which animal he has been likened.

I remember an incident which shows, although only in a slight degree, his natural lack of courtesy and consideration.

A number of ladies crowded into one of the passages at Westminster Hall for the purpose of getting a glimpse of the Lord Chief Justice, who was then a celebrity of some note. As he passed his button caught in a beautiful lace berthe worn by one of his fair admirers. After a vain struggle to disengage himself Campbell deliberately took out his penknife—everybody thought for the purpose of cutting off his button and releasing the lady. Not at all. He coolly cut a hole in her handsome lace and passed on with his sweetest smile.

It was said that Lord Brougham was desperately afraid lest Campbell should outlive him and insert his life among the Chancellors. His terror was so great at the idea of being delineated by such an unfeeling biographer that one day he involuntarily cried out, "He has added a new pang to death."

On the Bench, clothed in wig, robe and authority, Lord Campbell looked the very personification of dignity and justice. The transformation was wonderful when one saw him without the insignia of state, clad in ordinary walking attire. He looked then the picture of mediocrity and meanness.

Lord Brougham once remarked of him to me that if he had been brought up to fiddling or tinkering he would have been neither a first-rate fiddler or tinker, but he would have made more money than any others who followed the same employment.

As he grew older the rat-like cruel look in his face settled immovably there. He acquired the stony gaze which with the ever-increasing love of hanging grows upon so many Judges. The constant association with crime seems to demoralise them. Their faith in human goodness diminishes till it is *nil*. They look upon every man as a criminal who deserves but little mercy and they mete it out accordingly. There are, of course, just and humane men on the Bench, but they are not many.

It may be thought that I speak too harshly of those whom I depict. If so it is unintentional. Every man is entitled to justice, and his own life decides whether he deserves well or ill at the hands of those who portray his character. Justice to good men demands that the bad should not be placed on the same level. Truth requires that they shall be painted in their true colours. This I endeavour to do in my descriptions of persons who have crossed my path. I can only show them as they appeared to me; their characters, their lives and personality.

CHAPTER VII

Letters to and from Disraeli—*The Press*, a Projected New Journal—Interview with Disraeli—Resignation of Post and of Prospects.

Dr Kenealy for many years kept up with Mr Disraeli an interesting correspondence upon political questions of the day. He was gratified to find his views acted upon from time to time by the great man.

The subjoined is a letter of the earliest date which I have found among his papers:—

Letter to Disraeli.

"Gray's Inn Square, *January* 15*th* 1850.

"Dear Sir,—I wished very much to see you as I think I might possibly suggest to you a view on the present crisis which would not be undeserving of consideration.

"I do not affect to be the organ of any body, but I have no doubt you are acquainted with my standing with a great portion of the Irish people, and with the Catholic Priesthood, who, I believe, have some confidence in me.

"All Tory traditions and policy have almost always been to support the Papacy. The Whigs, on the contrary, have invariably been its enemies.

"The Irish people since the Emancipation have been the sole obstacle to the permanent attainment of power by the Tories. It lies at this moment with the Tory party to win the Irish people for ever, and to destroy utterly the Whigs. Lord John Russell has in contemplation a penal measure in consequence of the recent assumption of titles by Catholic Prelates. If the Tory Party opposes this measure (on the broad ground that it is adverse to the spirit of the times, that it would be a virtual repeal of Emancipation which has been productive of no evil results in Ireland or in the Colonies, and that the Protestant Church is too well founded on its own purity to be shaken by a contemptible bugbear such as is the cry against these titles) they will defeat the Whigs, and on an appeal to the country all Ireland, priests, bishops and laymen, in their anger against Lord John and the Cabinet, will support us at the hustings.

"But if, on the contrary, they commit the folly of proposing a stronger measure of policy than that of Lord John they will exactly play his game of small cunning and still further alienate from the Tories Ireland, which may now be said to be wholly their own on the question of protection. I send you for perusal an article on this latter subject by a friend of mine who is authorised to put forth the opinions of the farmers of Ireland.

"I need not remind you that on a question of religion like this, if you once get hold of the Irish people you will never lose them. You will secure also the powerful body of the Puseyites of England, who really are the active Intellect of the Age. And I can venture to say you will not lose a single Tory supporter either in the Church or State.

"If I had seen you I think I could have satisfied you of the feasibility of this recommendation, and could have proved that it would be in perfect accordance with the real Spirit of old Toryism—not Eldon or Percival Toryism, which was only idiocy, and which has done incalculable injury to the party.

"I am leaving town to-night, but if you write to me at Chambers, saying when I could have an interview with you on the subject, I shall feel obliged—unless, indeed, your opinions are diametrically opposed to such a view.—I have the honour to be faithfully yours,

"E. KENEALY."

Mr Disraeli's reply I have failed to find, or to learn whether, as on many other occasions, he adopted my Father's view of the situation.

Three years later came an interesting episode with regard to *The Press*, a projected weekly journal. It began with a letter from Disraeli.

Letter from Disraeli.

[*Confidential.*]

"*March* 17*th* 1853.

"DEAR SIR,—Mr Lucas, a barrister and a very distinguished member of the University of Oxford, called on me some days ago to consult me on a subject of importance. I recommended him to confer with you as a gentleman whose talents I greatly admire, and in whose welfare and advancement I was interested. I promised him to write you a line, but the pressure of affairs has prevented me doing so as soon as I could have wished. I trust my omission has not been an obstacle to relations between Mr Lucas and yourself, for I think they would tend to your development, which I desire.—I have the honour to be, dear Sir, yours very truly, B. DISRAELI.

"E. V. KENEALY, ESQ."

The episode is thus dealt with in the Autobiography:—

LVIII

In April 1853, after some correspondence on the subject, I had an interview with Disraeli (who was then the acknowledged leader of the House) with regard to *The Press*, a new weekly paper which was to be published under his auspices. I wrote down at the time an account of my visit while it was fresh in my memory:—

"To-day at one o'clock, by appointment, I saw Disraeli. I was shown first into a library or studio on the ground floor, with a decent collection of books which seemed to have been read, a marble bust of Disraeli himself on a bookcase, prints of Lord George Bentinck and others, and one or two faded Indian cabinets. In a few moments I was ushered upstairs to the old room where I had seen him in 1846.

"He is greatly changed since then. He has grown thin, old, and is no agreeable portrait of the harassing anxieties and wrinkled records of itself, which ambition bestows as trophies of her gratitude. He received me very civilly, shook me by the hand and seated me opposite to him.

"He sat down for a short time and then asked me to excuse him for walking up and down, stating that he was obliged to sit so much at night in the House that he was glad of an opportunity for exercise.

"I thanked him for allowing me to correspond with him when he was in office, and for recommending me as a party in the present new project of *The Press, or Anti-Coalition*, which is to appear on the 30th of April.

"Looking at him now earnestly he impressed me with the idea of a man who is suffering much from ill-health, and perhaps an overwrought brain, although his step is firm enough.

"He has a horrible House of Commons mannerism about him, which is exceedingly ungraceful and rather fidgets one. His movements are restless and his voice sometimes fails.

"There is perpetual motion in him. He is wearing out from too much excitement, and I think unless he greatly alters his style and becomes more at ease he must break down in a very few years

"There is no repose, no quiet, no statue-like imperturbability, such as he exhibits in the House, and did to a certain extent possess when last I saw him.

"His abstraction in the House is evidently studied, for his brain is at work, and terribly in earnest in its work, while to the spectator he seems granite. In this he differs very much from myself, who in the midst of action am a mountain of ice, both in appearance and in absolute reality

"He has grown less Jewish than when I last saw him and the impression which he leaves is one of pain rather than of pleasure.

"In his prefatory dedication of *Venetia* to Lord Lyndhurst, he speaks of the 'sorrows of existence,' and he presents all the externals of one who has deeply felt them.

"I was sorry to see him so careworn and restless, and wonder he bothers himself to death about such miserable cheats as the rewards of political battle. For my own part, were I in his place I would treat them just at their exact worth, and would worry myself not one whit about their possession or their loss.

"We plunged at once *in medias res*. He said from his knowledge of my 'great learning, classical tastes and peculiar genius,' he was led to mention me as one of the confraternity of supporters who were to bring out the new weekly paper; that it was intended to be highly classical in its style, and quite the opposite of the *barbaresque* style of composition which at present prevails, making the daily newspapers absolutely unreadable; that the master minds of the eighteenth century were to be its models, and that a combination of sound political philosophy with Aristophanic pleasantry were what was most desired.

"That there was no person in whom he had a greater confidence for aiding in such a project than myself, and that as my views were political and pointed to the House of Commons, he thought it would serve as a good opening and an introduction of myself to a confraternity of men, some of whom were in the House and some likely to get in, and that, under all the circumstances, I must derive considerable reputation from being connected with it.

"He spoke of his views with reference to myself, which pointed to a time when matters were ripe, in which he would place me in the House of Commons, and said that in the meanwhile I could not employ my time better than in devoting such leisure as I had from my profession to aiding the new journal.

"That Lord Stanley, of whom he spoke highly as a young man of solidity and great skill, and pointed him out as a probable future Prime Minister, and Smithe, late of Canterbury, were others of the brotherhood on whom he depended.

"The Anti-Jacobin was to be, to a certain extent, the model; and those who like myself had political tendencies, would find this one of the best modes of advancing them.

"The Coalition was to be attacked and the true principles of the Tory party were to be put forward.

"The Tories were at present a great mass but destitute of ideas, and *The Press* was to furnish them with these.

"The *Morning Herald* and *Standard*, which are supposed to be Tory organs, are in reality only the organs of sections, and nothing could be in worse taste than was their style of articles.

"The political leaders in the new paper are to be first-rate, like those of the *Times*, and Canning and Frere would be the models for those of lighter nature. So far he spoke of the literary aspects of the project.

"I listened as I always do, merely assenting by a nod to all his sentiments and scarcely speaking a word, so that no one can deny I am a good listener. I then told him that Lucas, the editor, was about to call on me to make the pecuniary arrangements, and that I had a distaste for such a thing as money in connection with politics, but that I would regulate myself altogether by his advice.

"He entered rather diffusely into an exposition of what their views were with reference to this, and said that after great deliberation among the projectors it was resolved that all should be paid, himself and Lord Stanley for instance, as well as the others; and that the very persons who might subscribe largely would nevertheless receive their cheque as regularly as those who made literature their profession and who might be employed upon it.

"That Lord Granville, Canning and Lord Ripon, all of them Prime Ministers, had themselves been paid by Murray for their contributions to the *Quarterly*, and that therefore, as this was one of their rules, I need have no hesitation in taking money. For if a Duke were asked to write he would be paid as well as a commoner.

" What the rate of remuneration was to be he did not mention, but he spoke of five guineas for an article as being a price not unreasonable or unlikely.

" All this occupied about three quarters of an hour, and was very discursively spoken and in a style of which, although full of compliments to myself, I grew rather tired, as being a sad abuse of time and of the English language, which was made to express its meaning point blank without needless circumlocution.

" I then spoke to him about Ireland. He is rather disgusted with the Irish and said that he had appointed Lord Naas as Irish Secretary, against the strong remonstrance of many of the Cabinet, who were altogether averse to conciliatory measures which they declared would be useless, and were anxious to appoint an Orangeman of high standing who had been twenty years in Parliament and would have given the greatest satisfaction to all the Tories. (This I take to be Sir William Verner, which would have been quite an insane appointment.)

" How had the Irish priests responded to that conciliatory nomination? Why, by at once raising an ' Irish howl,' and kicking him out of the Catholic county of Kildare. This, he said, had paralysed his exertions in the Cabinet for Ireland, and had thus produced the proclamation, which he admitted had greatly injured the Government and had even upset it.

" At two o'clock I took my leave, and promised, as I mean, to do all I could for the paper.

" He saw me outside the door, which was a piece of great courtesy, and shook hands with me at parting.

" I plainly understand from him that he means to put me in Parliament, and there, indeed, I believe I could more effectually serve him than by contributing to fifty newspapers."

This is a rough sketch of the conversation we had on the subject of this new Tory organ, which was started a short while after and is still, I believe, published weekly. It did not unfortunately realise the expectations of its projectors, who destined it to be a first-rate literary production as well as a powerful aid to the advancement of their party.

I wrote several squibs for the few first numbers, but subsequently withdrew myself from its staff of contributors, in consequence of a misunderstanding which arose as to the position and relation I was to hold with regard to the Editor. This gentleman, a Mr Lucas, seemed very desirous of centering all authority in his own hands. I was unwilling to contest his right to so much power but preferred to disconnect myself with the undertaking.

A letter which I had previously written to Mr Disraeli will best show my feeling in the affair:—

"I had some correspondence with Mr Lucas about the matter to which you refer. I was requested to become a contributor to the light department of the projected periodical, but having had considerable experience in these matters, and your name not having been communicated to me, I declined to have anything to do with it unless I received some interest in the copyright, publishers being very difficult persons to deal with when their periodicals are securely established; and, as a general rule, not disinclined to get rid of those who have mainly contributed to their foundation.

"I had no reason at that time to suppose it was anything but a private speculation supported under certain distinguished auspices.

"My letter declining crossed Mr Lucas's letter mentioning your name, and in terms with reference to myself which greatly influenced me. It held out very brilliant promises of money remuneration, but still treated me merely as a contributor and subordinate. I informed him, in reply, how much I felt bound to defer to any wish of yours, and added that as my profession made me independent of all money considerations, I was willing to be gratuitously associated with such a project, but still declined to be employed.

"I intimated my desire for a personal interview with Mr Lucas on the matter, and named next Saturday week as a day when I should be in London and could see him. I need not say that I shall do everything in my power to assist Mr Lucas, but it must be on a footing of complete independence of pecuniary considerations.

"I am willing to play Swift to his Arbuthnot, but I cannot be employed by him. I have no doubt whatsoever that we shall come to a complete understanding in the matter, and that I shall be enabled to render whatsoever aid I can to his undertaking.

"For your own kindness and remembrance I feel most highly obliged, and shall be eager to manifest in some way my appreciation of it.

"As I am writing to you may I mention one or two matters which may be worthy of your consideration? The Whigs and their organs are affecting to look upon the Irish Brigade as wholly theirs, and their votes on the Clergy Reserves and the Jew Bill seem to countenance that claim. But I have reason to know that a large section of them is still as independent as ever, and as much opposed to Whig legislation as they are favourably disposed toward yourself. It would be impossible for them, representing Catholic constituencies, to go out of their way to back up the Protestant Clergy of Canada, although I am told Sir J. Pakington seemed to expect they would assuredly do so. Your Teller must never reckon on them in matters of this kind, although, if properly treated, he may do so on others of a general nature.

"But the gross folly of the *Morning Herald* in perpetually abusing them, their country and their religion, still opposes an insuperable obstacle in their way. Really, the madness of this course ought now to be manifest. Of what possible use can it be perpetually to force one-third of the Empire to be our foes, when, if the Press be discreet and silent, they can be so easily made friends?

"I read with the greatest pain these perpetual effusions of bigotry, prejudice and absurdity. They are ruinous to all hopes of a fusion, and play the absolute game the Whigs desire.

"It was precisely in the same way that the Scotch were treated—as foes—after the union of 1700, and they continued discontented and rebellious to all authority until wiser, because opposite, measures were adopted.

"With this plain historical lesson before us, what madness it is to persist in a policy of alienation. You may depend upon my information in this matter as being most authentic."

The first portion of this extract explains my wish to contribute to the paper, quite independently of remuneration, so that my views might not be limited or cramped by such a consideration.

The conclusion contains suggestions on the Irish question then raging vigorously, a subject on which I was well-informed and which I was desirous of discussing in the columns of the new paper.

Disraeli answered in most courteous terms, regretting that any vexations should have arisen, at the same time stating that Mr Lucas had been invested with an amount of authority as editor, but hoping that we should be able to arrange without any more difficulties.

However, Mr Lucas, who was an editor of some experience and likely to be of more service to the project than myself, would " bear no brother near the throne." And I was not willing to be under control. So I resigned my post, and with it, I suppose, some rather brilliant prospects.

Disraeli had shown himself on every occasion very desirous of assisting me, and had expressed much interest in my welfare and advancement. I was therefore blamed by my friends for letting slip this favourable opportunity of rendering service to so influential a person.

CHAPTER VIII

Autobiography continued:—William Palmer the Poisoner—His Personality and Bearing—His Methods of Poisoning—Dr Kenealy a Junior Counsel for his Defence—Capital Punishment—Libel Case against *Liverpool Herald*—Chetwynd Divorce Suit—Burke (Fenian) Case—Attempt to blow up Clerkenwell Prison—Many Victims killed and injured—Dr Kenealy withdraws from Defence—Takes "Silk"—Overend-Gurney Case—Wood Green Murders—Bidwell Brothers—A Piece of Ill-Luck.

LIX

In the spring of 1856 I was engaged as one of the junior counsel for the defence of William Palmer. This remarkable criminal, who was indicted for one and suspected of having committed fourteen or fifteen cold-blooded, hideous murders, was a man whose image is still fresh in my mind, so striking and characteristic was his personality.

His face bore the impress of honesty, calm, passionless and truthful. At first I was somewhat deceived by the clear look of sincerity which characterised him, but on closer acquaintance I observed that whensoever my eyes met his he quickly dropped his lids as though he feared lest I might read there something he wished to conceal. From a habit of closely scanning the features of witnesses during cross-examination my eyes have acquired a steady, searching look, which I am told by those who have been under fire is not easy to withstand if there be need for concealment. Palmer was one of those who could not return my gaze; he invariably drooped and seemed uncomfortable.

Otherwise he displayed the greatest composure on every occasion. His manners were courteous, bland and sympathetic. Yet there was something in their very smoothness which reminded me of some creeping reptile; not repulsive, on the contrary attractive, but suggestive of the gliding, stealthy movements of a snake

He entered the room with a gentle tread, making no sound, like a man walking over a thick carpet. Gliding forward he laid in one's grasp a soft small hand which seemed to slip from the touch so soon as taken

His voice was low and unctuous, almost tender. One acquainted with him can picture this gentle, quiet man inviting his victim, in the most soothing, seductive tones, to drink the fatal draught. One can picture the poor wife, whom he so fondly and assiduously tended, taking her food from him, almost conscious of its nature, yet submitting to the deadly meal which was offered in so seductive, so caressing a fashion.

He would allow no other but his own hand to administer her food, his solicitude appeared to be so great. She grew weaker and more feeble. As her strength declined his attentions were redoubled, and she passed from the world, her dying moments soothed by the hand from which she had been daily drinking the draught of death.

Four out of the five children who were born to him died very shortly after their birth from unaccountable fits of sickness which speedily exhausted them.

Palmer turned to profitable account the lessons he had received on toxicology at his medical college (he was a doctor), and seems to have been wonderfully successful in his fatal dosing. Although so many members of his family died under suspicious circumstances no suspicion seems to have been aroused until the number of his victims was considerable, or perhaps until "grown bold by custom" he took less pains to conceal his guilt.

His wife seems to have had an intuition that some ill fate attended her offspring, and when the like sickness carried off one after another, she resigned herself to the fact that their death would be speedy, even before their birth had taken place.

LX

William Palmer cultivated his deadly instincts and the science of accomplishing them, until he acquired a perfect insensibility to human suffering, and was able, under pretence of relieving, to further administer the drug which gave rise to his victim's insufferable tortures

There is something peculiarly horrible in the evidence given concerning the death-bed scene of Cook.

This miserable wretch was dosed with strychnia until his whole frame was cramped and writhing under its terrible influence. Every muscle of his body was convulsed, the contraction of his limbs being such that he assumed the shape of a bow, resting on head and heels. His intellect retained its full vigour so that he was acutely sensitive to the agony which racked him.

Cook had been his most intimate friend and companion, yet Palmer could witness and aggravate these tortures. His wife was a woman of kind and affectionate nature, who had always been gentle and submissive. There had been no disagreement between them. He treated her all through with apparently the tenderest consideration, apart from the fact that he poisoned her mother, her four little babies, and last of all her unsuspecting self.

He was present at her death and gave her poison within an hour of its occurrence. He killed her in a manner more merciful than that which he chose for his friend. He did not subject her to the horrible convulsant action of strychnia. But it was probably chance, or a fear that suspicion might be aroused if all his victims died with similar symptoms, which made Palmer select the various drugs employed. Had he been content with the poison by which his brother was removed it is probable no jury could have found him guilty, as after the time which elapsed before the bodies were subjected to examination no trace of it could have been found.

As it was there was difficulty in proving that Cook had met his death other than by disease, to which the tetanic symptoms were attributed. The body of Mrs Palmer was completely saturated with antimony; there could have been no doubt after the analytical investigation as to the manner of her death.

I was present at *post-mortem* examinations of the three of his victims whose remains were tested for poison. There was great public interest excited in the case and I was anxious to gain as much information as possible by personal investigation.

Mrs Palmer when exhumed was in a fair state of preservation, although the corpse had been buried for more than a year. This was owing to the antiseptic properties of the drug which was found in all the tissues of her body. She was very pale and attenuated, but decay had made but little progress.

Palmer was indicted for the murder of his friend Cook as this was more difficult to prove. Had they failed to convict him of this there would not have been the least trouble in hanging him for the murder of his wife.

LXI

Cockburn, who was then Attorney-General and prosecuted for the Crown, got the credit for this arrangement which gave the prisoner no loop-hole of escape. I have no doubt that it was his suggestion.

Another proceeding damning to Palmer's chances was that of bringing the case to London for trial. Had it been tried by a local jury they would never have convicted. But by removing it to London so much and such universal interest was excited that every investigation had to be made, and the detailed circumstances published in full, laying bare the prisoner's life and character to the scant mercy of public opinion.

In his own neighbourhood Palmer was such a general favourite and had so many personal friends and acquaintance that no verdict of "Guilty" could have been obtained. The Trial would have attracted little notice and all would have passed off quietly.

I have now not the least doubt but that Palmer committed not only the murder for which he was tried, but probably the dozen others of which he was suspected, yet he was hanged on evidence very conflicting, especially in regard to medical witnesses on whose reports the chief strength of the prosecution rested.

That he had a "fair, impartial Trial" cannot be maintained.

Lord Campbell had prejudged him and was determined to convict. On the first day of the proceedings he showed an unfairness which gradually increased, until his conduct can be justly described by no other word than infamous. Not so much in language as by look, tone and gesture, highly significant and dramatic, did his Lordship convey to the Jury his assurance of the prisoner's guilt.

During Shee's speech for the defence everything in Palmer's favour was met by frowns and by dagger looks from Campbell, while he made a point of writing down fully everything against, noting scarcely anything to, the prisoner's advantage.

His proposition of a pleasant country excursion for the Jury can hardly be looked upon other than unduly to influence these gentlemen, who are easily flattered into coinciding with a Judge when he shows so plainly what verdict he desires.

Cockburn remarked shortly after the commencement of the Trial that he could "see Palmer's death in Jack Campbell's face." This was the impression conveyed by the Chief's features to everybody present during his summing-up, and indeed from the very first day he assumed an expression of intense hatred toward the guilty wretch.

On the last day of the Trial Palmer passed the following notes to me: "*Did not Campbell sum up sufficiently plain for the jury to say that I am guilty? All I can say if they do, they are great liars.—Wm. P.*" and "*If I had a book I would send it at Campbell's head, for I think he behaves ill.*"

Of Mr Justice Cresswell I cannot speak too highly, both with respect to the consideration and fairness he showed to all and of the quiet dignity of his demeanour. On several important occasions illegal evidence would have been admitted, had it not been for his firm and just interference. His conduct throughout was most impartial, fair and honourable.

Amidst the injustice and bad feeling shown by his confreres on the Bench he may truly be said to have set an estimable example of that judicial purity and justice which we are taught to believe exists in the heart of all ministers of the law.

LXII

Whether from interest in Palmer's welfare, or afterwards from regret for his fate, there was aroused at that time a feeling against capital punishment which resulted in several public meetings as well as in letters to the Press. At the meetings it was resolved that "legalised murder" was against the interests of human nature and the principles of Christianity, and that it should no longer be permitted to disgrace the annals of our English history. Yet, despite these demonstrations which have from time to time decried the practice, hanging is as much in vogue and indeed flourishes more vigorously and with greater frequency than it has done since it was adopted only as a penalty for murder.

For my own part I strongly disapprove of this barbarity and deny the right of man to take away life. The old Hebrew law, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," was cancelled by the introduction of the Christian religion, which rules, "That which God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

This command, which the priests have limited to the ordinance of marriage, was intended by Christ to apply to all conditions. There is not one of His marvellous teachings which will not bear universal application, so infinite are they in their wisdom.

There are many arguments in favour of death as a punishment for murder, but morality does not teach us that we should commit a crime to enforce a virtue. We are led to suppose that the end does not justify the means. Yet in permitting the practice of hanging we exemplify this pernicious doctrine.

LXIII

This year, 1856, was a very successful one to me as regards the amount of my business and the proceeds obtained; but I must confess that the habits of thrift which my father practised did not descend to his son. It has been my custom to act upon the idea that I may spend to-day, to-morrow will bring its own cost, a most improvident notion doubtless, but one engendered by the indulgence of my youth, when I needed only to ask and possession was mine.

LXIV

This year was a memorable year because it brought forth that august idea which has been my one aim since it flashed into my mind. I allude to the intention I conceived of embodying my deep theological researches and religious reflections into the small compass of a few volumes, in order to give to those who might desire it the benefit of my long years of study and reflection.

The thought, once developed, gave me no leisure for more trivial considerations, but urged me ever onward to my goal.

It was always present with me; at home or abroad, day or night, it was the theme on which my mind was constantly working. Every beauty of Nature, every act of man represented to me some attribute or power of the Almighty, manifesting itself to the soul if only we would probe its meaning.

The beauties of Christianity have been either by design or by ignorance (doubtless from both causes) so perverted in application and hampered in expression that the teachings have been brought down to be a consideration of the letter rather than of the spirit, which reveals a splendid and universal system of religion. [Among other interesting and notable cases in which my Father was engaged and acquitted himself with distinction was a famous action for libel against the *Liverpool Herald*, a case which gave rise at the time to much controversy and partisan feeling. The event took place in 1856, the libel being a charge against an English Government official of traitorously attaching himself to the Roman Catholic Association for the Conversion of England, an organisation sanctioned by Pope Pius IX. Dr Kenealy was retained for the defence. An odd point in law arose in the course of the proceedings, when Dr Kenealy was not allowed by the Court to cite the New Testament without having first put in the book as evidence.

The Plaintiff's defence was that his wife had, more or less unknown to him, made him a member of the Association. The Editor was found guilty of having described him in capital letters as a "Rebel" and "Traitor," and the Official was awarded forty-five pounds damages.

In 1864 Dr Kenealy acted as junior for the defence in the Chetwynd Divorce Case. Mr Hawkins, Q.C., was leader, but he being otherwise extremely occupied, the working up of the case fell to his junior. The Trial lasted for ten days and excited much attention, as it was one of the first important decisions under the then new Divorce Law. Mrs Chetwynd, the Petitioner, was a very handsome person and set the fashion of appearing in Court, dressed, so to speak, for her *role*. Her diary was put in evidence and her memoranda of the fervid emotions she entertained for her lover, Mr Matthew, were regarded by a section of the public and of the Press as being highly indelicate and hysterical.

She won over the Judge, Sir James Wilde, however, and he granted her petition for divorce on the ground that her husband's cruelty and drunkenness had contributed to her infidelity, a verdict from which a great number of persons dissented.

At the end of 1867 Dr Kenealy was retained to defend Colonel Burke and Casey upon charges of Fenianism. He had been prepared to use all his energies, as was his custom, for his clients, but in consequence of the attempt by their adherents to effect their release by blowing up the entrance to Clerkenwell Prison—in which attempt twelve persons were killed and 120 were injured—Dr Kenealy declined to act further for the prisoners. And at Bow Street on 14th December, the following morning, he withdrew from the defence in the following terms:—

DR KENEALY'S SPEECH IN THE BURKE CASE

I cannot any longer act for Mr Burke or for his companion. When I was originally solicited by a deputation of their friends and relatives to give them my assistance as an advocate, I consented to do so as a matter of duty

I felt that no member of the Bar, no man of honour, is entitled to refuse his professional services to accused persons who have sought those services. If he do so he pre-judges them, and if he stand aloof, because he feels that he himself may become the object of misrepresentation, he sacrifices his independence in a way which I think no gentleman would like to emulate. In these circumstances I attended on behalf of these persons and gave to the case my solicitude and attention. Nor would I have felt myself released until a jury had pronounced a verdict of guilt or of innocence. But the dreadful proceedings of yesterday have to my mind so changed the aspect of this case that I cannot any longer act in it. When a Counsel is called upon by the friends and advisers of prisoners it is supposed that henceforward the law alone must ultimately decide the issue; the appeal is no longer to brute-force, and it is understood that all resort to it is definitely abandoned. Upon this understanding, and upon this alone, Counsel, who are merely ministers acting in the interests of justice, hold their retainers, and they cannot, even by their presence, appear to sanction proceedings of a lawless nature. Yet of what nature were the proceedings which yesterday shocked the metropolis, and which to-day, flashed from East to West, will shock Europe? A crime of the most dreadful kind has been committed—not, indeed, by the prisoners, but by their avowed friends and partisans. Upon the prisoners themselves I make no imputation, and seek to cast no suspicion, but I cannot disguise from myself that their proclaimed friends, in reality their most deadly enemies, have perpetrated on their behalf an unexampled outrage. For aught I know some of the very persons who retained my solicitor, and through him engaged myself as Counsel, may be implicated in these proceedings.

Under these circumstances, therefore, my compact with them is at an end, the understanding with which I went into the case has been abandoned, but abandoned by them. They cannot in one moment invoke the imperial, the impartial majesty of the Law, and in the next moment seek to annihilate that Law, by aiming a deadly blow at the very primal elements of civilised society.

The Home Secretary, who has shewn the greatest possible fairness to the prisoners in this case, even promised to give copies of certain documents which might have been useful to the prisoners in their defence, and which he was in no way bound to give. The Prosecution has been conducted hitherto with the most perfect moderation on the part of those who represent the Crown, and without anything which in the least savours of severity. I consider, therefore, that all connected with them were bound to abstain from any illegal course, and I desire to say that I can no longer appear as Counsel for the prisoners. *Sic libere, liberavi animam meam.*

It transpired later that for some hours previous to the attempted demolition of the prison the prisoners had shown symptoms of agitation and excitement, a fact which supported the opinion that they were aware of the projected explosion.

Dr Kenealy's action in throwing up his brief, and in so avowing his dissent from this atrocious outrage, was very generally applauded.

In 1869 he was retained as leading Counsel in the famous Overend-Gurney Case, the huge Bank failure which brought ruin to thousands.

Ever an eloquent and impassioned speaker, and one lightning quick to see a weak point in his adversary's and a strong point in his own case, he now made rapid headway in his profession. He became soon so well known outside legal circles that sometimes in taking a case to their lawyers both Plaintiff and Defendant would demand that he should be retained on their sides. Forlorn hopes flocked to him. "If anybody can get us off," was said, "Kenealy will."

During many of these years of which I write my Father occupied, when in town, his classic chambers in Goldsmith Building, The Temple, overlooking the venerable Church of the Knights Templar and the tomb of Oliver Goldsmith, while my Mother, with her children, lived for the most part at the seaside village of Portslade, a few miles from Brighton.

My Father all his life passionately loved the sea, in all its many moods and tenses, although, unfortunately, in none of these did it suit his health. His custom was to escape from town at the end of the week or whensoever his work permitted him to do so, and to spend it with his wife and young family in this quiet retreat. It was here that the greater portion of his theological writings were done.

Seated in a large bay window, with a fine sweep of ocean and of sailing ships before him, he would remain absorbed for hours, his face serene and happy, the sunshine lighting his fine brows and luminous eyes. The forehead was remarkable. I have seen no man in whom was equalled the impression of massive intellectual power conveyed by that smooth, broad and solid frontal development. The conformation of the whole head indeed was noble in its suggestion of moral and of spiritual quality. The eyes were full and dark and luminous, yet behind their almost phosphorescent brilliance was a gaze steady, and keen and penetrating, a gaze many persons found it difficult to withstand. The nose was strong and prominent, perhaps combative. The lips were rather thin and flexile, charged with expression, and when need arose expressed a biting, subtle irony which had tones in the voice to match it. For the rest he was not, I suppose, a handsome man, although his look of energy and of power of will and brain made him ever a man to be remarked.

He committed the common error of supposing that prolonged muscular exertion would recruit the nerve-exhaustion resulting from his mental labours. To this end he indulged all his life in lengthy and fatiguing walks, which proved unfortunately merely another although a different source of nerve-expenditure. And he accordingly suffered. He was subject to violent and racking headaches of days' duration. And later the strain he had all his life put upon himself, the strain of a strenuous will and brain within a never strong physique, and of an unremitting heart-whole devotion to all duties, developed diabetes, the grave disease from which in a chronic form he suffered during the last fifteen years of his life, and of which he eventually died. As is well known one of the most grievous of diabetic symptoms is a supreme and harassing mental irritability, and some of those impatiences for which he was blamed during his terrible labours and provocations in the Tichborne Trial were the outcome of this distressing factor.

In 1868 he contested unsuccessfully, upon independent and advanced principles of Reform, the Parliamentary seat of Wednesbury.

In February of the same year he "took silk," exchanging the stuff gown of the barrister for the silk gown of the Queen's Counsel.

His way now to advancement and success, and as all the Bar predicted, to a Judgeship—even to the Chief Justiceship—seemed to be assured.

It was singular, seeing that he had been bred a Catholic, and had for many years been a devoted adherent of that faith, that my Father should have been called upon so frequently during his later professional career to conduct cases which, in some or another manner, arraigned the methods of that great and powerful Church. This fatality culminated in his defence of the Tichborne Claimant, against the successful issue of whose claim the powers of Rome were strenuously arrayed

In his defence of the editor of *The Liverpool Herald*, a defence which even Mr Serjeant Wilkins, who was counsel for the other side, united with others in eulogising for its talent and eloquence, Dr Kenealy deprecated all attempt to make the question before the Court a controversial one. The case was tried at *Nisi Prius* before Mr Justice Willes in March 1856. The jury, swayed by a very partial charge on the part of the Judge, awarded to the plaintiff for the alleged libel the sum of forty-five pounds damages with costs. In the following month Dr Kenealy appealed from this decision before the Court of Exchequer, there being present Lord Chief Baron Pollock and Barons Alderson and Bramwell. Upon four separate counts he moved for a new trial. First, the improper rejection of evidence by the Judge; secondly, the improper interference of the Judge with the speech of the Counsel for the Defendant; thirdly, misdirection upon points of law; and fourthly, for the partial influence exercised by the Judge upon the jury.

Dr Kenealy addressed the Court for three hours, his most able representation being listened to with the profoundest interest and attention. Nevertheless the Appeal was rejected in violation of both law and of justice, it being felt (so said the authorised report) "that if a new Trial were granted in this case by the full Court it would so damage the judicial reputation of Mr Justice Willes that he would have to resign his seat on the Bench.

In another famous case in which he was engaged, Baron Martin, the Judge who tried it, pronounced from the Bench that Dr Kenealy's defence of the murderer of Dr Baggot was the most powerful defence of a prisoner that he had ever heard.

In June 1866 he was prominent in the well-known case of O'Donovan *v.* Flood and Wife, and in 1869 was Counsel for Frederick Hinson, hero of the so-called Wood Green Murders, his junior being Mr Warner Sleigh.

Hinson was a respectable and industrious artisan of thirty, who had been living for some years with a young woman, Maria Death. There were several children of the union, and he was devotedly attached to her, treating her always with undeviating kindness. Meeting her one day, however, at a railway station in the company of a dissolute married man, Boyd, and a couple of wandering musicians, he learned from her, to his amazement, that she had been unfaithful to him and that, moreover, she was about to desert him for her new-found lover. In a frenzy of despair he immediately shot her, and shortly afterwards, mad with jealousy and grief, shot Boyd, her lover.

Dr Kenealy made, on behalf of the unhappy prisoner, an impassioned address to the jury. *The Times* in a leading article drew attention to its eloquence and forensic ability, which was said to have been seldom equalled if ever surpassed. On the recommendation, however, of the Judge, Mr Justice Byles, and notwithstanding strenuous efforts subsequently made to commute the death sentence, on the grounds of extreme provocation and of the prisoner's frenzied mood at the time he committed the murders, Hinson suffered capital punishment.

In the celebrated criminal trial, "The Queen *v.* Gurney and others," Dr Kenealy was leading Counsel for the Prosecution. The case came on for hearing in the Court of Queen's Bench, sitting at the Guildhall, on December 13th 1869, before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and a special jury. The indictment charged the Defendants with a conspiracy to secure shareholders in a certain Company by publishing and circulating a fictitious prospectus, as a result of which the public losses amounted to about £4,000,000.

Feeling ran high upon the subject, and it was amid a silence, almost breathless, that my Father opened the case for the Prosecution. The sole parallel with the charge, he said, which occurred to him was that of the South Sea Bubble, which had been the wonder and the disgrace of the eighteenth century. In a brilliant and vigorous oration he appealed to the jury to discard all false sentiment and sympathy with the men upon trial, and urged them to support to the utmost the commercial integrity and honour of the country. Should the evidence satisfy them that the Defendants had been guilty of fraud, and had conspired to deceive and to deprive others, then he trusted that the jury would not protect them against their well-merited punishment, but would permit them to suffer the due penalties of their offence.

As is known, the case ended abortively, no punishment having been inflicted upon the offenders, notwithstanding that the transactions in which they had been involved had resulted in enormous monetary losses, had wrecked numbers of homes and had shaken to its very foundations the public faith in the honesty of London's commercial magnates.

Lord Chelmsford, then Lord Chancellor, it was who appointed my Father one of her Majesty's Counsel, and he it was who, later, advised the friends of The Claimant to secure Dr Kenealy for his defence. "He is the one man at the Bar," he told them, "who will be able to do anything with the Case." In the interval, however, between taking silk and that disastrous hour in which he consented to defend the Tichborne Claimant—from the close of the year 1869, that is, until April 1873—Dr Kenealy had a very large and lucrative practice in the superior Common Law Courts, appearing frequently, too, upon the criminal side. He was, during this time, Leader of the Oxford Circuit and a Bencher of Gray's Inn.

Perhaps the most notable criminal case in which he was, during this period, engaged was in the defence of Edwin Noyes, an American implicated with the Bidwell Brothers in obtaining a sum of over £100,000 by means of forged bills of exchange.

This was one of the earliest evidences of the huge dimensions in their financial operations—nefarious or legitimate—in which our Transatlantic cousins so delight. There was, from the first, no shadow of doubt as to the guilt of Noyes and of his confederates, and their condemnation to a life-sentence concluded the proceedings.

In the year 1861 occurred an example of that untoward luck which my Father regarded as his attendant shadow throughout life, and which he accepted for the most part with philosophic resignation.

As a result of his prolonged researches in Orientalism, and of his keen absorption in the theosophies and wisdoms of the East, the East called to him with an ever-insistent cry. He desired beyond all things to visit India. The Chief Justiceship of Madras, having fallen vacant, seemed to him to present a unique opportunity. The position, should he succeed in securing it, while giving scope to his legal abilities and experience, would at the same time transport him to that land of magical and mystical attraction, the cradle of all Sacred Knowledges, source of all Light, the stage of those Religious Mysteries and Rites and Symbols which were to him luminous vestiges of man's spiritual progress. He made formal application for the post.

Chancing, at this date, to be lunching with Disraeli, he told him of his hopes.

Disraeli, ever his good friend, at once replied, "You shall certainly have the position if you wish for it, although, for my part, I think in taking it you would be throwing away your career and talents. I will myself see Lyndhurst this afternoon and ask him to get it for you." (Lord Lyndhurst had then retired from the Lord Chancellorship, but a word from him would have been all-sufficient to secure the post for his nominee.)

The following morning a note from Disraeli conveyed the news that he had, as he had promised, called upon Lord Lyndhurst, but that the latter, being confined by illness to bed, had begged him to call again in a few days.

In the course of a few days Disraeli again called, only to learn that the old man had just expired.

The Chief Justiceship fell to some other, while my Father was left to deplore one of the bitterest disappointments of his professional life. And he died with the haunting, mysterious call of the East unfulfilled. He died without having seen India.]

CHAPTER IX

Memoranda from Diaries, 1848 to 1859:—A Dramatic Duel—Dinner at Cockburn's—Lord C——— cheats at Cards—Reflection on Men and Books—Legal Anecdotes—Children's Sayings—Marriage of Princess Royal—Letter to Disraeli—The Price of a Wife.

THE Autobiography having now run out, the life-story is continued by Extracts from Diaries:—

March 17, 1848.—Stafford Assizes. This evening I met a Dr Chevasse of Smethwick, who gave me a strange account of his adventures in India and California. He was a stout-built, broad-faced man, with a nose like an eagle's beak, and strange dead-looking eyes of intense earnestness. His descent was French, his ancestor having been one of the refugees. Nor had he lost the fire of his nation, although the colder temperament of England had subdued his vigour within bounds.

When he began his story a strange, wild expression of ferocity took possession of his features, and as he detailed it I rejoiced that I was within hail of assistance, for his passion and excitement seemed almost that of a madman. One of his adventures was in this form:—

"When I was in California I was one day standing in a large circle of various characters round a fire in a log hut, when a tall, horrible-looking Yankee came in. He was upwards of six feet high, broad and massive, and his features were dark, lank and cruel in the extreme. He strode in like a giant and we all seemed to shrink into dwarfs before him.

"'I am told,' says he, 'there's an English doctor about here. I should like to see him.'

"All present pointed to me. I stood forward. The moment I did so the fellow spat in my face and said, 'Take that.' I thought at first it was an accident (for those Yankees spit about in all directions), and I have had my coat covered with saliva in a public room without the least observation or apology from the men who squirted it.

"I asked him to apologise, but instead of doing so he again spat a large globule of tobacco into my face, and striding up to me stamped on a bunion which I had on my foot, putting me to excruciating agony.

"I was no match for him in strength or size, but nerved with force beyond what I ever felt before, I sprang at him and knocked him down. He rose with an oath, and pulling out his bowie-knife said, 'I guess I'll soon drive this through your English liver.'

"He was about to rush at me when the assembly interfered, declaring that as I had knocked him down the affair could now be settled by no way but by a duel. My antagonist at once said he was ready, and pointing to a place in my forehead said, 'A hundred dollars to ten I put a bullet through him there.' He immediately pulled out a revolver and flinging up some cents in the air fired at each while it whirled and struck it with a bullet.

"I could hear the clink of the ball as it struck each coin. After this I thought a duel was scarcely a fair way for me to meet this horrible antagonist, who had, by-the-bye, already killed fourteen men in combat. I therefore said:—

"'Gentlemen, I have never fired a shot in my life, except perhaps at a rabbit. I am no marksman, and we shall not meet on equal terms, but I will fight him foot to foot if we stand within grasp of each other and both fire at the same instant, or will decide the battle in any other fair way the majority of you will suggest.' "

"My Yankee was all this time striding and swearing furiously, he seemed like a wild beast robbed of its prey. He panted, he raged, he lashed himself into madness.

"The company deliberated, and it was at length agreed we should fight in the cave. This was a long dark underground pit or cavern, situated in a gloomy hollow of the mountains, about half a mile in length and as dark as midnight. It had been the scene of many a deadly duel, and it was now selected for this of mine.

"We were both stripped naked, having nothing on except our small clothes. We were armed with revolvers; the Yankee had his bowie-knife, which was about ten inches long; I had my dagger, which was about eight. We were first to exhaust all our shots and then to have recourse to knives.

"For fifteen minutes there was a dead silence. We watched for each other's tread and listened to each other's breathing. At the end of that time I suppose he got tired, and he fired at random; the moment he did so I also fired, in the direction of the blaze, but scarcely had I pulled my trigger when I felt a bullet skim along the upper surface of my head, clearing away a quantity of hair and leaving a scar across my scalp which I shall bear to my dying day.

"I recollect no more distinctly now. I only know that within ten minutes more we had exhausted our pistols. I then drew my dagger and walked about on tiptoe scarcely daring to breathe, making the most deadly plunges at random in the air.

"At length I thought I was near my Yankee. I smelt him out and felt the seethe of his tobacco. My senses were preternaturally keen, for I knew that either must fall in this duel. I got near to him—led, as I said, by the smell. I was like a wild beast, not a human being."

The features of the narrator swelled, his eyes glistened, he trembled like a man in ague. The contortions he underwent were most painful to see and made me shudder.

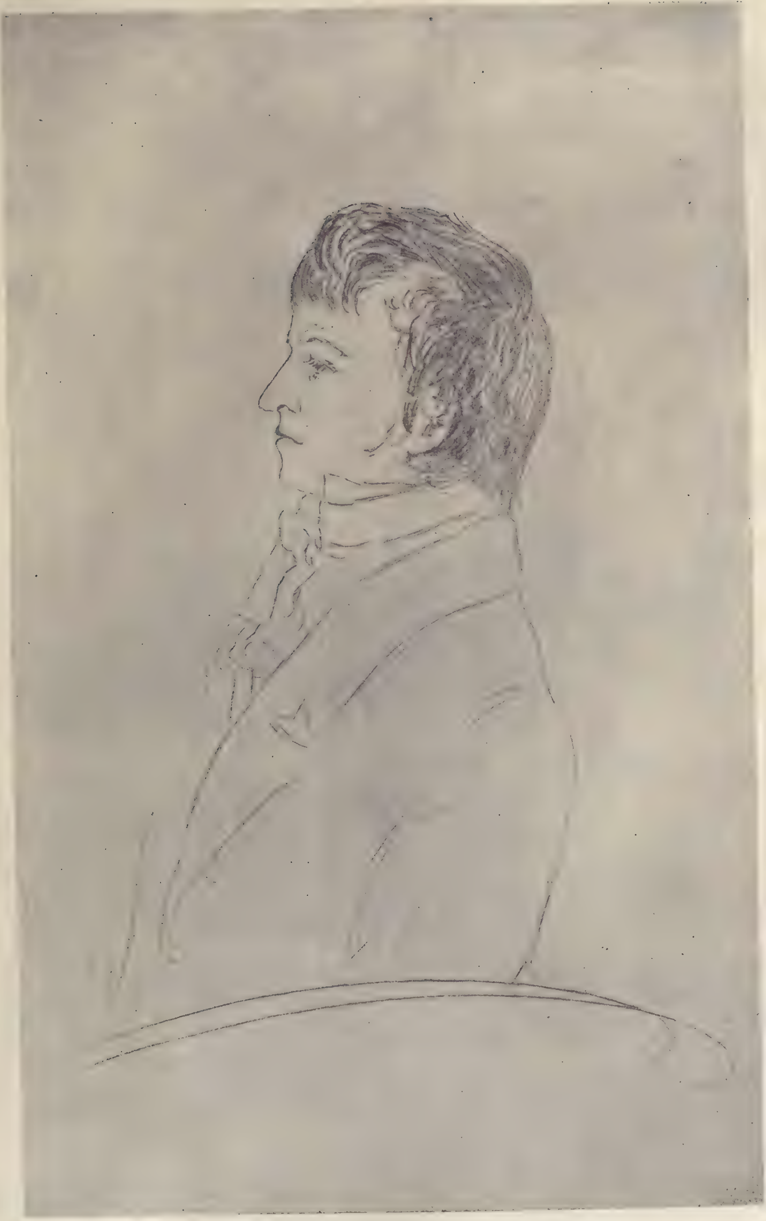
"I made plunge after plunge with all my strength. I thought my arm had the power of a dozen men. At last I was positive he must be close by. I raised my dagger, and making one plunge I felt it go into his heart. He fell dead at my feet without even a groan."

This awful narration quite sickened me. I went to bed blessing my stars that I had never sought gold in California.

January 12th.—Dined at Cockburn's. Played whist. Lost £1, 16s. I saw Lord C—— slip his cards several times, but I did not think it worth while to make a row. I did not before know that men did these things for small sums at private tables. The thing was quite obvious.

31*st.*—Read *Hyperion*, by Longfellow, the American, a cento of other people's best thoughts skilfully put together. There is something dishonest in book-making of this quality. His reading is extensive. He has used bad means to a good end, for the book is an excellent one.

February 2nd.—Home all day. In the evening Handel's Oratorio of *Samson* at Exeter Hall. Heard Braham, the remnant of a very fine singer. Got tired and left. Read Luther's *German Bible.* O wondrous man!



WILLIAM NICKLIN, MRS. KENEALY'S FATHER

(From a Pencil Sketch by Miss Wilkes, daughter of the Patriot)

and not less wondrous than grand and beneficent, an Alp in Majesty, a Garden of Delight in blessing the earth. With him came Freedom. He broke and for ever the iron bondage under which the West groaned. And the West, the East, the North and the South must for ever bless him.

4th.—Dined at Cockburn's. What are these dinners? Dulness itself. We meet, we eat, we drink, we talk trifles. No man becomes wiser, or better, or happier, and we go away saying we have passed a pleasant evening, thus consuming life in utter foolishness.

7th.—Home all day. Read Humboldt's *Cosmos.* This book has been praised by all the *savants*—as the scientifics delight to hear themselves called—but to me it seems sadly overrated. However, I suppose that they are right and I am wrong. So I shall replace it on my book-shelf with all due reverence until I grow wiser and better able to appreciate it than I am now. Will that day come?

I heard to-day of one of those stupid rich men in the country, who imagine themselves small gods and are almost worshipped as such in their own localities. A friend went to Paris where the other had never been. When he heard of it he said, " What does *he* want in Paris? This place (home) is enough for *me.*" And he would not speak to him for three months.

21st.—Out walking and paying visits. Looked into Swift. His Celias and Chloes and Strephons, etc., are very disgusting pictures of human nature, and I have often wondered why he left such horrible portraits to posterity. The thought struck me to-day that they were suggested as an antidote to the filthy scenes which Rochester portrays of men and women, and which are, in fact, just as loathsome to an honest mind as are the gross indelicacies which Swift describes. A youth fresh from Rochester would do well to study Swift.

What crotchet had got into Voltaire's head when he praised Cicero beyond all other Romans—Cicero, who seems to have been born (like Bacon) only to demonstrate the meanness which may co-exist with great abilities successfully cultivated.

As Sterne imbued the whole prose intellect of Burns essentially, so did Voltaire imbue poor Byron. So that when we read any of the latter's notions about God, theology, the soul, etc., we can almost lay hands on the page of his master from which they were taken.

March 23rd.—Home all day, reading Mirabeau. This man was immensely sagacious yet there was a wild vein of madness in all he did. Every man may be called mad to some extent who allows his passions to get the better of his reason. And this Mirabeau did. Compare him with Franklin—a statesman also of a high class of sagaciousness—a happier man. Yet who would not rather have had the glorious sensations of Mirabeau dying at forty than the plodding, comfortable feeling which no doubt warmed B. F.?

28*th.*—A soiree in Portland Place to which I was invited. A very tiresome affair. Met Cruikshank there. Calder Campbell, the sonneteer, was also there. Rosenberg made fun and foolery of him all the while, till at length it grew so transparent that even poor Calder saw through it and sneaked off with his crest down.

May 21*st.*—"*I have said some things in my sleep which I should have some difficulty to say when I was awake,*" said Voltaire. "*I have had thoughts and reflections in spite of myself and without the least voluntary operation on my own part, which nevertheless combined my ideas with sagacity and even with genius. What am I therefore if not a machine?*" Can anything be more pitiable? And who after this can say he was not a materialist? Yet many say so.

When Cæsar told the Roman Senate in his famous speech for Cataline that death left man without feeling, that all died with him, and no one rose to contradict or refute him, he must have felt that he was addressing a degraded crew, fit only to be his slaves.

28*th.*—When the spirit of materialism wholly pervades a nation it is near its death. So it was with Rome when Cæsar so spoke. So it is beginning to be with England.

When I am in low spirits I read *Mrs Judson's Life*, and particularly that portion of it in which she describes her husband's imprisonment when the English army was in possession of Rangoon and about to attack Ava itself. She had the spirit of an Englishwoman. Greater praise than this cannot be bestowed. Mrs Judson dies, as yet in the prime of life, animated by the noblest views. Lord Campbell lives, influenced only by the basest. Eheu!

June 3*rd.*—To Highgate early. I had a pleasant walk, and fed my fancy on the clouds which were castles, and abbeys, and mammoths, and I know not what grotesque splendours. A man might write a romance of the skies, particularly the sunset ones, so full of airy and poetic wonders are they.

Lord Kames, in conversation with his gardener one day, said, "George, the time will come when a man shall be able to carry the manure for an acre of land in one of his waistcoat pockets." To which the gardener replied, "I believe it, my lord. But he will be able to carry the crop in the other."

8th.—Home all day reading Rabelais. I suppose he is very fine, and that everybody who says he is a man of genius—one of the Dante or Homeric type—is right. Coleridge, I think, says something to that effect and talks of his "creative mind." And he is a great authority on literary and critical matters. But I must say I do not see the "creativeness." There is human talent and an awful amount of blackguardism, which some persons think is a certain indication of genius. (Byron did.) But after all that *is* all, and I should very much doubt whether any man ever read Rabelais three times.

15*th.*—In Court. Returned and read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.* It is not an allegory or a fiction. Why may it not actually represent the pilgrimage of the spirit after it has passed from life and is on its way to the Holy Land? The ethereal path is doubtless as beset with temptations as this earth is. Viewed in this light this epic derives a new and increased interest.

20*th.*—Home all day reading the Queen's Trial. Looked into Keightley's *Mythology.* He is a stupid old fool. Did not the following passage suggest to him the utterly Pagan character of the Christian mediation by death?

"It is not unlikely that the myth of Athamas took its rise from the sin-offering, a real or symbolic human sacrifice which prevailed in various parts of Greece, and of which this was the most sublime form, as it represented not criminals as elsewhere, but the noblest members of society, the descendants of Zeus himself, expiating by their lives for the sin not of themselves, but of the people."
—335.

July 6th.—Read *Newton on the Prophecies.* Can anything be more dishonest than the following? "Read," he says, "the 18th and 20th chapters of Leviticus, and you will find that unlawful marriages and unlawful lusts, witchcrafts, adultery, incest, sodomy, and the like monstrous enormities were frequent and common among them (the Canaanites)." But it is among "the chosen people of God" that they were common. There is no real proof against the others.

Read the first book of *Apothanius the Rhodian.* Virgil and Milton have borrowed largely from this writer, and as nobody reads him, of course they have done so with impunity. "The Argonautics" is a very good poem.

18*th.*—Still reading Suetonius's *XII Cæsars.* A pretty lot, indeed! Wrote some poetry. Ah me! I shall never again, I suppose, feel as I once felt—when every thought was poetry, and I lived in a perpetual Tempè. How time changes us into clods!

May 18*th* 1849.—Charles Phillips tells a story of Tim Flanagan, who was always ready to make up any deficiency in evidence. The attorney's brief always ended with, "*N.B.*—My clerk, Tim Flanagan, will prove anything else required."

January 1854.

"The Spirit of God came unto me,
She whispered peace into my heart,
She said confide not in thy knowledge
Nor in the lore which books teach,
But unto the Supreme One open thou thine heart.
He will teach and He will guide thee,
Not as men teach, nor as their books guide
But as wisdom only can inform."

Many of the writings of Ovid are a revelation—but disguised—of the Sacred Mysteries and the Secret Books, and it was for this crime he was banished.

What an utterly narrow mind and little soul Milton had. All his pretended great learning was but reading—not true knowledge. He and Johnson were akin. But who cares for Johnson now?

August.—The Prince of Wales' nurse, Brough, who murdered her six children, has been found insane.

Walking in Worcester Cathedral I saw the tomb of my ancestor, King John, whose bones are here, whose soul is—nowhere. I felt not a little when I reflected that from the ashes in that charnel house I had myself sprung. The Cathedral is a fine relique worthy of those noble old primitive Papists. I asked the Sexton why they built none such now. He said because they could get no one to endow them.

November (Congleton).—Rain and misery here! But there is news of a victory won by the English troops in which many thousands of Russians were killed or wounded.

Read Adam's *Religious World*. Falsehood with reference to Paganism seems characteristic of all writers who regard themselves as Christians. After that read Cicero's *De Natura Deorum*, where the arguments against Providence are the most silly and sophistical that can be imagined. Cicero was a poor philosopher, Plato a mass of fine words for the most part, except in the *Phædo* and *Timæus*.

December.—Read *Lady Guion's Life.* I think she had a pure and elevated spirit, but clearly disordered. The revelations which she gives of convent life are like my poor sister's experiences. And Madame Guion is like my sister in her enthusiastic mystic piety.

December.—Wrote to Disraeli remonstrating with him in that he seems to be turning Orangeman—and entreating him to alter his course.

December.—This year is now ended. What shall I say of it? I have passed through a martyrdom of physical suffering. I seek to drown the pangs by reading, musing, writing. But for these I should succumb.

I have tried exercise; it fails. Every kind of medicine, all are inefficacious. Nor would I persist, but that it is my duty to act my part as heroically as I can while here. *Vale.*

January 1855 (Portslade).—The number of men who disbelieve not only in God, but in a future for Man, is, I fear, very great. I am sometimes awe-stricken when I meet such.

I wish that Gibbon, instead of his *Roman History*, had written that of India, Persia or Arabia.

Walked twice to the sea-shore—a majestic scene which I never tire of contemplating with awe and sublimity of feeling. I find it more impressive than a Cathedral.

Read Milman's *Life of Tasso*, a grave wordy work in two volumes, which would do pretty well for a young lady if cut down to one fourth of its present dimensions. Tasso should have written his own life. Every man of intellect should. What volumes of beauty and instruction would not such works be? Biographs beyond all other transient subjects delight me.

29th.—Read a good deal of Cicero's *De Republica*, more remarkable for vigorous thoughts than for philosophy.

February.—I have been for long endeavouring to find out what is Nemesis, that mighty power which interposes and blights the fondest projects of some men. It is surely more than Chance.

There is a strong feeling even in the upper classes against our old Queen in backing up Aberdeen and his Peace Policy.

March 30th.—Stoke County Court till 12, when I walked to Wulfercester's Castle beyond Tittenser, built by an old Pagan ancestor of mine, Wulfercester, King of Mercia, in the seventh century. I inspected the ruins with interest. Dined and remained within all the evening, rain falling heavily, amid the usual misery of an inn.

April (Portslade).—Read the elder Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, an amusing miscellany by an inelegant writer.

Walked on the sea-shore. I know no sight of regal splendour equal to the lonely ocean, the echoing beach, the silver skies and the presence of Nature.

Looked again over Goethe's *Autobiography*. He does not give one the idea of honesty.

Finished *Lorenzo Benoni*, an interesting clean book which pleased me. His love adventures were cold and tame enough, and I cannot forgive Lilla for loving a man with big red hands.

April.—Got to London at two. The Town seems to be in possession of the French. Tricolour flags waving everywhere and nothing talked of but Louis Napoleon and his Empress. Everyone is in love with her elegance and prettiness.

Bought some old China plates.

May.—Lounged on the sea-shore. In the *Vedas* there is the following sentiment: "Thus much know all men and spirits, that they know not." This is the original of the Socratic speech. Plato and all that school knew Oriental theology well.

I am delighted with those Jewish Rabbins who tell us that Og, King of Bashan, was 180 feet high, and when the bed of that monarch, mentioned by Moses, is cited against them (being only nine cubits), say that it was not his bed, but only his *cradle* that the Hebrew Legislator meant.

July 2nd.—This day I complete my thirty-sixth year. My life is one long ordeal of physical suffering.

In Court—a day lost from my books.

30*th.*—Still by the sea. I was here this morning at half-past five, and sang the old Catholic Hymn, "Venite Adoremus," until I grew again half a Papist. What magic in this majestic strain!

September.—Still by the sea. I can understand why Demosthenes harangued on the sea-shore and imagined in the rolling billows the angry democracy of Athens.

Until there is a high standard of private morality demanded in public men it is not possible that the country can be well governed. Who can expect from Palmerston any of the virtues which make a great statesman? All Lady Cowper's family are said to have been his and now she is his wife—so the World wags.

November.—Lichfield County Court. I was pleased with this City and with the courtesy of all I met, high and low, rich and poor. Johnson's statue is that of a country bumpkin, but the Cathedral impresses one with a grand awe. I only regretted I had not leisure or light to examine its glorious reliques as they deserved.

The Emperor of the French has given our Princess Royal a fan which belonged to Marie Antoinette—a fatal and Medean gift as it seems to me, though whether so given and intended by that mischievous little body, L. N., I cannot say. For my own part I would rather be the bestower than the recipient of such a present, although I should not like to be either.

December.—I am told the Duke of Wellington carried a pebble in his mouth which he moved about to promote saliva and thus to strengthen his digestive powers. People wondered why he moved his jaws so much.

The cold is arctic, cutting like a Damascus blade. Capital weather for Sam Rogers' journey to his old master Satan. There is a mawkish eulogy of Sam in to-day's *Times* in which his morality is praised. His conversation was most unclean.

> " All that women and that men do,
> Glides forth in an innuendo,"

says Byron, who knew him well.

(Wolverhampton).—Read Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*—a wretched scribble, but famous among men of dissent as all little things are. What poor ideas, petty stuff! Yet thousands cling to, and are led by it.

Gave an hour to Aristotle's *Ethics*—subtle, ingenious, but useless to an enlarged intellect. Finished with *Ossian*, which pleased but depressed me.

December.—Stafford Assizes. In the evening read the *Life of Mrs Judson.* What a heroine, what a noble specimen of womanhood!

Christmas.—Within all day. Read the *Life of Pythagoras*, one of the Apostles of God to man. How beautiful his wisdom and purity. Now that my health is getting better I shall recommence my labours. Heaven grant I may complete them!

December 31*st.*—This is the last day of the year and the retrospect is more happy than last year's. But though physically better I feel that *spiritually* I have not advanced as I should. I must go back to London even though I die over my literary work. I am lost away from the Museum and those matchless tomes of wisdom and Oriental lore which form my delighted study.

January 23*rd* 1856.—The scenes of perjury, robbery and falsehood which I see in these Courts absolutely appal me. We seem to be as bad as was Rome in its worst days.

The Coroner's Jury have found a third verdict of murder against Palmer, and I have no doubt whatsoever of his guilt.

A pleasant journey to London, pleasant day and pleasant thoughts. Quite pleased to find myself away from the odious County Courts. Visited my book-shops. Thank God I am beginning to feel some pleasure in existence.

Attended a Mormon preaching. The ignorant blasphemy of these poor creatures is appalling. My blood ran icy as I listened to their folly.

January.—Newcastle Sessions. Spent the day reading a cheap print called *The Reasoner.* I had no idea there were such maniacs who hold that there is no God. Women too! What sort of Sirens they can be I cannot guess, nor do I think any atheist even would like to make one the mother of his children.

These men will outgrow their foolishness. Who, indeed, ever died a professing atheist? I believe no man yet.

Stafford C. C. At Rugeley, attended inquest on Mrs Palmer, supposed to have been poisoned by her husband. I am engaged for the defence at the Assizes. So I must make myself fully acquainted with all the facts. To-day's proceedings prove nothing.

February.—At the British Museum at nine. Thank God I am at work. I feel a new being, my happiness is complete. I hope to make up for time lost in ill-health. There is no science so sublime as this of Theology. It expands the spirit and fills it with rapture.

Brought home a portrait of a beautiful ancestress of mine, painted by Sir Peter Lely—a fine work. The cleaner in restoring it has changed the date from 1663 to 1643, when the lady was scarcely born.

LADY O'KENEALY, WIFE OF SIR MAURICE O'KENEALY, PRINCEPS

(From an Oil Painting by Sir Peter Lely)

July.—I have sent a long letter to John Bright giving him an account of my own illness and of my apparent cure of it by cold water ablutions to the head.

Working very hard over Maurice's *History of Hindustan.* There are some curious things in it. But the priest always gets the better of the philosopher and the historian. His pitiful allusions to his poverty seem to have availed him nothing with the Bishops, to whom he inscribed his plates of Mythology. Maurice was a very superior fellow for a parson.

28th.—Went to the Bank of England and got two one hundred-pound notes, which I am about to give for a set of chambers adjoining mine.

August.—Have been working at great pressure till my headaches became insupportable. Read *Zanoni* for relaxation. When I was a boy I was as angry as possible with Fraser and Maginn and Thackeray for holding up Bulwer to ridicule. I thought it unfair in the highest degree. Now I can see things better I sympathise with them. His morality is most unsound—he is a dangerous writer, but boys and girls, poor souls! think him sublime.

August.—Read Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary* again. I don't wonder it drove Christianity and Popery out of France. We want a new Voltaire in Europe to knock down clerical dogmatism. But to attack or demolish a system without substituting another and a better is mere folly.

End of the Year.—I have made a good stride in my profession, but have lagged behind sorely in other studies which are necessary to me, and which if neglected would make of my life a mere cobweb, fraught with regrets.

I have framed to myself an august idea, and if I live will carry it through whatsoever it cost me.

Though I have made a great deal of money I shall begin the new year without a shilling (as I always do) for I spend on books and things valuable just as fast as I receive. I hate all money-grubbing.

January 1857.—There is a queer story about Lord S—— possessing himself of diamond rings, etc., a month ago, at K——. Field, the detective, brought it from London. A curious *eclaircissement* between him and Lord D——, and no doubt a very grave colloquy between father and son! Everybody has some bother.

At home all day reading and writing hard. But to enable me to do so with comfort I am living on tea, potatoes and cod-liver oil.

In the evening to Congleton. When I am in one of these dirty little close towns I feel myself but half a human being.

13*th*.—Drove to Brereton Hall—a noble old mansion of the Breretons—now tenanted by a Mr Howard. He showed us over the place and asked us to dinner. He is unable to appreciate the beauty of antiquity and laughed at family pride and birth. He is the son of a Manchester cotton man who made a large fortune.

February 12*th*.—The Hebrew word *Tzelem*, in which God is said to have created man, does not mean strictly *Image*, but rather Shadow or faint Resemblance. Also the Hebrew word *Hevhe*, or Eve, means as well Serpent. Observe, it is immediately after the Temptation Adam calls her by this name. Hence the Scythians and many of the most ancient people said they were born of a serpent. Not a word of this in Parkhurst.

Rabbi Moyses states that *Ihvehe* or *Jehovah*, as we call it, or *Iheuhe*, denotes the two sexes, the Generator and the Genetrix.

The Feast of Mithras was celebrated according to the Roman Kalendar on the 8th of the Kalends of January, that is on the 25th of December—the Nativity of Christ. Did the Popes select this date designedly?

Cicero's book on Divinity contains an amount of daring and blundering ignorance of his own theology which is astonishing.

March.—I should have liked immensely to have had an hour's talk with old Gibbon. There was such deep erudition in the man, with such acute slyness, that his conversation on Theology must have been rich. Lord Sheffield could not appreciate him.

There was a great resemblance between Hobbes and Gibbon. Both were men of vast learning and of the same dry humour. I think Hobbes was the greater man, but it is so long since I have read his *Leviathan* that I almost forget it.

Wrote to Lord Ward and to Disraeli.

"Abel," says Calmet, "is thought to have been born in the second year of the world." Now as the world is millions of years old how foolish all this seems!

Huddlestone expects W. H. Cooke to speak against him on the day of nomination at Shrewsbury. He asks me to answer him. I have promised to do so and will so return good for evil.

Walked about to various places. Bought silver, pictures and books. The moment I get money I begin to think what pretty thing I shall get for it—so shall be always a child, I suppose.

April 4th.—I am furnishing my new house and reading Lamartine's *Travels in the Holy Land.* His book is a chapter of descriptive scenery, the manners and customs of men he does not touch.

6th.—I did a hundred things to-day and left for the Potteries—arrived at 8. Read Sir Thomas Browne—a sad pedant.

Easter.—When I was a boy of nine or ten I used to rise at 4 to see the sun dance in the Heavens on Easter Sunday, and once indeed I thought I saw it—an optical delusion, I suppose.

Was not Napoleon's contempt for man based in great measure upon a consciousness of the very small power which enabled him to triumph over so many millions? He knew himself and must have thought little of those whom he so easily ruled.

When Dr Franklin was in Paris his daughter wrote to him for a supply of feathers and thread lace. The Doctor declined in the following characteristic note:—If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace. And feathers, my dear girl, can be had in America from every turkey's tail.

May.—The mother of George III. attempting to cure her cancer by sucking toads is a pretty picture of Royalty and of the way in which things are balanced on this earth.

Went to the B. M. and read for the first time in the new Room. It is a splendid amphitheatre of literature. Would that I could spend my life there. The very air is suggestive of thought and of philosophy.

Portslade. Oh, how I am delighted with this sea-scenery and with my little marine hut! The musical waves, the ethereal atmosphere, all make me feel as in the olden golden days when I was a boy and dreamed of Heaven.

July.—Madeline Smith's case is now the popular topic. She has taken the place of Palmer. I think the Scotsmen who are trying her will never hang a compatriot for poisoning a mere Frenchman.

September.—Read *Anastatius* for the sixth time. The vivid nature with which the vagabond hero is painted deserves all praise. Byron learned a good deal from it for his *Don Juan.*

Read Volney's *Ruins.* This is a Canto from Dupuis as *Queen Mab* is from Volney. But Higgins' *Anacalypsis* is the only great work on the subject.

On Circuit. Read *Ingoldsby Legends.* They are pretty good, not so excellent as *Peter Pindar*, but worthy of these days when everything is small and everybody is afraid of everybody else.

29*th.*—There is one prediction I may hazard as a result of the Indian Mutiny. General Neill, who has dipped the Brahmins in blood, flogged them and hanged them, is doomed. The Brahmins will never let this man come back to England.

[General Neill was killed on this day.—A. K.]

November.—The King of Delhi is slain. So perishes in his 90th year the last descendant of Shaw Allum and

Akbar, and so ends the dynasty of the Mogul Emperors—never again to be renewed while India remains. We are making history even in this prosaic century.

January 1858.—Remained at home all day writing. In the evening dipped into Rousseau. There is little true delicacy in the French mind. They speak of things which to an English reader are eminently distasteful, and without the least notion that they infringe upon the laws of taste. Rousseau is a dangerous writer for youth. Once I thought him a demi-god. Now I see his feet and body of mere clay.

All the butterflies are in London for the wedding of the poor Princess Royal to that brainless ass of Prussia. Poor girl! I pity her. She has a good head of her own, but the Prussian has a head no better than that of one of our Militia recruits.

At the wedding the little Princess behaved so well. I wish she had not married that fellow.

February.—The glorious news, the defeat of the Ministry, made me feel ten years younger. Palmerston's conduct has been so mean and false and swaggering.

Thesiger is to be chucked into the post of Chancellor. It seems like a scene in a pantomime. Never before was such a man-milliner Chancellor of England, and queer will be his pranks. The wags say his title ought to be "Baron Luck-now."

February.—Wrote to Disraeli, pointing out the measures which he ought to take—

1. Reform of real Property Law.
2. Reform of Irish Grand Juries.
3. Reform of Court of Chancery.

These will carry him through the Session. He may then, as I have said, prepare with Lord Stanley a good Reform Bill and defy the Whigs. I have warned him of the French Bill—they are the only dangerous breakers ahead which I see.

March.—The multitude adopt the expedient—the few who do not get into "scrapes" and are called "impracticable." But theirs is a noble impracticability nevertheless.

The men who struggle with the evil, the deceit and rascality they encounter every day, and strive to overcome it, are true knight-errants and deserve honour even although they are conquered.

July.—The papers announce that Bulwer Lytton has arranged with his wife. This has saved him. Had he persevered in keeping her incarcerated Lord Derby *must* have yielded to the clamour and dismissed him.

August (Portslade).—Walked to Hangleton Church yester evening. It is a primitive little place like a barn. In such I should like to sleep—the open arms of Nature all about me and the song of birds to carol over my remains.

In the evening gave my wife her first lesson in Homer. She learned twenty-one lines with perfect ease.

Dipped into *Calmet*, which is a curious record of credulity and superstition.

April.—There is a superstition as old as the hills, that whoso has a mole on his left side is fated to be unlucky. I have such a mole, and often when I looked at it as a boy I strove to persuade myself that the notion was erroneous.

May 13th.—Wrote to Disraeli on the rumour that he is to have India, telling him he ought to get an Earldom with it. Bought a panel portrait of the lovely Countess of Somerset, who was convicted of poisoning Sir T. Overbury. Sent it to be cleaned and am greatly pleased with this bit of luck.

May 17th.—A letter from Disraeli which gives me hope he will assist me in getting into Parliament. I have sent an answer saying I do not think I have a good chance for Dudley, but believe I have an excellent one for Newcastle-under-Lyme.

June.—Most of what I really know has come to me rather by intuition than by research. I have indeed read a great deal, but books have never taught me one twentieth part of the knowledge I possess. That seems to have come spontaneously and to have needed no labour at all.

June.—John Bright refused to be present in the Queen's train at the opening of Aston Hall. He did well. When she went to Oxford Whewell behaved in so magisterial a manner that she complained of it sadly. The natural superiority of the man broke forth and he could not brook royal ceremonies. I respect John Bright for his refusal.

M'Mahon speaks with wonder of the moral cowardice of members of the House. Half a dozen men said they supported the Bill for the Abolition of Parliamentary Freedom from Arrest, lest had they taken the opposite side their constituents or the public should have supposed them to be in poor circumstances.

June.—There was a scene at the Herts election. Bulwer's wife came to the hustings and harangued the electors from a carriage. B. disappeared. Each had sought a divorce from the other and proceedings had to be withdrawn from the records of the New Probate Court before B. could get the Colonies.

Sir W. Peel, his father's favourite son, is dead in India. This is an instance of Nemesis. Peel appoints as Governor-General of India Lord Dalhousie, who spoliates, annexes and revels in injustice. Peel defends him and the East India Co. give him £5000 a year. The annexation ends in rebellion and massacre, and Peel's son is one of the victims.

Est-il heureux? was the question asked by Mazarin of anyone who presented or named another for court preferment. The wily old Italian was right. Unless a man have a certain amount of luck he can achieve nothing.

August.—Walked about Portslade. Passed a gipsy-van, and a young gipsy followed me and begged to tell my fortune. I declined, but gave her a piece of silver. Hers was exactly like the Egyptian faces in the B. M. I have no doubt whence the race came.

Wrote to Disraeli again recommending M'Mahon for Woodstock.

September.—Old Mr Fuller, the man who, they say, had sold his soul to the Devil, died yesterday at Portslade. I have not heard the particulars of his departure—whether Satan flew away with his body or is to have it after it is committed to the earth. I suppose for the sake of appearances it will be the latter.

London—glorious London! I got here early and went on my rambles. Scott's grand-daughter is dead. Here is a strange mystery. Is there never again going to be a

Scott of Abbotsford? The old man's hope, for which alone he lived and toiled, frustrated in its dearest point!

My wife took her first sitting to-day for a portrait. It is kit-kat size and promises well. I shall have my own taken next, I suppose.

Bought a violin in the evening to amuse those boys at home. That young rogue Charlemagne* said, "I shall do what I like—there isn't a time when I shan't." I am afraid it requires the Triple Crown at least to be able to put this fine notion into practice. Another remark of his was, "Ahmed, Mamma gets her feathers from an ostrich, does she get her trunk from an elephant?"

November 5th.—Visited the National Gallery. I am never tired of that marvellous Doge's head by Bellini. It shows into what a mere icicle the State policy of Venice reduced its instruments. The man is no longer living. He is stone.

Read Lepsius' Letters on Egypt. He establishes that the Egyptian dynasty began nearly 5000 years before Christ—which sadly bothers the orthodox.

21st.—Met Mr Bennett, ex-clerk in the Bank, who says the very least Lyndhurst got for his wife from a certain Earl was £150,000. When he was in the Bank he knew well all the transactions, having access to the accounts. She had a latch-key to let herself into Park Lane, unknown to anyone.

December.—Looked in at the National Gallery—had no time to go to my enchanted land, the British Museum Library.

Walked down to Cresswell's Court. The Counsel concluded his address: "I hope your lordship will decree a separation between these parties and let this lady pass the rest of her days in peace and happiness." Cresswell replied, "This Court has no power to decree that this lady shall pass the rest of her days in peace and happiness, but what it has power to decree is that these persons be judicially separated." It was very neat, and his manner of saying these things is perfect.

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* Now a sedate magistrate in Cape Colony.—A. K.

March 1859.—I have this afternoon finished *Jane Eyre* and am delighted with the author of it, poor Charlotte Bronte. What nobodies do L. E. L. and Hemans seem compared with her! What poor creatures Jane Austen and Mrs Bray! The vivid beauty of the book consists in its strong reality—it seems to be the fervent revelation of the real spirit of a real woman who has moved and mixed in the actual scenes so finely described. But the more I like and love Miss Bronte the more savage I grow with her lazy father, who should have sacrificed even life itself to have removed his precious treasures from the poisoned atmosphere which brought them to premature graves. Yet he would make no effort to uplift himself out of that toad-like swamp. And so those glorious ones died.

* * * * * * *

I asked an old country fellow near eighty what was the most wonderful thing he had ever seen. "Well, I doan't know, I'm sure," was his answer. I gave him time to think. But he was as dense as a tree. I said, "Did you ever see a ghost?" "Noa," he said, "I didn't." And this was all of his past life I could extract from him. I wonder what purpose he has served in the economy of this little ball?

* * * * * * *

Here is a good story related by Goethe. He and a brother courtier were walking in the Palace Gardens at Weimar. They saw a young lady, the relative of the Grand Duke, embracing a young guardsman. Goethe's friend said to him, "Well, I should not have believed that unless I had seen it." Goethe answered, "I have seen it but *I don't believe it*, and I recommend you to be equally incredulous." This is worthy of Talleyrand himself. But what a flunkey-soul!

Ballantine says he knows *two* religious men in the whole world, and that each believes the other will be damned to all eternity.

There is a Staffordshire gentleman whose constant toast is, "May every lawyer shoot a clergyman and be hanged for it!"

CHAPTER X

A New Pantomime—Letters from Cockburn, Disraeli and Thackeray—*Poems and Translations*—Advice to a Judge—"Song of the Guardian Angel"—Theological Works—Methods of Writing—Extracts.

In 1862 Dr Kenealy published *A New Pantomime*, a poem in blank verse, which aroused a conflict of criticism in the Press. Scholars hailed the book as a work of genius. But the conventional critic—who presumably intones the "Benedicite Omnia Opera" at Morning Service—was offended by that he styled its "Pantheism." An example of this was cited in the following:—

"And thus they gleamed most beautiful; the life
That is in Nature and in Nature's works,
The least of which is animate with Soul;
For there's no rose nor lily in the garden,
There is no stream, there is no tree, nor gem,
There is no wind that skims along the sky,
Which represents not some immortal life.

The rivers have their spirits; the great woods
Have essence in them of eternal splendour,
Fair emanations of the gods divine.
The sky, the space, the air that circles round us
Is filled with spirits, some as fair as light
And some as dark as darkness. The human eye
Beholds them not indeed, but to the Soul
They are revealed—in impulses to good
Or impulses to evil, as they chance."

The tragedy in the *New Pantomime*, like the motive-power in Wagner's dramas, is concerned with the conflict between physical man and his Soul:—

"The acrid poisons of dark human passions
Dye the white soul so deeply that it grows
Even of their own nature; and when death
Resolves it from the body, still desires
The Idols which it worshipped in the flesh
So he, who for so many years has dwelt
In contemplation of mere worldly things,
Still is enticed away, as in his life,
From the Ideal-lovely to the Actual."

Of this volume Sir Alexander Cockburn, then his friend, later to be his most bitter foe and the prime mover in, and instigator of, his professional ruin, wrote the subjoined letter.

Cockburn, despite those sad moral failings which his friends deplored, was a man of fine and cultured intellect, and one eminently qualified to pronounce judgment upon such a work.

Letter from Sir Alexander Cockburn.

"*November* 28*th* 1862.

"DEAR MR KENEALY,—I have *devoured* your work—reading nothing else since I received it. It is indeed a marvellous production, the like of which has not appeared in modern days. You have passed Dante, Spencer, Goethe, Byron and Aristophanes in the alembic of your own mind, and given us the quintessence of their genius in one united whole.

"I regret some things—but the faults are those with which Dante has been (I think justly) reproached, and the faults, as in his case, only serve, perhaps, to make the transcendent power of the poet the more strikingly manifest.

"On the whole I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of your work, or the pleasure I have derived from it.—Yours faithfully, A. E. COCKBURN.

"E. KENEALY, Esq."

Among other laudatory letters from well-known men I find one too from Mr Disraeli, in which he speaks of "your incomparable *Pantomime*."

A year later came a further criticism from Cockburn, this time upon Dr Kenealy's *Poems and Translations*, which had just appeared.

Letter from Sir Alexander Cockburn.

"RECTORY, DALTON, DEVON,
"*October* 16*th* 1863.

"DEAR KENEALY,—On my way through town into Devonshire I found your work which you have been kind enough to inscribe to me. I am proud to have my name associated with a collection of poems of so much beauty and merit, for even on the cursory glance which as yet I have only been able to bestow on them, I see the beauty, genius and power which I have so much admired in the *New Pantomime*. Your translation of Irish songs into Greek is as amusing as it is clever. The facility, felicity and fidelity with which the comicality of the original is preserved is really marvellous. Lord Broughton writes me word you have sent him a copy. I am sure, as a scholar, he would especially relish this part of the collection. I am very sensibly touched as well as flattered by the language of your dedication. If I feel that you have said more than the Bar would be prepared to ratify, I ascribe it to a kind partiality, which is very gratifying to my feelings, and for which I am sincerely grateful.—Believe me, Very truly yours, A. E. COCKBURN."

Disraeli writes of the *Poems and Translations* as "a volume distinguished by all the flow and fine scholarship for which your writings are remarkable."

Lord Stanley of Alderley comments on the "Genius and fancy which delighted me."

The Duke of Wellington commingles praise and an invitation to dinner in pleasant fashion.

Turner, of whose poem-paintings Dr Kenealy was an enthusiastic admirer, inviting him to visit him at Brighton, warmly commends his muse.

Here again are interesting letters from Cockburn and a characteristic note from Thackeray:—

Letter from Sir Alexander Cockburn.

"WEST HALL, *December 8th.*

"MY DEAR KENEALY,—Many thanks for your letter and your amusing lines. I can only say I prefer having been passed over, even under such circumstances with the expression of opinion which has been elicited—among the many instances of which I value no man's more than yours—than have had the office with a feeling on the part of the profession and the public that I was unfit for the post.

"I am, however, a good deal annoyed at my refusal of the peerage being put by the Press on the ground of its being incompatible with the duties of my present office.

"I have refused simply because I would not accept it at Gladstone's hands after having been so scurvily treated by him. And I have given him to understand so in unambiguous, though of course courteous terms. And I shall be glad to have it known as generally as possible.

"There is one point on which I wish to set you right, as you are under an erroneous impression. Lord Palmerston never failed me as to the peerage. I might have had it at any time, but for personal reasons never deemed it desirable to take it.—Yours very truly,

"A. E. COCKBURN."

Letter from the Same.

"40 HERTFORD STREET, MAYFAIR, W.,
"*October 24th* 1864.

"DEAR KENEALY,—Your letter has reached me just as I am leaving town. I can only write a hasty line to say I shall be happy to stand Godfather to your new-born son. The best wish I can make for him is that he may have his father's genius. My daughter brought a little Cavendish into the world this morning, thereby making a grandfather of—Yours very truly,

"A. E. COCKBURN."

Letter from W. M. Thackeray.

"PALACE GREEN, KENSINGTON, W.,
"*Thursday, November 3rd.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your volume and the kind note accompanying it were put into a room of the house which I seldom frequent and only discovered after many days. I did not want to write and thank you for the book until I had read again many pieces which I liked and remember. Your second note came to me just when I was in labour with some verses of my own; and when I'm in that condition, and until the little bantling is born, I neglect my duties, my letters, even my invitations to dinner.

"My baby finally made its appearance last night, and I have leisure to thank you for sending me yours, and am, dear Sir, faithfully yours, W. M. THACKERAY."

For those of my readers who are unacquainted with the *Poems and Translations* I include the subjoined fine conception of a Judge's functions:—

ADVICE TO A JUDGE

When on the regal seat of Justice throned,
Bear this in mind: thou hast not been advanced
Beyond thy fellows to give loose to temper,
Or prove thyself capricious, weak or spiteful;
But to administer the law with truth,
And to be honest, just and fair to all.
Sully not thy grave place with jests and jokes,
Or low buffoonery, ever on the watch
To win the thoughtless laughter of the crowd.
But be at all times decent, grave, reserved,
Dwelling alone upon the Matter in hand.
Take not a cunning, subtle view of a cause,
Such as a sophist would; but let thy mind
Contemplate it in all its bearings, broadly,
Ever regarding equity as the star
By which thou shouldst be guided through the maze.
For equity is true law; and they do wrong
Who strive to separate those heavenly twins,
And both are as the Voice Divine of God.
Lean not to rank and wealth, for these themselves
Are naturally strong; but rather bend
To him who is weighed down by poverty,
Yet not so as to win that base applause
Which rises from the rabble when they see
A Judge who tramples right to catch a cheer.
Give each man hearing with an ear attent,
Whether he be most excellent or most mean,
And talk not ever about public time,
That hackneyed phrase which hasty magistrates use
When they pre-judge a cause, are tired, or wish
To go to lunch or dinner, or are moved
To vent some petty spleen upon the pleader,
Who, after all, seeks but to do his duty.

Advice to a Judge

Think no time lost which gives thy mind new facts,
For even the humblest man may haply place
His argument before thee in a form
Which may clear up the doubt within thy mind,
But if he see scorn in thine eye or lip,
How can he hope his mocker to persuade?
Perhaps thou dost not like him. Good, my lord!
Thou wert not made a Judge to let thy likings
Bias thy judgment, but to minister right
To all who come before thee in thy Court.
A Judge should be like God—far, far removed
From all the petty failings of a man.
And he should have a reverence most august
For his high office, fearing to pollute
That kingly dignity by aught debased.
And he should watch himself with wary eye,
Lest he may do some grievous giant wrong,
Because he loved this man, or hated that.
Guard thyself also from unseemly haste,
There is no virtue more becomes a Judge
Than patience—the chief jewel in his crown.
What rank injustice have I known committed,
Because the Judge would hurry on a cause,
And snub some wretched counsel into silence.
Be kind; be courteous as a King should be
To all who come before thee. I have seen
A Court where all were scorned and snapped at daily,
And self-respect was moved with hate or pity
To see the Seat of Justice so defiled.
And I have seen a Court where every man
Felt himself in the presence of a gentleman,
Whose genial courtesy made all things genial,
Whose exquisite bearing captivated all men's love,
Whose sunbright justice lightened every cause,
And sent even him who lost away content.

In a different strain is this from *A New Pantomime* —the Farewell of the Guardian Angel taking sad leave of the dying and doomed Poet:—

FAREWELL SONG OF THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

Oh! and alas for Thee! spirit of splendour,
  Born in bright heaven, but fashioned to woe;
Long have I watched thee with fondness as tender
  As only the hearts of young mothers can know.
Long, from the first placid hour of thy springing
  On earth, like an innocent flower in its bloom,
Till now when the cold hand of Destiny's bringing
  The mist that shall wrap thee for ever in gloom.

Clear shone the stars on their thrones, and serenely
  Silence smiled o'er the calm brows of the skies,
When as I watched, came a Presence most queenly
  Borne on swift lightnings, and bade me arise!
This was *thy* Genius, and thus was I chosen,
  Even in that hour thine own Angel to be;
Whiter than dew in the winter flowers frozen
  Was thy young soul when 'twas yielded to me.

* * * * * * *

Then came a change o'er thee—all that was vernal
  Faded, and wasted, and withered away,
Even as young Paradise, when the Eternal
  Spake, and it vanished, and all was decay.
Gone were the flowers which the Angels had planted,
  Gone the fair sunshine that lightened the scene;
Silent the music that once had enchanted,
  Silent as though its voice never had been.

Crowds came around thee, the vile and base-hearted
  Luring and lying, and leading aside;
Strong was the conflict, and tears often started
  Hot from thine eyes, but were lost in thy pride.
Oh! that the world should corrupt the undying
  And seraph-taught spirit of beautiful youth!
Spoiling its heavenly lustre, nor sighing
  O'er the sad wreck of faith, virtue and truth.

There where the Virtues had made them a palace,
  Golden and Virgin, and grand and divine,

Farewell of the Guardian Angel

In rushed the Passions—and each bore a chalice
  Brimming with poisons that tempted like wine;
Till that chaste soul, which I fondled and tended
  Truly and faithfully, faltered and failed,
Spurning the counsels I gave it, and bended
  Down in the dust to the foes that assailed.

* * * * * * *

Round thee, unseen by thee, like sunshine o'er thee
  Morning and night saw me fixed by thy side;
All the winged splendours of thought that before thee
  Burst like a heaven were the gifts of thy guide.
Spirits I brought to thee, Visions and Dreaming,
  Voices of angels, to win thee once more;
But the dark Idols of Earth whose false seemings
  Charmed thee, were all that thy soul would adore.

Oh! and alas for thee! deep was thine error,
  Fatal the change to the False from the True,
Ever since then the thick darkness of Terror,
  Known to the fallen ones, still round thee grew.
Manhood confessed it—Old Age shrank in sadness,
  Awed by the prospect of death and the grave;
Now, when thou'rt dying, and owning thy madness,
  Gladly I'd claim thee, and gladly I'd save.

But the great voice of The One hath forbidden;
  I must away, and *thou* too must depart;
Ere a short hour, and the secret that's hidden,
  Deep in the skies shall illumine thine heart.
Oh! and alas for thee—exiled for ever,
  Some ray of happiness still o'er thee dwell,
I, thy true Angel, still love thee, and never
  Came from my heart more despairing farewell.

I regret that I have not the space, nor indeed have I tithe sufficient of the learning required to deal adequately with my Father's Theological Works. They represent the studious labours, close and exhaustive reading and reflection of more than a quarter of a century. Having conceived the idea of giving to the world the religious conceptions he had derived from his extensive study and deep thought, he threw himself heart and soul into the project. Every hour he could snatch from his professional and social obligations he spent in study and research, sometimes at home, sometimes at the British Museum. He would arrive upon the minute for the opening of the Reading Room and would remain till the great mental treasure-house was closed.

In order to read at first hand and to come at the source of ancient Scriptures he learned Sanscrit and Hindustani, and made himself acquainted with the roots of that primeval language from which Chinese and Persian and Sanscrit took origin. He spent days together in deciphering the *Bible in Stones* as it was to be found in the Sculpture Halls and Vaults of the British Museum. He acquired too a very complete and valuable library of such books as he was able to procure upon these recondite subjects. (This library he bequeathed at his death to Trinity College, Dublin.) His own publications, which appeared from time to time, *The Book of God*, *The Book of Fo*, *The Book of Enoch*, *The Introduction to the Apocalypse* and *Commentary on the Apocalypse*, are held by Orientalists and Theologians to be works stupendous for the profound research and original thought which they reveal. They are indeed standard books and have been founts of knowledge and of spiritual truth whence many later writers have drawn inspiration.

A number of great truths (not all of them generally accepted nor understanded of the people) are set forth in these books, supported by evidences from the religious literature of all lands and creeds.

Among them is the doctrine of Re-birth (and surely spiritual evolution must be the very keystone of the scientific truth of physical evolution), the doctrine that the soul in its onward way to perfection passes through myriad lives, progressive or retrogressive according to the will of the entity, but in the main all upward tending, employing its multiple existences as instruments of knowledge and of experience, whereby the spiritual ego is informed and developed. Until finally having accreted and assimilated all the experiences and knowledges derived in every form and shape from every one of the countless multitudes of worlds of the vast Universe, it shall have purified itself of all evil (that is ignorance) and shall have fitted itself for that final Heaven, wherein reigns the Father and Creator of all things.

Another great teaching, supported by incontrovertible evidences, is that of the Naros, or Naronic Cycle, a dispensation which provided against mankind having been left in spiritual darkness (as is generally believed) until the era of Moses. The Naronic Cycle was a span of some six hundred years, at the lapse of which an inspired Teacher arose to deliver a new Gospel or Apostolic Message of Divine Truth, apportioned to the mental and spiritual receptivity of the people to whom it was vouchsafed. So an All-Merciful Father had not, as is rather presumptuously supposed, left His children in heathen darkness for all those millions of years of existence before the Mosaic dispensation.

All races had in turn their Messiah—India its Buddha, Arabia its Mahomet, China its Fo—all, as has been proved by the universal acceptance of their Messages, Inspired Teachers who revealed such measures of Divine Law as would be intelligible and their observance possible to the people to whom they were brought.

Proof incontestible of these recurring Revelations is drawn from ancient sacred writings and prophecy.

The Apocalypse which has come down to us in fragmentary form in *Revelations*, *Daniel* and *Isaiah* was part of such a Teaching, given to the world 4200 years before the time of Moses by Oannes (Johannes, John). Eight of these Messiahs are indicated as having arisen, giving impulse to progressively broader and higher waves of Spiritual Truth and preparing the way for that Greatest and Most Divine of all Teachers, Jesus of Nazareth.

All creeds of all nations are shown to possess the same fundamental principles, and even the most primitive are shown to have held in germ conceptions and images of the profoundest and most spiritual doctrines of our Christian Church.

The history of human Religion, like the history of the human Race, has been a progressive turning of the pages of the book of Evolution. Each page has been true and perfect for its time. On each page has been writ no doubt every letter of the human and religious alphabets, these being on each successive page knit into ever-increasing complexities of combination as our unfolding intelligence and aspirations have demanded fuller, and broader, and higher expression.

The first page of our book of evolution and religion was but an A B C. Yet every element from A to Z was doubtless there. The second page held words it may be of two letters—and so forth until our own day, when the page has become almost too complex for us, with its infinite bewildering and subtle combinations of those once simple, isolated letters. Yet, looking back with informed and intuitive mind, the discerning are able to see, from the first page to that now set before us, the same thin silver thread of religious thought and impulse round which the once simple letters have through the ages grouped themselves in ever more complex association.

Reading these profound works I look back with amazement to the manner in which I saw some of them written, in hours snatched from sleep, from recreation, from the busy professional life of a successful barrister, who spared no pains upon his duties.

Written at odd moments upon slips of every size and shape, resulting in "copy" which must have proved a sore puzzle to the printers, written amid the family group, with talk and children's play and chatter buzzing, many indeed of these learned pages were written for an hour at a time with the Baby of the date upon a knee—(there was usually a baby). The little thing would sit as quiet as a mouse, knowing that the penalty of noise or of disquieting movement would be a forfeiture of its proud place. It watched with solemn, interested gaze the lightning passage of the pen and would look up wondering from time to time into the grave, absorbed face and to the eyes full and luminous with the great thoughts fulminating in the brain behind them. Sometimes it would lift a hand to touch with tiny finger and with awed delight the shining rim of the gold spectacles, which were ever a source of admiring wonder to the infant mind.

These things did not disturb the writer, his mind ages back in the past, among days and scenes before the Flood.

He was ever devoted to the babies, devoted indeed to his children of all ages, walking with them, talking with them, all the while bestowing on them gifts from his richly-furnished memory and imagination, privileges which they, alas! were but too frequently too young and too crude of understanding to appreciate.

Through the last half of his life he battled with sadly failing health. Of a highly-strung, nervous temperament his long, close days of study and his strenuous days in Court, took toll in weariness, in raging headaches, in weeks together of severe prostration. Yet he permitted none of these handicaps to daunt him. He was demanding from his delicate organisation the nerve-force necessary to sustain two strenuous lives: the professional and social life of a man of the world in busy practice, the life of a man of letters, whose subject-matter, apart from the mere literary work involved, necessitated deep and prolonged research and the greatest exactitude of expression in rendering.

The one life was compulsory. His large family required to be supported.

The other, a self-imposed task, was a spiritual call, which neither his conscience nor indeed his inclination would allow him to neglect. For it was ever a labour of love. The life spiritual was that from which he drew his greatest happiness.

The worldly-wise may ask:—Why spend life and health in writing books which were within the comprehension of but few? Such could bring neither renown nor profit.

But my Father did not ask himself this question. The work was there to be done. He felt in him the spiritual insight and knowledge necessary to its achievement.

This belief in the importance of his own life-work is the impelling force of every man's development. And those profound writings which are to-day beyond the intellectual and spiritual depth of the many will be one day, I venture to predict, very widely read and will exert a profound influence upon religious thought.

Extracts from THE BOOK OF GOD.

There was a beautiful recondite meaning in likening to a Rainbow the form of the Holy Spirit, whom philosophers call Nature or Providence, but whom Christians irrationally designate the Holy Ghost; a false version of the word *Geist* in Luther's German translation of the Bible.

* * * * * * * *

This absolute identity or *one-ness* of God with all existence, and of all existences with God, is divinely illustrated by Jesus, the Ninth Messiah of Heaven, in one of His most striking parables, the true Pantheistic meaning of which has wholly escaped the Biblical commentators, or which, if it should have been made manifest to them, they purposely conceal. *When the Son of Man shall come in His glory,* says Jesus, *and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory : and before Him shall be gathered all nations ; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd separates his sheep from the goats : and He shall set the sheep indeed on His right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered and ye gave Me meat : I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink : I was a stranger and ye took Me in : naked and ye clothed Me : I was sick and ye visited Me : I was in prison and ye came unto Me. Then shall the righteous answer Him, saying, Master, when did we see Thee an hungered and fed Thee ? or thirsty and gave Thee drink ? When did we see Thee a stranger and took Thee in ? or naked and clothed Thee ? Or when did we see Thee sick, or in prison, and came unto Thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Amen, I say unto you, For as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me. Then shall He say unto them on the left hand, Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels : for I was an hungered and ye gave Me no meat : I was thirsty and ye gave Me no drink : I was a stranger and ye took Me not in : naked and ye clothed Me not : sick and in prison and ye visited Me not : Then shall they also answer Him, saying, Master, when saw we Thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison and did not minister unto Thee ? Then shall He answer them, saying, Amen, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous unto life everlasting.*—Matthew xxv. 31.

This august creed, although it shines upon the thought so exquisitely clear and true, that one wonders how it could have been misconstrued, is by reason of that misconstruction wholly lost to European churches. And yet was ever any so nobly adapted to fill even the most inconsiderate with solemn feeling? How consolatory to reflect in the spirit of that sacred similitude which Jesus used, that every good and holy act we perform on earth toward a fellow creature is done absolutely not merely to that creature but to God *who receives it in them*. How dreadful too to be assured, and to know, moreover, that the assurance is beyond all doubt, that every evil act which we commit toward any is, in effect, committed against the very God of Heaven, represented in him.

Extracts from INTRODUCTION TO THE APOCALYPSE.

In the first part of the *Book of God* I have furnished proofs that, from a very early period of the history of man, a belief in God and in the Holy Spirit was the universal religion; that this belief originated in a Heaven-descended Revelation given to the first Messenger of Truth in the Apocalypse, and by him communicated to the earth; and that all antiquity held it for a holy doctrine that God periodically sent messages and legates from Himself to mortals in order to illumine their souls with sacred knowledge.

I showed also what constituted the real Triad, or *Three Powers, One in essence*, which forms so great a feature in the religious history of all peoples; and I explained in clear language (as I hope) the origin of all we now see or feel; of the Spirit-existences which fill the visible Universe, and of the First Cause in which that visible Universe itself originated. I proved also that the most sublime articles of religious faith were inculcated in the Greater Mysteries, and that the Apocalypse was the secret volume which was used on full initiation, and whose magic pictures were presented to the disciple. This development of hallowed truth in great part constitutes the first Book.

For the second Book I alluded to the arts and sciences, and to the profound knowledges which characterised ages which are generally regarded as having been so barbarous as to be called pre-historic. I showed how all learning flowed as it were from one mighty centre until it gradually encompassed the whole populated earth, and how with it came the hallowed Teachings which the First Messenger propounded to mankind and which were based alone upon the Apocalypse, with such corollaries or conclusions as necessarily sprang from that divine tree. For this purpose I did not hesitate to make use of the discoveries of all who had preceded me; and I preferred to use their own language rather than to recast it, as I might have done in language of my own. I did this for two reasons: *firstly*, because I do not value literary fame as an original writer (or rather as a new-fashioner of that which had been previously committed to the Press); *secondly*, because I regarded it as safer, in citing witnesses, to use their own language in evidence of the facts for which I called them, rather than to express, in my own words, the result of their researches. I hoped thus to avoid all pretext for charges of misrepresentation, knowing well the arts which priestly critics always introduce into religious controversy.

My sole object in putting forth these volumes is to teach rather than to dazzle. I write neither for applause nor for gain, but to fulfil a sacred and imperative impulse. I am indifferent to criticism. I care only to instruct, and if I can do this by means which may be called simple, or even elementary, the object of my life will have been accomplished.

In the third Book I showed that the Messengers of God are of two kinds, Messianic and Cabiric; that the first are Teachers, that the second are Judges; that God is not responsible for their acts, but that they are themselves alone responsible for them as being voluntary Emissaries from Heaven, Emissaries to whom permission to descend is accorded by the Supreme. I proved, however, that the judicial function is quite as consistent with their character as Angels of Truth as is the doctrinal, and that archangelic men like Amasis, Mohammed and Chengiz Khan are as necessary to the cause of God as are Brigoo, Thoth, Lao-Tseu or Jesus. The first are Heroic, the second are Minerval, orders of the highest rank in heaven.

The fourth Book was devoted to an examination of the authenticity of the common Apocalypse. I showed that the authorities against it were far stronger than were those in its favour, and furnished evidence of an incontrovertible nature to demonstrate that it is the most ancient writing in the world and that it is in reality a translation into a modern (albeit an incorrect) dialect of the very Revelation which Adam himself received from God.

MISS ARABELLA KENEALY, L.R.C.P. (DUBLIN)

(From a Photograph)

CHAPTER XI

Memoranda from Diaries, 1863 to 1871:—Lord Houghton's Breakfast-party—Letter from Lord Broughton—Meets Bulwer Lytton—Anecdote of Carlyle—Anecdote of Wordsworth—Saying of Byron—The Tichborne Case.

Lord Houghton's breakfast-parties were famous as gatherings of distinguished literary and artistic men. Dr Kenealy was on several occasions a guest at these. The subjoined extract from a letter, dated July 3rd 1864, to Mrs Kenealy describes his first visit to one of these interesting functions:—

Extract from a Letter to Mrs Kenealy.

"I drove to Lord Houghton's and got there at 10.10. There were only two others—Aubrey de Vere and Patmore—both of them poets. Lord Houghton was in a dressing-gown, which he soon changed for a frock-coat, and we went in to breakfast. There were tea, coffee, stewed fish, cutlets, cold pigeon, and jelly and grilled goose bones. No eggs! Then came peaches and grapes.

"He showed me a copy of *Queen Mab*, with Shelley's name written by himself in the title-page. He keeps it in a case—it is certainly unique. He has several books which belonged to Byron, with his writing in them; a copy of *Churchill* with MS. notes in the neat copperplate hand of Gray. The original portrait of Keats by Severn. A picture of his wife by Boxall—she has lovely bright eyes and must have been a very charming woman. His wife's mother was also a beauty, and her grandmother, Lady

Crewe, a famous woman in her day. He gave me a copy of his new book and I think you will be pleased with it—I am amazed to find how excellent a poet he is. He is anxious to edit Shelley's life and letters, but he has not got his papers, which he is annoyed about.

"He has a motion in the House of Lords about Convocation. He wants to stop these discussions and he asked the Chancellor to support him. W. said, 'I can only promise you a very limited support, as I don't think we ought to interfere with the harmless amusements of these silly people'—meaning the Bishops and Clergy who form the Upper and Lower Houses. Patmore says that Moxon told him he sold only three copies of Browning's poems in fifteen years. This beats me out! He (Lord Houghton) showed me a series of original sketches of Blake for the Book of Job and Milton's poems. I wish I could have seen his wife and her charming eyes. His boy about eight has a nice honest English face. Much to his disgust the Academy would not hang the portrait, but returned it. So you see *you* are not the only person whom it rejects. You have companions in misfortune. Lord Houghton has promised to call here and see my Pitt. The first idle day I have I am to let him know. I told him about Lord Broughton's invitation to stay at Tedworth to meet the Lord Chief Justice. He said it was a pity I missed it as I might not have another chance."

A Letter from Lord Broughton.

"TEDWORTH HOUSE, MARLBOROUGH,
"*7th October* 1863.

"MY DEAR MR KENEALY,—Your letter reached me only yesterday, otherwise you would have heard from me before this time. It is very good of you to think of me—and the oftener you do so the better I shall be pleased.

"I have heard of the Chief Justice but not from him, and I am sorry to say the account of his health is not so good as I could wish.

"I hope, however, he will be soon well enough to visit his friends, and I shall make strenuous effort to allure him to this place.

"I trust I shall prevail on you to meet him if he comes, or to come without meeting him.

"When I see you I will tell you a saying of Macaulay's about Sir W. Jones—it was addressed to me and startled me, as it will you.—Very truly yours,

"BROUGHTON."

Memoranda from Diaries, 1863-71.

December 1863.—Thackeray is dead. I am sorry. I wish I had met him. I never did, although we wrote together in *Fraser* and he often spoke of me. He visited at the Maginns' and at other houses where I did, yet strange to say we never met. He is the greatest master of novel-fiction since Fielding, whose legitimate heir he is. Thackeray is superior to Scott and Dickens and Bulwer. For Scott is tedious, Dickens frequently but caricature, and Bulwer affected and untrue to life. Thackeray's powers of observation were truly wonderful; he seems to have known mankind as it were by instinct or by divination. Nor is there any foible of the heart of which he does not appear to have had a most wonderful insight.

January 2nd 1864.—Some awful idiot has discovered that poor Thackeray died on Christmas Eve in order that he might spend his Christmas Day in Heaven.

9th.—The little Princess of Wales had a boy last night unexpectedly. No one of any consequence was there. However, all seems right and we have another future King for Merrie England. And Prince Alfred's nose will be out of joint as the Prince of Wales *won't* die childless, as predicted.

8th.—I wonder does a man who appoints incapable dolts to places of responsibility go to the Devil for it? He ought to, for he is the cause of all the injustice which they do. I wonder do some of these Judges ever really weigh their acts when they sport as they do with human life?

February.—At British Museum, after which I walked to my booksellers and bought books, among the rest *Procopius*. I want if possible to get every classical work in prose and poetry which has ever been published—I mean, of course, which has relation to Greece and Rome.

8th.—At home all day reading over the fire. I was utterly frozen and did not find out or guess that it was a thin dressing-gown until the day was gone!

12th.—In Queen's Bench. Serjeant Hayes showed me a ballad called "The Cock and Dog," which he sings on Circuit. He gave a copy to Cockburn, who sent a note thanking him as he "had a few hours of Bovill and meant to read it during his speech." Campbell, when Chancellor, said to Hayes, "Brother Hayes, it is one of the infelicities of my position that I shall never again hear you sing 'The Cock and Dog.'"

Wollatt told me he heard Cockburn say to a man who kept on his hat in Court, "Take off your hat, sir, or take yourself off."

Bought more books—what a library I would have if the fees came in! My head ached. Not well. I want a breath of the sea, and the calm melody of home. I never feel the want of anything when there.

19*th*.—Ballantine said he saw Colenso at a club warming the most venerated part of the episcopal person, "Whereupon," he added, "I immediately turned about and spat—as I always do when I see a bishop." M. Cambon said Colenso walked and talked and looked as though he were a new Deity before whom all persons should bow down and worship.

March.—When Lord Derby made Disraeli and Bulwer Lytton Privy Counsellors and Ministers, Lady Bulwer wrote to the Queen direct, stating that she might as well have chosen two of the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah.

June.—Dined to-night with the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Houghton, Bulwer Lytton and other senators and ladies. Bulwer Lytton is a clown. He was shabbily dressed and sidled into the room with slouching air and gait. He held his hat in his hand as though about to drop it and looked as though he did not know what to do with his legs. He gaped, his eye was lack-lustred, and he said nothing. It is almost impossible to believe he wrote the works which pass under his name (his wife says he did not write them). He had a great nose like Fitzball or Bardolph, but not so red as the latter's. He has cut off his beard and the hairs are scanty and scrubby down his lank Don Quixote jaws. I expected a fine gentleman—perhaps a fop like his own Devereux or like Bolingbroke, and I saw a crapulous fossil. He took Mrs Round down to dinner but never spoke a word to her, remaining silent or mumbling to himself. I think Cockburn was ashamed of him, and although he asked him especially to meet me he did not venture to solicit my opinion of him. But I told it to him. And he was ashamed of his guest.

July 4th.—Evening at the Lord Chief Justice's. Hallé and Joachim played, it was scientific and stupid. There was what is called a brilliant party. Cockburn unwell with a cold. He said a friend told him he suffered from throat attacks as a punishment for inflicting long speeches on the public. His spirits and youthful buoyancy are wonderful; he makes me feel a boy in heart. I sat with Mrs W. Currie all the evening and we talked a good deal, but the music *was* stupid.

24th.—On the Home Circuit, a poor devil of a counsel, named Wood, got his case into a sort of hitch and did not know how to get out of it. He applied to Willes—"My lord, what shall I do?" Justice Willes made answer, "Mr Wood, that is a question which only the Queen or the House of Lords has a right to put to one of her Majesty's Judges."

August 2nd.—To-day I bought a book I have often wished to get, *Ireland Shakspere Forgeries*, published in 1796. Surely there was never a more transparent fraud. What a pretty crew of critics those must have been who thought it genuine! Did not old Dr Parry fall down on his knees and kiss the manuscript? Why, the mere spelling might have proved it an impudent fiction

6th.—This day Mr Paul finished my dear wife's portrait. It is the best likeness of her he has yet painted. It will be fine for all these rogues to have so many portraits of their Mamma. I only wish I had as many of mine, who was indeed a good woman. Well—it was not to be, I suppose, and I was never to have what I really wanted, Witness—let me see—why a thousand things.

September 20th.—Sent my eldest boy to King's College. The headmaster examined him in *Homer* and *Virgil*, sixth books, and said he had translated them "beautifully."

October 5th.—Bulwer's son was married the other day to Miss Villiers, a niece of Clarendon's—a good connection which will help him to that peerage he longs for.

January 1st 1866.—Some one told the Chief Baron that Collier wanted his post, adding, "Collier's friends say you often fall asleep in Court." The Chief Baron said, "I do much less harm when asleep on the Bench than Collier would do if he were awake."

April 14th.—Went to see the National Portraits at Kensington, where they exhibit my Countess of Essex. I offered them half a dozen things better and more interesting. I saw the two Archbishops there—the A.-B. of York with a lady in trailing purple velvet; the other A.-B. as like a cunning old badger as it is possible to be.

20th.—Motion in the C. P. for Mr Shuter. L. C. J. Erle smiling on me the whole time; barristers around saying, "Now you may be sure he means to cut your throat. He always does that when he smiles." And the old scoundrel did, and gave no reason, although I made out an unanswerable case.

September 29th.—Mrs Broadwood (late Miss Tree) is said to have been the author of this hoax on Huddy. A few days ago Mr Huddlestone arrived in Baden-Baden and duly inscribed his name and his "Q.C." and "M.P." in the hotel book of visitors. But to this inscription somebody subsequently added the words "Tuft-hunter and Toady," in handwriting so similar that the whole read as one continuous and genuine announcement. In this light the authorities seem to have viewed it. They copied the words *literatim*, honestly believing them to convey some social distinction, and next morning, greatly to the amusement of the social *coterie*, "Huddy's" name appeared in the official list of visitors with the queer additions of "Tuft-hunter and Toady" tacked on to his titles.

A story is told too of Huddlestone, that when travelling as the guest of some titled friends his obsequious demeanour toward them resulted in his host being charged half the ordinary rate for his expenses, under the supposition that he was a courier.

January 1867.—London is wildly talking of the fearful calamity which has taken place in the Regent's Park and of the forty or fifty skaters who have been immersed and have lost their lives. Yet London will not depart one whit from its skating mania. I believe that if a man were standing within sight of damnation he would still, if the opportunity offered, commit one of his favourite sins and trust to chance for his escape.

28th.—Rain, damp, wretchedness! At the British Museum all day working at the *Book of God*. I have come home thoroughly exhausted. But it is my destiny and I must fulfil it. And yet how far off, alas! is the day when there shall be one fold and one Shepherd. If I can only live to see the first stake of the fold driven in I shall be satisfied—at all events I shall have done something.

February 3rd (Portslade).—Too ill to go out although the sun is shining. Heard the boys their *Lucian* and *Virgil*—or rather I dozed while Madonna heard them, waking up occasionally when they went wrong.

February.—I am much pleased with an expression of Jean Paul, which I have met for the first time: *Better to be an outlaw than not free.* I have always felt this but never saw it so forcibly expressed.

March 8th.—Worcester Court at nine. James opened the Case for me in my absence yesterday. It was a horrid slander case. Huddleston, my leader, did not half fight it. He did not like his fee and was in bad temper, so we were beaten.

Am now reading Scott and Henry's Bible.

17th (Congleton).—A terrible east wind. I faced it and walked up the hills to see my favourite Bride Stones. The upright monolith was to represent God, the bed is a symbol of the Holy Spirit. The monks destroyed those mighty Masses by fire, and they are rent in twain. In the afternoon went to the little church and heard Mr Brierley preach a sermon on Schechem and Dinah—full of *unction*—whatsoever that may be.

20th.—Got to Salop. Looked into Voltaire's *Dictionary*. Was the old cynic serious in his praise of Cicero?

I have always likened Lamartine to this sham heroic Roman; both fluent; both conceited; both close-shaven and lantern-jawed. What *I* call humbugs, what the world calls great men.

"Saint Clement of Alexandria," says Voltaire, "relates that Moses killed a King of Egypt by sounding Jehovah in his ear, after which he brought him back to life by pronouncing the same word. St Clement is very exact; he cites the author, the learned Artapanus! Who can impeach the testimony of Artapanus?" Here is the gem of that which makes the pride of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. Byron alluded to it well:—

> "Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer."

But it has always occurred to me that this idea was suggested to B. by Shelley. There is a subtlety in it which B. lacked, but which S. possessed. But B. had a greater brain than S. notwithstanding. B. was a *man*, S. a *poet*. S. finer in spirit, B. stronger in brain.

I have been reading some of the Countess d'Anois' *Fairy Tales*. I buy all the fairy tales I can for my children, and these volumes are for them. In this world of realities the more often we soar into the Realms of Imagination the less we experience the miseries of existence.

March.—The longer I live the more I feel inclined to doubt that the plays of Shakspere were his writing. It is one of the grand delusions of which this earth is full, and which it is almost a pity to dispel. Only for its illusions what indeed would mortal life be? But a weary business.

Easter Monday—March.—Cold, wet, tempestuous. I cower over the fire looking at parts of Taylor's *Diegesis*—

the death-bed comforter which Serjeant Allen studied in his last illness.

Carefully studied the Books of Esdras in the Vulgate and the Ætheopic, and am persuaded that it contains a great many fragments from the genuine Enoch, worked up into one of those curious gallimanfrys which the Jew forgers so delighted to make.

January 1st 1869.—Spent most of the day over Buxtorf. His hatred of the Jews is refreshing in these days of atheistic tolerance. He is perfect master of his subject. I wonder his book has never been translated into English. It would teach the poor Paulites things they ought to know.

January.—In the Exchequer till two. Home at three. Expected to do some work but a person called in the evening and kept me in idle talk till 10.10. So I lost all those valuable hours, and the aroma of his cigar was the only agreeable part of the interview.

10*th.*—They say that Carlyle and Hunt disputed a whole winter evening on the world and humanity. As the friends were saying good-night, Hunt, pointing to the Heavens studded with stars unutterably bright, said, "How can you be melancholy when you behold these?" But Carlyle, looking up, answered, "Eh! but it's a sad sight."

Each of these men said well. The glorious firmament with its millions of worlds gladdens the soul and gives it a glimpse of sublimity, fills it with joy also, for the reflection that it is akin to such grand powers. But the joy is dashed with melancholy, remembering that by our own lapses from virtue we postpone our right to roam at will amid these infinite spheres.

What a fund of deep mystery is in that saying of Christ: "He that loveth his life, shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life everlasting." There is nothing on the subject of self-denial equal to this in any of the ancient Greeks.

17*th.*—A dull day at Chambers. I worked at *The Book of God*, and when the labours of the day were concluded I looked over *Newton on the Prophecies*—a clever piece of work, which I suppose helped him to get his mitre. Newton takes a particularly one-sided view. It would not be difficult were it worth while to show how wrong he is in many of his most important premises and deductions But nobody nowadays cares much for such treatises. Gold is the universal magnet.

30*th.*—(King Charles I., Martyr.) Martyr quotha! as poor Byron would say. What does his death testify? I wish I had half-an-hour's talk about Charles' Martyrdom with the new Archbishop of Canterbury, who seems an honest, kindly fellow.

February 17*th.*—The Queen's Speech—oh, what a mess! I have read many, this is the worst and most petty of all. A grand occasion—but Gladstone only blows a penny trumpet

March.—Read Homer. *He* is the King. After him what a poor chap Virgil is. I have been going through Virgil critically of late, in teaching those boys and girls of mine. The Eclogues, which I once thought so fine, are not to be named with those of Theocritus.

March.—I have just heard Gladstone make his speech on the Irish Church and was disappointed with this new Messiah, as his brother called him. He gave me an impression of a Methodist preacher of a superior order, but of the orational fire and flashes of the man of genius there was not a sparkle.

The Marquis of Westminster is dying, the lord of so many millions is now confessing the nothingness of life. All on his mind is that he is about to be hanged for some undivulged but awful crime, and whensoever one enters his room he adjures him in the most abject and touching terms not to hang him! not to hang him! but to let him live a little longer. This is the report.

Worcester Assizes. Reg. *v.* Merest. In this case Huddlestone, never having read a word of his brief, proposed a settlement which we were only too glad to accept.

April 15*th*.—Went to the Lord Chancellor's Levée, not a large attendance. Cockburn did not go, but sat in Court. Lord Hatherley looked hale, active and strong. He will outlive Cockburn, who can never be the holder of the great Seal now. His chances are gone for ever.

16*th*.—At Westminster, sat two hours in Wilde's Court. He sent me a note in reply to my congratulations to him as a new Peer. I like Wilde and think he well deserves his elevation; but why take a Cornish title (Penzance) when neither he nor his ever held a rood of land in that country?

In the evening at Gray's Inn. Lord Romilly told me it was generally reported that Miss Campbell in publishing Lord C.'s libellous lives of Lyndhurst and of Brougham had extracted a great many of the plums.

24*th* (Portslade).—Came home last night, and once more enjoyed the Elysian air of home, of love and of the sea. Why can I not ever have them?

After prayers we walked over the Downs inhaling Elysium, blessing God and viewing Nature with enthusiasm. We leaned over the wall at Hangleton Church and in idea marked out the spot amid the rude forefathers of the hamlet where we should like to sleep when Death the Comforter comes.

Working hard at my *Book of Enoch*, and at intervals sent my spirit into the bosom of the placid sea which, like a sheet of molten silver, lies asleep before my window.

In the evening heard the children's lessons.

26*th*.—Cockburn's daughter, Mrs Cavendish, died on Sunday—a conceited piece of silliness, poor thing! But the Chief was foolishly fond of her.

Lord Romilly told me to-day a story of Lord Lyndhurst which he heard from a Registrar of his Court. A counsel addressing Lord Lyndhurst for some time seemed to make little way, and Lyndhurst muttered audibly, "This man is a fool." The counsel continued for some time and got into the heart of the matter, upon which Lord Lyndhurst muttered, "Not so great a fool as I thought." Toward the close of the address, which was masterly, Lord L. a third time muttered, "It is I who was the fool." This was a fine trait in Lyndhurst.

29*th*.—To-day at Gray's Inn, talking of Campbell, Lord Romilly said he was once in the pit at the Italian Opera with a couple of barristers whom he named, when, as they were admiring Taglioni, one said, "What a pity Campbell didn't go on the stage. He'd have danced to perfection!" The other said, "No, he never could have danced like Taglioni. But after he had been on the stage a year he'd have got a higher salary than any other dancer."

The reason why beautiful eyes or voices affect us so much is that they are images of the spirit. How beautiful then must be the spirit itself, when its reflex charms us so strongly. So, evil eyes and croaking voices image a spirit which is base and ugly.

May.—Dined with Muloch, who talked as usual without ceasing. He mentioned having met Wordsworth and his sisters at Lausanne. He walked with Wordsworth, who had never been there before, and showed him the Castle of Chillon, "the subject of Byron's beautiful poem." "Do you call that beautiful?" says Wordy. "Why, it's nonsense. What means 'Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind?'" Muloch said there was a very deep and very fine meaning in it. But Wordsworth flew into a rage, and from words they came almost to blows. And Muloch, instead of going back to breakfast with him, rushed off and left him.

21st.—Coleridge was perpetually talking in the Queen's Bench of the "eternal principles of justice," to the great disgust of Crompton, who was his junior and who preferred law to abstract principles, such as C. enunciated to catch the gallery. When Coleridge retired from the Bench and Hill succeeded him, Crompton said, "Thank God, now we've got a lawyer we shall hear no more of the eternal principles of justice!"

2nd.—My birthday. Alas! for things undone! Dined with Cockburn. Amongst the things the Chief Justice told us was that the late Chief Justice (Tindal) bought Coke's gold chain or Collar of S.S. from the Leicesters, and bequeathed it as an heirloom to the Chiefs of the Common Pleas. I told the Chief I had heard many odd things in my time, but that Bovill should wear the collar of Coke was the oddest ever known, and I added that the S.S. could in *his* case only signify *Stultus Stultorum*.

July 8th.—To-day at Marlborough St. Police Court in a case where the police prosecuted. Gods! how they sware. It was perjury in platoons. Every shot was a falsehood. But I think I shall defeat them.

Left in the two o'clock train for London. Picked up Charles Dickens just outside Reading, who travelled with us the rest of the day. He looks better than his photographs represent him.

August 6th.—What did old Broughton mean by locking up all his MSS. for the next thirty years? By his will he directs that his diaries, manuscripts, correspondence and other papers may be delivered to the Trustees of the British Museum, to be kept without examination till the year 1890, when they may if desirable be published. By a codicil he desires that papers relating to State matters shall not be made public without the sanction of the reigning Sovereign.

I wonder is there a copy of *Byron's Life* among the papers. Byron's autobiography was entrusted to Broughton, it being left to him to decide as to whether or no it should be published. Broughton himself told me it could not be published, that *it was the story of a man whose soul was in Hell while he wrote it.*

January 10th 1870.—A man who has the habit of talking to himself was asked by a brother barrister why he did so. He replied, "I like to talk to a man of sense, and I like to hear a man of sense talk."

Lord Kimberley tells me the Prince of Wales would very much like to be Viceroy of Ireland, but the Queen won't hear of it.

February.—Remained within doors in the Temple working at the *Book of God*, which I now consider finished, and glad I am. No other work gives me such pure delight. I dined on eggs and tea, and kept brain and mind perfectly clear and laboured incessantly until past ten at night—nearly twelve hours. But when I got to bed I could not sleep.

June (Portslade).—I have worked so hard that I felt I could do no more and so ran home, and my heart opened with delight and joy as I arrived.

June.—Went to opening of Ardingly College. Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, preached the inaugural sermon, conveying to my mind by manner, tone and gesture, a profound conviction of insincerity. Soapy Sam laid down two notions which rather startled me: "A Christian child has more real knowledge than the greatest heathen philosopher." The second was nearly as bad: "Property is an institution of even greater importance than marriage." What, my lord Bishop—even than universal concubinage? Is this Winchester Christianity?

October 17th.—The *Commentary*, or rather the Key to the Apocalypse, for so I should have designated it, is published this day

November 4th.—The Empress Eugenie says she was driven out of Hastings by the roll of the waves, reminding her of the roar of the Paris mob as they attacked the Tuileries.

11*th.*—Dined at Gray's Inn. Lord Romilly repeated what he has so often told us, that he never joined in the prayer against sudden death because he thought it was the best of all deaths, and led us to believe he thought he should die in that way.

January 1872.—Gore told me a fortnight ago about his interview with Napoleon, and now I believe his doctors are killing him. The poor little man was bent nearly double and walked across the room with the greatest difficulty. He was also sadly depressed.

12*th.*—Dr Gull appears to be protesting something in the case of the late Emperor, but his protest is so wrapped up in verbiage and jargon as to be unintelligible to the profane. There is a general impression that his doctors *doctored* poor Bonaparte. He should have died on the plain outside Sedan—life like his was not worth preserving for a couple of years of pain and regrets and a most ignoble death like that of Camden Place.

13*th.*—Dined at Gray's Inn. Our Chaplain told us that the reason Bishop Hinds resigned his episcopate was that he had married (secretly) at the Registrar's his housekeeper, and this caused so much scandal that he resigned the See.

16*th.*—When Ballantine was blackballed at the Reform Club, Horton, the Master of the Crown Office, said, "Right! be Jasus! And if Jasus Christ himself had been an Old Bailey barrister they would have blackballed him too!"

January 5th 1873.—Brady, M.P. for somewhere, asked Bright to introduce him to Disraeli. Bright did so. Brady said, " Mr Disraeli, I feel very happy to make your acquaintance. I hear you have written some clever novels. I never read any of them myself, but my daughter has and she thinks them so fine! " Disraeli drew himself up and in tones of Mephistopheles replied, "This *is* praise!" and left Brady very solemnly. Bright ran chuckling about telling everyone. Brady returned to his place happy and satisfied that he had done the right thing. So all were content.

20th.—To-day in Queen's Bench. Whalley and Onslow, M.P.'s, were sentenced in very severe terms, with the most severe gestures by Cockburn, to pay fines of £100 for their participation in Tichborne meetings.

26th.—Cockburn who, during the Alabama business, put in for an earldom finds he cannot get it. He next intimated (as Lush tells me) that the title of Viscount would satisfy him. Failing in this also he is to be made a G.C.B. As though *that* were worth a straw. Walpole said he could *always* bribe a young fool of a Senator with a ribbon or an order, but the old rogues preferred solid cash. Has Cockburn become a young fool again? Imagine a man past seventy asking for a red ribbon!

February 14th.—At Guildhall. Everyone complimenting me on my speech of yesterday in the case of Lord Walliscourt.

This is the day that usually brings me to my most dear home. It seems so long till the time comes. The hours go on leaden wings. I wish the hour were here. I have been musing long before the fire. I wonder what are my three Graces thinking of the three Valentines I sent them yesterday.

March 2nd.—A beautiful day, clear and sunny. I should have enjoyed a walk in the Parks—to which I sent all my tribe—but I sat down to my papers, and as usual got so absorbed in them that I could think of nothing else—so I lost my sunshine. What a spell these theological studies possess for me! For them I have sacrificed and indeed have lost everything. Yet I never tire of them.

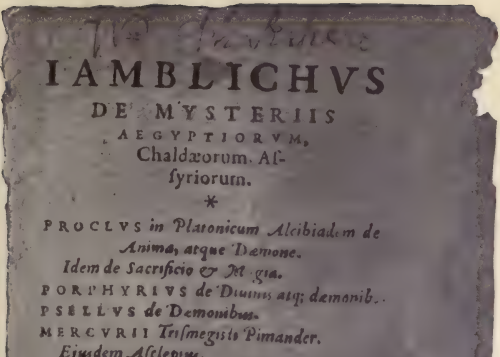
14*th.*—Bulwer Lytton is said to have left some singular directions in his will to avoid the chance of being buried alive.

21*st.*—Lord Rivers called about one, about the Tichborne Case. He told me about Onslow presenting a petition against the L. C. J. presiding at the Trial, but this I stopped at once. Cockburn, I think, values fame too highly to be an advocate, instead of a judge, in this Trial.

24*th.*—Lord Rivers and The Claimant were here to-day at twelve for more than an hour. A long discussion. But Sir R. did not throw much light on our minds. His language was odd. But the Tichbornes were always "Hampshire hogs," so I don't think much of this.

A cart-load of papers came in this afternoon.

29*th.*—M'Mahon called and we had a long discussion on the Tichborne Case. He agrees with me as to the fearful difficulties in our way. Lord Rivers came to-day. He does not think Arthur Orton can be got to come to England. I told him Ballantine's theory that Tichborne had



IAMBLICHVS
DE MYSTERIIS
AEGYPTIORVM,
Chaldæorum, Aſſyriorum.

*

PROCLVS *in Platonicum Alcibiadem de Anima, atque Dæmone.*
Idem de Sacrificio & Magia.
PORPHYRIVS *de Diuinis atq; dæmonib.*
PSELLVS *de Dæmonibus.*
MERCVRII *Triſmegiſti Pimander.*
Ejusdem Aſclepius.

QVOD TIBI
FIERI NON
VIS ALTERI
NE FECERIS

GENEVÆ
APVD
IOANNEM TORNAESIVM.
CIↃ. IↃCVII.

Facsimile of Title-Page with reputed Shakspere Autograph

murdered and buried Orton in the Bush, but he pooh-poohed it.

April 7th.—A long consultation with Lord Rivers. He brought me Liguori's book, which shows that oaths can be lightly regarded in the Church of Rome. But I satisfied him that such a line of argument would do no good.

July 2nd.—To-day I complete my 54th year. How time flies, and nothing done!

Cockburn's unfairness in the Tichborne Case is now the public topic. He has reduced himself to the level of Bovill.

November 2nd.—Dined at Gray's Inn, talked of Bovill. He does not appear to have left a friend or one who speaks otherwise of him than as a bad prejudiced Judge who delighted in inflicting pain on all who came before him. Lawford, who is Solicitor to one of the Government offices, says he met Bovill and wife a short time ago buying carpets. Lawford said to Bovill, "What do you think now of the Tichborne Case?" Bovill made answer, "Don't mention it, it weighs on me."

November.—Dr D. Wilson called and showed me a letter from Grenville-Murray expressing anger and regret at the sketch of me in *Vanity Fair* for last Saturday.

January 1st 1874.—Still on Tichborne, working myself to death nearly, working against wind and tide and every sort of rough weather. We have gone on smoothly in Cockburn's absence. Now that he has come back he is ardently watching for a chance of getting up a row with me.

Friday, April 10th.—*Englishman* newspaper started.

February 20th 1876.—Joanna Southcote—whose life I have been reading—was a firm believer in the Devil. This is not so strange as that so many should have believed in her.

27th.—There is one man whose likeness I very much wish to possess or at all events to see, and that is Godfrey Higgins, the author of *Anacalypsis* and *Celtic Druids*. I have sought for it in vain. None of the present British Museum people remember him—but there is a tradition among the oldest, of the number of hours he used to work there.

CHAPTER XII

The Tichborne Trial—Dr Kenealy's Description and Reminiscences of The Claimant—Lady Tichborne's Conviction of his Identity—Lord Rivers—The Claimant's Case prejudged—Herculean Labours of his Counsel—The Claimant's High-bred Manners and Artistic Tastes—Incident of the Sealed Packet—Verdict and Sentence.

DURING the whole of his life, Friday was to my Father a day of omen. Every event of importance, fortunate or unfortunate, which happened to him fell upon Friday. He was born on Friday, he first met his future wife on Friday, he was married on Friday. He made his Motion in the House of Commons for an Inquiry into the Tichborne Case on Friday. He was defeated for Stoke-on-Trent on Friday, he died and was buried on Friday. These are but a few examples of a rule almost undeviating in his life.

And on Friday the Tichborne brief was put into his hands. With this fateful and ill-fated chapter of my Father's life I do not propose to deal at length. The task requires a volume to itself. In order to indicate Dr Kenealy's views and to record some of his strange experiences of his Client and of that notable Trial, I have compiled the following graphic passages from a Lecture he delivered later in many towns of the United Kingdom.*

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* The so-called "Confession" of The Claimant made after his release from prison cannot be seriously regarded as throwing light upon his identity. It was extracted from him by an enterprising pressman, at a time when broken in health and spirit by his long imprisonment, a disgraced outcast, with no possibilities of inheritance for his children (Parliament having decreed that Roger Tichborne was dead), he and his family in the direst straits of poverty, he declared under a promise of £3000 that he was Orton. Later he wholly retracted the "Confession," which, purporting to be an account of his imposture, was a tissue not only of the crudest improbabilities (as the work of a

Some of Dr Kenealy's Recollections of the Trial.

I was nearly fifty days addressing the Court of Queen's Bench; and even in that length of time I did not attempt to unriddle the thousand and one enigmas to be found in the career of the Defendant. The Claimant himself is the greatest enigma the world ever saw. If he is Tichborne it is a mystery of mysteries how he could have committed the wonderful follies of which he was guilty. If he is not Tichborne it is, and ever will continue to be, a wonder of the world how he could have persuaded noblemen, gentlemen, ladies, priests, Carabineers (consisting of some of the finest soldiers in the world), nearly all the old tenants of the Tichborne estate, and lastly, Lady Tichborne, one of the keenest, cleverest, and most suspicious of women, that he was no other than the long-lost Roger, the long-absent son who had been missing for so many weary years.

A hundred doubts at this moment crowd my mind, which it would take a hundred hours to answer. A hundred proofs on the other hand are before me, which go to show that no other living man but Roger could have presented such evidences as did he.

If The Claimant be an Impostor—be Orton—he most thoroughly deceived his Counsel; for in my mind I need not tell you there is no doubt that he is the genuine man. I have done all that I could in this case to ascertain how the truth lay. It is possible I may have been deceived; but when doubt rushes over my mind I say to myself: *Me* he could have deceived, but no man born of woman could deceive a Mother into the belief that he was her son, more especially if he were the low-bred brutal ruffian this gentleman is pretended to have been. That Mother lived with him for over a year; she allowed him out of her own narrow income the allowance she

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man with no talent for fiction), but was crammed with misstatements and inaccuracies wholly disproved by facts.

He insisted subsequently up to the time of his death, and solemnly affirmed upon his death-bed, that he was no other than the veritable Roger Tichborne of whose romantic rescue from the wrecked *Bella* his devoted mother had been all along convinced.

gave to her second son Alfred—one whom she dearly loved, and for whose infant son there was a treasury of affection in her heart second only to that which she bore to Roger.

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It was on Wednesday, the 10th of May 1871, that I first saw The Claimant in Westminster Hall. Little did I then imagine how much of my own future, and of my fate in life, would be involved in his fortunes. I was in the Common Pleas on that day when the great Ejectment Clause of Tichborne *v.* Lushington was called on before Lord Chief Justice Bovill. I had heard, of course, a great deal of the plaintiff in that action, and I awaited his appearance and the statement of his case with no little curiosity. I sat near his leading Counsel, Mr Serjeant Ballantine, and looked curiously at the piles of briefs, and the books of photographs with which his advocates were supplied. The Jury had not yet been called, and there was the lull which precedes the tempest:—

> "The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

Suddenly a noise, a murmur, a bustle were heard outside, and in a minute or so The Claimant entered. I was not much struck by his appearance at first. He seemed a mere mountain of flesh. He was carefully and neatly dressed; he moved actively, but there was an appearance of deep anxiety and of utter weariness in his face. As he sat full in front of me, with only a partition between us, he seemed to me to have the broadest shoulders of any man I had seen. His height was proportioned to his stature. He looked round at his Counsel several times with earnestness; but the latter rather discouraged conversation whensoever he attempted it. I thought he treated him rudely, and as though he were ashamed to be seen by the Solicitor-General in communication with his client. This learned gentleman sat close to Serjeant Ballantine. He was spectacled, and seemed deeply immersed in notes and papers. Occasionally he turned round nervously to make inquiry of some of his juniors, but never after the first moment did he look in the direction of The Claimant. He seemed rather to avoid glancing at the place where he sat.

You all know the result of that Trial. The Claimant called upwards of eighty witnesses, the family called seventeen. The Jury, on hearing the testimony given by these, intimated that their minds were made up against The Claimant, whereupon his Counsel consented to be non-suited, which means that he withdrew the case from their consideration. Chief Justice Bovill immediately committed him to Newgate to take his trial for forgery and perjury, and bail having been refused by Mr Justice Brett he lay in jail for nearly two months, until he was at length liberated, security for his appearance in the sum of £5000 having been given by four gentlemen, of whom Lord Rivers, Mr Onslow and Dr Atwood were three. His case was then adjourned under various pretexts for more than a year, to the utter exhaustion of his funds, and to the loss by death of some of his best friends. At the end of this interval he was almost without a penny; and had not some noble-hearted men come forward he would have had to face the whole force of the Government without a shilling in his pocket with which to call a witness or to support his wife and children. Many persons said that the Prosecution calculated on this result, and upon an easy victory: and Mr Hawkins himself announced everywhere that if he did not convict him within ten days he would eat his wig. He did not convict him until ten months had passed, and then only by means which disgrace the country.

The first occasion when I came into personal communication with The Claimant was on Monday, the 24th of March 1873, when Lord Rivers brought and introduced him to me at Gray's Inn. I had seen Lord Rivers twice before, and had been retained by him on the preceding Friday, when he informed me of various facts which had been embodied in petitions signed by thousands of persons. These petitions prayed that Lord Chief Justice Cockburn should not preside at the approaching Trial; and preparations had been made for their presentation to Parliament. I listened with pain to the allegations against Sir Alexander, whom I had known for many years, and with whom I had been on intimate and friendly terms; but I heard them without surprise, for many rumours of the sort had already reached me, and I may say that there was probably not a single member of the Bar who was ignorant of the opinions the Chief Justice had expressed without the least reserve to individuals, and even in mixed society. I could not, however, bring myself to believe that the Chief Justice would for a moment allow any feeling but that of a rigid impartiality to govern his judicial conduct. When, therefore, Lord Rivers asked me what I thought of the expediency of the course proposed, I answered without hesitation, "If any such petitions are seriously contemplated I shall immediately withdraw from the case. I can never be a party to such a vote of censure on a Judge. It is impossible that, in a case like this, the Chief Justice will be led away by bias, or prejudice, or pre-conceived convictions. He aspires to an honourable place in judicial history; he seeks to rank with Holt. I will stake my life upon his integrity."

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It was at our first conference that a little incident happened which I can never forget. We were in the intricacy of discussion. The Claimant sat at my right hand. We had passed over various topics. At length somebody mentioned Lady Radcliffe—and I fear that in abruptly alluding to her I forgot for a moment the courtesies and used an expression which was not complimentary. The Claimant half started from his chair. An expression of rage, surprise and indignation for a second flashed into his eyes. It was as though it were in his mind to fell me to the floor. In an infinitely quicker time than it has taken to describe it the feeling was controlled—but it seemed as though the effort at restraint were mighty. The matter passed, but it operated on me like an electric shock. It seemed as though he flashed upon me at that instant this thought, "That lady is my cousin. The same blood flows in our veins. How dare you use a word derogatory to her?"

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A cartload of old briefs, papers, affidavits and a printed Report of the first forty days of the Trial in the Common Pleas were delivered at my chambers about a week after I first saw Sir Roger Tichborne. There was at least twelve months' reading to be gone through; and the Trial in the Queen's Bench was to come off within the month. I never got any Brief in the Case. The only Brief I received was a thick parchment-bound volume of plain paper, in which I was supposed to make out my own Brief from the materials furnished to me—some of them four or five years old, with no addition or improvement made, and no suggestion vouchsafed, since they were first written. On inquiry I found that four or five different lawyers had been engaged for The Claimant; that they had got between £4000 and £5000 out of him and his friends—moneys generously given by the people of England—and that for this large sum they had each and all done nothing whatsoever; nor did I ever receive or see a single paper, note or memorandum from any of these persons, which represented a sixpence in value, for this large sum.

I did all I could to master even the rudiments of the Case. I sat up all night; and night after night I denied myself sleep, rest and exercise. But labour as I might I found the Case still too vast to be grappled with in so limited a period; and on the first day of the Trial I had so imperfect a knowledge of the mass of details that I wished I had never undertaken such a responsibility at so short a notice. The prosecuting Counsel had had it in hand for seven years, and knew it off like the alphabet. Mr Justice Cockburn had had all the printed papers and documents and volumes given to him twelve months before, and had been mastering them hourly ever since. Thus were those against me armed at all points, and what was worse, they were accomplished masters at arms.

I believe I half killed myself during that month, labouring at the Case; but I could never get abreast of it; and even now, when it is all over, I feel that there are hundreds of things which I ought to have known, but which I never did know, in order to have done justice to my unhappy Client. My friend, Mr Onslow, was indefatigable, but I believe he agrees with me that to have perfectly conducted a cause of that kind I ought to have had a whole year's preparation. Even then I should not have had the knowledge my opponents possessed. However, I was aware that repinings were useless. I did what I could, nor have I any reason to reproach myself for the least want of duty to the man whom I defended, although I have been blamed by many of his friends, who have no knowledge of my fearful disabilities. Of all about me I believe The Claimant himself is the only one who ever did me justice, and appreciated my labours and my deficiency of help.

I have said that I did not derive much information from my Client. In all things relating to the Case he was reserved and taciturn. He was not eager to convince even me upon any point. He did not justify, or excuse, or explain some of his most glaring follies. When I asked him why on earth he had gone to Wapping, he merely anwered, "Well! I must have been mad." He gave no other reason. When I asked him where was Orton he evaded the question, and it seemed as though it pained him to hear the name mentioned. I have theories on both these subjects which fully satisfy myself, and I shall probably make them public some day. At present I need only repeat what I think everybody knows, that I do not believe he is Orton. You could not speak to him, hear him speak for five minutes, or sit in his company and watch his demeanour, and believe that he was that vulgar and outrageous Ruffian. But if he is not Orton, who can he be but Tichborne? The family have ransacked the earth; they have expended many thousands of pounds to discover—as they say—who the Impostor might be. They have been compelled to fall back upon Orton. They have got a Jury to declare upon their oaths that he is that red-haired, splaw-footed, great-fisted, foul-mouthed, pock-marked, ear-pierced, cheek-scarred scoundrel, who had not one redeeming quality, whose whole life was one of vulgar and miserable brutality. The man now in prison is no more Orton than I am.

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I was now visited by Mr Spofforth, a member of one of the greatest law firms in the world; a gentleman who had thoroughly mastered The Claimant's Case, and who, after the fullest inquiry and the most patient and painstaking investigation, had come to the conclusion that he was the true Roger Tichborne. He gave me several hours. And first he said to me, "The late Lady Doughty was one of the shrewdest women who ever lived. From the moment The Claimant was heard of in Australia she took the greatest care to make inquiries into the reality of his pretensions. She had a following of Roman

Catholic Clergymen, many of them Jesuits of importance in the Church, whose means of information extended from one end of the earth to the other. Her own daughter, Lady Radcliffe, was interested to the greatest extent in the matter, for she was next heiress (on failure of male issue) to the Tichborne and Doughty estates, which are valued at £25,000 a year, and which will shortly be worth double that sum. Her niece, Lady Alfred, the daughter of Lord Arundell, married her late husband on the assumption that Roger was dead and that Alfred was sole survivor and owner of the property. Her niece has an only son who, if The Claimant be not Roger, will have this vast estate. For her own sake, therefore, and for that of her daughter; for her niece's sake and her niece's infant son; for Lord Arundell's sake, who is her near relation, and, indeed, for the sake of the Church and Stonyhurst, to which she is a devoted adherent, she has not failed to make in Australia the most diligent and careful inquiries into this matter. Yet this is the letter which she has written to Baigent. She speaks of 'a mass of evidence from different persons in Australia, which she had seen;' and her letter was written in October, while The Claimant was on his voyage to England, and before he had seen anyone but Boglé and Turville, so far as we know."

In this letter, dated Oct. 20, 1866, Lady Doughty stated that she had no doubt that The Claimant was Roger Tichborne; but this letter could not be read at the Trial, because of the negligence of Mr Serjeant Sleigh to question Lady Doughty in her dying moments upon it. I was deeply impressed by this. I had heard of Lady Doughty from many quarters, and knew she was one of the most cunning women in the world. One of my oldest friends had been one of her oldest acquaintance, and we had frequently conversed about her. He told me much of her character and habits. I knew she was not a person who either wrote or decided hastily. Yet by an amount of juggling on one side, and bungling or treachery on the other, I was precluded from giving this letter in evidence before the Jury, although I tried all fair means to do so. The Judges had it before them, printed in the Baigent letters, but they would not allow me to refer to it.

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The third characteristic to which my visitor called my special attention was Castro's Pocket-book. This, as you know, had been picked up in Australia, and instead of being returned, as it honestly should, to the owner, whose name and address it bore, it was sold by the finder to the agent of the family. This Pocket-book contained a sum in division; it was the number 50 which was divided by 7. The Claimant, in doing this sum, had put the divisor 7 where the quotient in English arithmetic would be. This was remarkable, and is what no one brought up in England would be likely to do. But what was my astonishment when my visitor showed me a photographic facsimile of Roger Tichborne's examination paper in arithmetic at the Horse Guards, and there I found that Roger had been ordered to divide £9,875, 11s. 1½d. by 72, and had (in the three or four hopeless and helpless attempts which he made to do so) in every instance put the divisor 72 where an English boy would have put his quotient, thus doing precisely what the writer in Castro's Pocket-book had done. Now the document from the Horse Guards was sent to Mr Spofforth a short time before the Trial in 1871, and the Pocket-book had been lost in Australia some years before, so that there could be no pretence that the peculiarity of division found in the one had suggested the other. Here was a startling fact: Roger Tichborne and Thomas Castro doing a sum in division, and each following the same peculiar method. A French arithmetic book was produced at the Trial which contained the same peculiarity, and we know that it was in Paris Roger learned his arithmetic.

A day or two after this I mentioned this wonderful coincidence to my junior, Mr M'Mahon, and pointed it out to him in the Pocket-book and in the Horse Guards paper. My visitor had previously assured me that The Claimant was not aware of this point of identity. M'Mahon suggested that we should test him for our own satisfaction. Accordingly the next time we saw him Mr M'Mahon started some arithmetical divisional question, and affecting to be a little puzzled by it, he turned to The Claimant and said, "Sir Roger! Can you help us? Divide such a number by such a number." The Claimant took up a piece of paper, and putting the sum to be divided on it, immediately put his divisor where the quotient should be, and worked out the sum, as the French boy Roger had done in the Horse Guards paper. Mr M'Mahon and I did not say a word, but looked at each other. And I verily believe no man in Court was more surprised than The Claimant was when I pointed out to the Jury this marvellous agreement. He every now and then looked up at me with a sort of blank astonishment, giving me credit for having made a new and wonderful discovery—although I was in no way entitled to it, having got it from my acute and clear-minded visitor.

I carefully examined my Client every time I saw him. I never was able to detect him in any way acting a part. If he be an Impostor he is the cleverest man in the world. But I have already told you that I do not think him clever. The various phases of society which he has seen, and the astonishing variety of people he has met have, of course, done much for his intellect; but he is really nothing more than an ordinary English country squire who has travelled, and observed; whose average abilities have been improved by years, by social intercourse, and by rubbing against every sort of character; one with a slight fund of humour, and fair common-sense, where his passions do not lead him like a Will-o'-the-Wisp into a quagmire, and whose memory is a curious compound of strength and of weakness.

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The Tichborne Case was one in which I was long exceedingly disinclined to be engaged. The conduct of his leading Counsel had been so violently canvassed at the first Trial that I had no desire to be made the theme of a similar discussion. I also feared, although I scarcely anticipated, a fatal result. First because the opinions of the Chief Judge who was to try him were perfectly well known, and I felt how powerful is the voice of a Judge in England. And though I had faith in the laws of the country, and bare in mind those noble words of Nicodemus, "*Doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth?*" nevertheless I knew that what the Law did not, the Interpreter of the Law might do if he thought fit. Secondly, I felt how deeply in the mind of all his confessions, or assertions, with regard to Lady Radcliffe had done him prejudice. I was myself biassed against him for what he had done in this respect. I had no sympathies in the maintenance of such an issue, and during the Trial abstained as much as I could, consistently with duty, from saying one word which could give pain to that Lady—although upon this point I have been shamefully misrepresented. When therefore the matter had been proposed to me some weeks before, I rejected it without hesitation, saying that it came too late in the day for me to enter upon a Case of such magnitude. How I came eventually to accept it I hardly know. Lord Rivers told me he had been assured by several, of whom the late Lord Chelmsford was one, that I was the only man at the Bar who could fight such a forlorn hope with even a chance of success. I was led astray, perhaps, by some compliments which were paid to my independence. I felt mayhap that it would be a base and cowardly act not to buckle on armour for a man who was sorely in distress.

When I inquired subsequently how The Claimant could have been brought to make this avowal as to Lady Radcliffe—disgraceful if it were true, infamous if it were false—I was assured that he was an unwilling agent in the transaction; that it had been forced from him by importunities, and even by threats to abandon his case, if he did not declare in writing the true meaning of whispers which had for years pervaded Hampshire and Dorset. Indolent in the extreme, hating to be bored, solemnly assured that no one should ever be made acquainted with the mystery, in a fatal moment he consented to write the substance of the Sealed Packet. But even in the instant that he had done so, and had handed over the copy to his advisers, he laid down his head upon the table, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "*Now I am disgraced for ever. Now I shall never again be able to hold up my head in Hampshire.*" The promise made to him was basely broken, and in a few days the purport of the whole confession was gossiped about Westminster Hall, and was known in his native county.

On Wednesday, the 23rd of April 1873, this Great Trial began. The Defendant entered Court about a quarter to ten, as neatly attired as though he had been dressed for a fashionable function. He exchanged a few words with me in the most cheerful manner, and then seated himself at a little table which had been specially put up for his use. Here young Bogle sat close to him, and opening a small black leather bag which he always carried, took out a case of note-paper, pens and ink, a magnifying glass and a beautiful little pair of scissors—so small that it seemed made for a child's hand. These he arranged with African neatness before his master, who, wholly indifferent as it seemed to the proceedings, amused himself with an old copy of the *Hornet*, in which Hawkins was represented mercilessly dragging Whalley and poor Skipworth to jail. After this he smiled over the current number of *Punch*, in which he himself was caricatured.

When the Judges entered, dressed in their dark blue robes, with huge salmon-coloured silk sleeves and round tippets, he rose and bowed to them with the most courtly grace. But the Chief Justice turned on him a cold, disdainful, wicked eye, nor did Mr Justice Mellor look at him at all. And this discourtesy and contempt thus shown on the first day of the Trial lasted to the end. Nor was there ever known an instance when the Judges answered, by the least recognition, the gentlemanlike bow of deference and submission with which The Claimant always greeted their entrance into, and their departure from, Court.

A dear old Scotch lady, a friend of mine, when she one day rallied me on the constant squabbles which went on between Mr Hawkins, the Jurors, myself and the Judges, said pleasantly, "In my mind The Claimant was the only one of you who from first to last conducted himself with dignity." And I believe she was not far from right. He never once lost his temper, or forgot that he was a gentleman, while Mr Hawkins was giving me the lie direct, and Judge Mellor accused me of dishonour, because I asked some Witness a question; while the Chief himself, when I was telling the Jury that it was an old proverb that "priests never forgave," was polite enough to hint, if not to say, that there was no such proverb, but that I had invented it for the occasion. Nay, although Sir Alexander Cockburn, once when he caught the eye of the Defendant upon him, said audibly and in a fierce growl, "Don't look at me, Sir," the Defendant endured this and a thousand other similar pieces of insolence with a grace, a patience and a high dignity which, to any but a person filled and poisoned with prejudices, would have carried the conviction, "This man, whatsoever his follies and offences, is a gentleman, and can be nothing else."

The Claimant has been called a wonderfully adroit and designing man; for my own part, although I saw a good deal of him, I was never able to find out his dexterity. There is said to be an art which conceals art. If he was clever he always hid his cleverness from me. I have been told that he could address public meetings well; I have no reason to doubt the information—I myself never heard him. But dealing with him, as I found him, I should call him a dull man—as dull and commonplace in most things as is many a country bumpkin. I never heard a vulgar sentiment or a low expression come from him. I never found a word which savoured of Wapping. I never heard him give utterance to an idea inconsistent with the mind of a gentleman. I never saw the least assumption about him which could lead me to think he was playing a part. He was always easy, natural, simple. His affability and politeness were those, not only of a well-bred, but even of a high-bred man.

To women he was graceful, and even captivating. His manner was that of a French courtier or nobleman of the age of Louis Quatorze. He had much of the fascination which belonged to George the Fourth, as I have heard it described by persons who were intimate with that monarch. In outer appearance he bore, too, a resemblance to the Prince Regent. His smile was sweet and courtly, and when he lifted his hat and bowed it was with the ease and grace of a Prince. I have been told by persons better acquainted with these things than I am that his mode of handling the ribbons was conclusive to their minds that he was a gentleman. His hands were beautiful and soft. His taste for art was refined. The first time he entered my room he singled out, as the thing he most cared for, a fragment of a picture by Correggio, in which is a fore-shortened arm marvellously painted. Nobody but a man with an artist's eye would have chosen such a picture. But he saw it in a moment. He was a finished judge of china, and could discern at a glance, as I have seen him do, the real from the counterfeit.

He was wholly devoid of spite or of malignity. I do not think I ever heard him speak with acrimony even of Chief Justice Bovill or of Sir John Coleridge. Toward the end of his second Trial he allowed his feelings to break out against both Judges and Jurymen. But that was after he had been racked and tortured and insulted in the cruellest manner for nearly a year, when he had become careless and desperate, and wished for death to put an end to his troubles. As a rule his temper was fine. This I can state truly—for no man ever tried it more than did I; and I look back with pain to many things which a sense of duty compelled me to say of him in his presence.

He never even affected to give an explanation of matters which a cunning, plausible man would have readily accounted for. The most obvious things which an impostor would have clutched at he either did not see, or did not think it worth his while to mention. The only instance of sharpness I ever recollect in him was when Lady Dormer was in the witness-box. Being his first cousin she conveyed the impression to all in Court that she had been constantly in his society. The Claimant turned up to me and said, " I don't believe I was ever in her company a dozen times—certainly not twenty." I put the question to her almost in his words; she sought to evade it, but she admitted that it was substantially correct. How could an impostor have known this?

Amid much triviality and lightness, so emblematic of his French blood, and probably of his frivolous French education, there were moments when he showed a dignity worthy of his ancient lineage; when he felt and wrote like a well-bred man; when he flung aside the manners and feelings of the Backwoodsman, the Butcher and the Vagrant, and asserted his true character in its native strength.

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On the last day of his Trial, when the Jury returned to the Court, the Defendant was perfectly self-possessed. He knew his fate now. What Peel had said at the beginning of the Trial was doubtless in his thoughts—but he flinched not in the least.

The hour was come which was to try his soul. I saw Palmer sentenced, and he was pale as death; every muscle was rigid under the strain. But the Defendant was as cool as though he had been about to raise his much-loved rifle and to fire at a mark for a friend's wager or for his own pleasure.

Mr Justice Mellor fumbled at his desk and took out a manuscript, consisting of several sheets of foolscap paper. He said something to Frayling, the Chief Justice's Clerk, who sat right under him; and Frayling rather harshly said to the Defendant, " Stand up." The Defendant did so. I expected him to turn round to me and to ask me for advice. But he did not do so. His manner was full of quiet dignity. I have been told by those who sat in front of him that there was no quiver of the lip, no drooping of the eye, no change of colour, no tremor of any description. The four detectives from Scotland Yard fixed their horrid eyes upon him, as though they expected him to produce a revolver and to use it on himself, or upon the Judges. But there was no spite or malice in this man. Whatsoever bad qualities he may have possessed, malice was not one of them. He listened, as Socrates might have listened, to his sentence. The Defendant was no Greek philosopher, but greater coolness, I had almost said majesty, in the hour of tribulation, no man ever showed.

Mellor read the sentence—that wretched sentence which had been prepared hours, perhaps days before, with full knowledge of what the verdict was to be—with a diabolical exultation in his voice, and coarse features, which grated terribly on the few friends of Tichborne who were allowed to be present, but which was, no doubt, music to his assembled foes

When the sentence was pronounced and finished the Defendant asked calmly, " May I say a few words, my Lord? " The Chief Justice leaned forward. " No! " he said, and the denial sounded like the clash of chains. The natural melody of Cockburn's voice had changed almost to a roar, as indeed, almost from first to last, during the Trial, his whole nature seemed to have changed to that of a hyena, growling, glaring, fierce. The Defendant bowed. He turned round to me, and in the true spirit of a gentleman would not leave without bidding me " Farewell! " He put out his hand. Every eye was riveted on me. How could I have refused it? I shook it and said, "Good-bye, Sir Roger, I am sorry for you." A groan of horror broke from some barristers behind me. One of them exclaimed (I think it was Moriarty), "He shakes hands with him!" as though I had been committing murder or some other crime. I did press his hand, and I shall never regret it. I should have scorned myself if I had driven a dagger into his heart, by repelling him at that moment. The Tipstaff beckoned and he went out, and as he left the Court he bowed to the Bench.

There was no recognition of the salute, but the highest gentleman in the land could not have behaved with greater courtesy, dignity or decorum.

They led him through a maze of corridors, by private staircases and dark passages, and searched him for pistol or poison. When an officer was about to handcuff him he smiled quietly but sadly, and said, "That is not necessary, gentlemen; I know how to behave myself."

And there was that about the man which moved them to desist.

HENRIETTE FÉLICITÉ

The Claimant's Youngest Child, at four years old

(Photo by Meull and Fox)

CHAPTER XIII

The Benchers of Gray's Inn and the Oxford Circuit Mess—Letter from Mr Powell, Q.C.—Dr Kenealy's Refutation of the Charges brought against him—Disbarment and Disbenchment—Letter from Mr Grenville-Murray.

IMMEDIATELY after the Trial and sentence the Benchers of Gray's Inn and the members of the Oxford Circuit Mess announced their intention of inquiring into Dr Kenealy's action during the course of the Trial.

More interesting and instructive than would be any expression of opinion by a lay person like myself are the following comments upon their decision, taken from the *Law Times* and from *The Solicitor's Journal and Report* of the period:—

From " The Solicitor's Journal and Report,"
March 21, 1874.

It is announced that the Benchers of Gray's Inn have resolved to institute an inquiry into Dr Kenealy's conduct " during and with reference to the Trial of the Tichborne Claimant," and that they have appointed a Committee to report upon the charges which in their opinion Dr Kenealy should be called upon to answer. We do not wish to discuss the propriety of the course thus taken, but we cannot refrain from protesting against the strange assumption which seems to be made in some quarters that because the Judges in the course of the recent Trial expressed an opinion that an advocate had abused his privileges, the Benchers of his Inn are bound to institute an inquiry. The opinion of a Judge as to the conduct of an advocate must always command attention, but to suppose, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* appears to suppose, that the fact of " three Judges and a Jury " censuring an advocate makes it "the duty of his Inn to inquire into his conduct," is to convert the Benchers into mere henchmen of the Judges, and to place in the hands of the latter a most crushing weapon against an obnoxious advocate—the power of virtually ordering an "inquiry."

"*Law Journal,*" *April* 11.

Whether we look at the wide and indubitable jurisdiction of the Benchers of an Inn of Court, or at the narrow and questionable jurisdiction of a Circuit Mess, we are equally impressed with the conviction that the utmost caution must be used in the exercise of either. Dr Kenealy's case is one of very peculiar difficulty.

The main charge against him consists in the allegation that he addressed questions to witnesses and spoke of witnesses with a license exceeding the liberty conceded to the Bar. We put aside altogether the charge of improper demeanour towards the Bench, because it seems clear to us that the Bench can take care of itself, and that if the Bench does not think fit to punish Dr Kenealy it is mere officiousness in other persons to usurp the authority deliberately foregone by the Bench.

Looking, then, at the main, and indeed the only substantial, charge must we not admit that no worse tribunal to adjudicate upon it could be found than a body of men, many of whom daily and hourly hover on the very border-line between proper and improper treatment of a witness?

How far an advocate ought to go in the case of his client is a problem which has puzzled the wisdom of the most eminent moralists and the most consummate practitioners.

Lord Brougham was for defending a client at all hazards.

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The true question is not whether eminent Counsel did something fifty years ago with impunity, but whether it is proper and expedient that such conduct should be allowed now.

Assuming, then, a higher standard of forensic propriety than is furnished by many notable examples, we yet are confronted with the unsuitable character of the tribunals to which Dr Kenealy is supposed to be, or is, subject.

Only last week a case was reported in the *Times*, in which a special jury of the County of Suffolk appended to their verdict a declaration of their disapprobation of the cross-examination of the plaintiff by the Counsel for the defendant.

The Counsel who had conducted the cross-examination has been forty years at the Bar, and for nearly half that time leader of his Circuit, and is deservedly respected.

It is simply impossible that he does not know, and would not faithfully do, his duty as Counsel. Yet what a *tu quoque* would Dr Kenealy have in hand if this gentleman were but a Bencher of Gray's Inn!

On Dr Kenealy's own Circuit, and on the Bench at Gray's Inn, is a gentleman who is not surpassed by any member of the Common Law Bar as an advocate, and whose whole career at the Bar reflects the highest credit on him; yet we suppose that there are hundreds of witnesses who have felt themselves aggrieved by his severe cross-examination and his vigorous invective. But he is called upon to sit in judgment on Dr Kenealy, not upon some accusation of an overt act of dishonour or wrong—not upon *crimen aliquod probosum*—but upon a question of discretion, of fairness, of good taste, of gentlemanly feeling, of forensic license—a question concerning which there are no laws, no rules, not even precedents worthy of a moment's consideration.

Of that which was about to happen, my Father received warning in a letter from his old friend, Mr Powell, Q.C., Leader of the Oxford Circuit. As will be seen, his friend advises him to leave England until the storm should have blown over and men should have returned to their normal senses. Dr Kenealy's reply is characteristic, and illustrative also of the difficulties and opposition from the Bench with which he had had to contend during the whole course of the Trial.

Letter from Mr J. J. Powell, Q.C.

TEMPLE, *March 1st* 1874.

MY DEAR KENEALY,—I fear I am taking a great liberty in writing this letter, but I hope to be excused, as my object is the desire to be of service to you. I express no opinion about your conduct of the Tichborne Case, having read but small portions of it. It cannot be doubted that it has drawn down on you censure from the Bench of unexampled severity, in which the Jury and the Bar also seem to concur. It is to be feared that this may affect your practice as well as your status, and it has therefore occurred to me whether it would not be advisable to withdraw for a time, and thus, by bowing to the storm which is sweeping over you, avert some of its ill consequences. Looking at the matter in this aspect, what do you say to visiting the United States or Australia, or both, and narrating or lecturing upon the extraordinary Trial just concluded, or giving any other lectures? *If done at once by you* it might produce a rich harvest; and I do not see there would be any greater objection to it than to Dickens' readings, or Thackeray's or Froude's lecturing. You could get to New York comfortably in a fortnight, write one of your lectures on the voyage out, engage with some secretary or manager, such as Dickens had, to arrange for you, and if the thing were well arranged, do well by it in every way. At any rate it may be worth your consideration, and I hope you will excuse me for suggesting it.—Believe me, yours faithfully,

J. J. POWELL.

E. V. KENEALY, Esq., Q.C.

Dr Kenealy's Reply.

March 2nd 1874

MY DEAR POWELL,—I have read your note with the honour and consideration which everything that comes from you to me deserves.

I am deeply thankful to you for the kind interest that prompted you to write it, and I shall never forget it, nor your friendly solicitude for me at all times. But I think you may, on consideration, agree with me that such a course as it suggests would hardly be worthy of me. I have nothing to look back upon in the Tichborne Case which, so far as I am concerned, gives me a moment's sorrow. I do not, and never shall, regret or retract a single word I said from the beginning to the end.

I saw two Judges sit to try this man, who in the eyes of the law was innocent, with the spirit of the old and worst times, when Judges came to execute and not to hear. I saw the most virulent prejudice shown by the Chief and Mellor from the first hour they sat upon the Bench, in their looks, their tones, their gestures, their demeanour, all indicating a foregone conclusion of guilt and a hostility to all opposition to that conclusion. So that I resolved to stand against it with all the power and strength of my soul, and to do my duty to my client to the end, fearless of all personal consequences to myself — consequences of which I had an early intimation from Master Cockburn, the Chief's half-brother. From this determination I never swerved, and for this I shall respect myself through weal or woe for the remainder of my life. The more virulent and hostile they became, the more I vowed to fight for a man so unjustly treated, hoping that the people of England—for I never expected much from the packed Jury—would see, as I believe they will and do see, that the man was not having a fair Trial, and that the Judges were resolute for his conviction. If they had exhibited even a moderate spirit of fairness and impartiality I would have shown them deference. But not one day during the whole Trial did they do so. I could hear observations of the most damaging kind from hour to hour by Cockburn to Lush, which the Jury could hear as well as I did, and which Cockburn intended them to hear, although they were uttered in an undertone.

Do you think from what you know of me that any mere selfish consideration could interfere with my natural indignation at such conduct? Never—thank God—I say, never. In this spirit and under these promptings I fought as I will ever fight. I may be called a fool in this mercenary age for having done so. So be it. It is done, and I rejoice that it is done. And I believe that by-and-by it will produce fruit in a new spirit, which I fear is dying out, not only in our profession, but also in the general public. I have lived long enough to be perfectly certain that no external trappings of life can reconcile one to the loss of self-respect. And I declare I should have despised myself to my dying day if I had ever seemed falsely and hypocritically to appear to think that Cockburn and his colleagues intended to do justice, when I knew, as every member of the Bar knows, that at the Middle Temple, in the Common Pleas (when he was only a spectator) and at numerous dinner-parties Cockburn had pronounced my unhappy client to be an Impostor whom he was determined to convict.

In this diabolical spirit he took his seat on the first day of the Trial, and he retained it to the last, having made up his mind to crush and to ruin if he could any man who dared oppose him.

I knew this then as well as I know it now. But it worked no change in my resolution to battle against it as a hideous, horrible and unholy wrong, and if I perish I shall perish like a knight of old in warfare with a dragon or a serpent. I have never forgotten my favourite old volume, *The Seven Champions of Christendom* (I think I have it off by heart), and I am not ashamed, but proud of the lessons I learned from it.—Yours ever, E. V. KENEALY.

J. J. POWELL, Esq., Q.C.

Without waiting for the decision of the Benchers, the Oxford Circuit Mess hurriedly resolved upon Dr Kenealy's expulsion from it. Whereupon *The Figaro*, at that time a clever and outspoken journal, expressed itself as below. (I may say that the decision of the Oxford Mess was carried by a very small majority, eighteen of Dr Kenealy's colleagues strenuously opposing it. And later, when the heat and excitement following upon the Trial had died down and the question was re-considered with calmness and with just attention, it was acknowledged that all save a few of the Mess sincerely regretted their precipitate action.)

Flagrant Injustice

"Figaro," April 11, 1874.

The Oxford Bar Mess is a *forum domesticum*, and therefore we are at liberty to comment on its proceedings. We intend to use our liberty, and to give expression to the public disgust at conduct that would have disgraced a gang of greedy, huckstering costermongers.

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Assuredly, after the way in which the Bar Mess of the Oxford Circuit has treated Dr Kenealy, it would be gross impertinence for any lawyer to laugh at the ignorance of laymen. If any thirty London scavengers had been called upon to consider the case they could not have shown more reprehensible and shameful ignorance of the principles and administration of justice. . . .

The severe rebuke of the Lord Chief Justice was as great a punishment as a commitment to prison for contempt of Court. As to the treatment of witnesses Dr Kenealy is not the sole offender. Dr Kenealy did no more than Counsel are in the habit of doing. Why, it is common practice to bully witnesses and to asperse their characters. If Dr Kenealy is to be debarred for his treatment of witnesses there are a score or two of eminent Counsel who ought to be simultaneously stripped of wig and gown.

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On May 16 the case of Dr Kenealy will be heard by the Benchers of his Inn; yet, on April 2, the Bar Mess of the Oxford Circuit passed a resolution expelling Dr Kenealy from the Mess. Any junior who holds a brief with Dr Kenealy will be also excluded from the Mess. Therefore, the expulsion will stop Dr Kenealy's business on Circuit. The litigation will go on, but other barristers will have to hold the briefs. The barristers who voted for the expulsion of Dr Kenealy will profit by the proceeding.

We never heard of a more flagrant and indecent act of injustice. Surely the Bar Mess should have waited until the Benchers had delivered judgment on the charges against Dr Kenealy. But that would not pay. Dr Kenealy may be acquitted by the Benchers, and therefore not a day was to be lost in getting him out of the business of the Circuit. The action of the Bar Mess is utterly indefensible, and can only be understood by the assumption of a disgraceful motive.

There is an old saying that dog will not eat dog, but a lawyer will eat a lawyer. Conceive the nearly briefless and ravenous members of the Circuit having authority to stop the business of a leading Counsel! Fancy unsuccessful professional rivals having the power to oust the successful rival!

As we freely censured the behaviour of Dr Kenealy in *Regina* v. *Castro* we are the more bound to protest against the petty and shameful persecution of which he is now the victim.

Dr Kenealy is a man of exceptional ability. He is an accomplished orator, a well-read lawyer, and a finished scholar. Is such a man to be professionally ruined by men who, intellectually, are not worthy to black his boots?

Something more than the professional career of Dr Kenealy is at stake. The honour of the English Bar is imperilled. The wholesome liberty of the advocate is endangered.

Below are the charges which were brought against him by the Circuit Mess, and below these is Dr Kenealy's complete refutation of them. It was addressed to Mr J. K. Smythies, representing the Mess.

Letter from Mr J. K. Smythies to Dr Kenealy, Q.C.

OXFORD CIRCUIT, *29th March* 1874.

SIR,—At the Bar yesterday I heard read a letter from you complaining that you had received no notice of the charges to be made against you at Glo'ster. Though I cannot give you the required information I can state the reasons which will compel me to vote against you unless the answer of you or your friends should change my present opinion, and I do state them in the hope that you may give a disproof or satisfactory explanation.

From the newspaper reports of *Reg.* v. *Castro*, which I take subject to any correction by you, it appears:—

1. That you told the Jury that you should ask them to believe Luie and disbelieve Mr Purcell when you knew that Luie was a perjured witness and had no reason to doubt Mr Purcell.

2. That you charged Mr Holmes with embezzling a great part of £27,000 and deserting his client " when he had sucked the orange dry," and that your client privately told you that it was not so, yet that you did not detract the charge till an announcement by the Court that the charge must be investigated made it inevitable.

3. That you charged Mr Chichester Fortescue, and the Solicitor to the Treasury, with the subornation of perjury, all the Tichborne family with conspiring to defraud their relation, Mary Ann Loder, Lord Bellew, Mr Gosford, all the foreign witnesses for the Crown and others with perjury, described the Tichborne family as Hampshire hogs, the priests as infamous night owls, the teachers and governors of Stonyhurst as wilful corrupters of their pupils, and charged the owners of the *Bella* with scuttling their ship to cheat the insurers, without any ground for any one of these accusations, and thus brought on our profession the disgrace of a public rebuke by the Jury.

4. That you compared the Judges, who presided with perfect fairness and courtesy, to Scroggs and Jeffreys and threatened them with historical infamy apparently to deter them from their duty.

5. That you mis-stated the evidence so often and so much that all your mis-statements cannot be ascribed to loss of memory.

6. That after the verdict you shook hands with the convict, who, even if you could then doubt that he was an impostor, was by his own evidence accepted by you as true, as great a scoundrel and degraded a blackguard as ever disgraced humanity.—I am yours, etc.

J. K. Smythies.

Letter from Dr Kenealy, Q.C. to Mr J. K. Smythies.

GLOUCESTER, *April 4th* 1874.

SIR,—I am favoured with your letter of the 29th ultimo., in which you put forth certain reasons why you individually would vote against me at Gloucester. I admire the candour of this course, and although I hear you are very much opposed to me I do not hesitate to reply to the charges contained in your letter.

The first allegation is partly true but radically wrong. I used the words contained in it many days before it was shown that Luie was not a witness of the truth. After that I gave him up at once in open Court, and never again referred to Mr Purcell in connection with him. Mr Purcell and I have met and conversed since on two or three occasions in the most friendly manner. He has never hinted that he has any fault to find with me and not a particle of unkindly feeling exists between us. If *he* is satisfied that I have done him no wrong I hope that you and the outside world will be content.

It is *not* true that I charged Holmes with *embezzling* any money. I said that he had sucked the orange dry. This is true, for when the Defendant came into the hands of Baxter & Co. he was penniless, all his funds having been exhausted in absurd and abortive proceedings in Chancery. I misunderstood a letter which the Defendant had written, in which he spoke of Holmes having raised £35,000 (I think) for him, and as no dates were given I supposed that that sum had been raised after 1867. The moment I said so the Defendant interrupted me. He had frequently uttered disjointed and indistinct sentences to me during the numerous days I was speaking, and they had been of so foolish a nature that I took no notice of them. I need not tell *you* what interruptions are under such circumstances. The Lord Chief Justice observed this and said I should have an opportunity of bringing the matter before the Court if I thought fit. The Court adjourned a few minutes after and then it was I clearly understood for the first time that this £35,000 was a transaction with which Holmes had nothing to do. When the Court re-assembled I stated this. My instructions at the Trial with reference to Mr Holmes were literally obeyed by me—I did not go beyond them in the least letter. It is absurd to suppose that I could have intended to misrepresent what appeared in a printed letter and which could be as it was cleared up in an instant. A more untrue representation of what really occurred cannot well be than that which you suggest, but I do not by any means think that it is your deliberate act or that it is anything but a mistake on your part.

It is not true that I charged Mr Chichester Fortescue or the Solicitor to the Treasury with subornation of perjury. Of the former I said it was "unfortunate" that he should have appointed Captain Oates to a post when he must have known that he was a witness in a case in which his Government had taken a great interest. Mr Fortescue was aware of my cross-examination of Oates on this subject, and he might have offered himself as a witness to show that he appointed Oates in the most innocent manner. He did not do so, but after the case was closed he wrote a letter to the Lord Chief Justice making certain statements which he ought to have proved and which the Lord Chief Justice read to the Jury as though they had been evidence. And this letter was read after I had finished my summing-up, so that I was precluded from making any remark upon it. I consider, therefore, that the word "unfortunate" was not too strong a phrase to apply under the circumstances and that it does not justify your use of the words "subornation of perjury." With respect to Mr Gray I invite your attention to the following passage in my summing-up, extracted from the *Daily News* of January 15, the only newspaper whose report I have read:—

"Bear in mind that if I arraign this Prosecution for anything, I especially exempt my old and respected friend, the Solicitor to the Treasury, and those who are immediately connected with him. I wish that it had rested entirely with them and with them only, and then we should not have had *this army of spies and detectives* who have disgraced and degraded a great public cause," etc. etc.

Note that it was to this "army" my observations in general were directed. The Chief Justice heard me speak in this way of the Solicitor to the Treasury, he heard me exempt Mr Hawkins from complicity in many of the bad acts of the case, yet he ventured to say in his summing-up to the Jury as follows:—

"You have been told that everybody connected with it from the highest to the lowest, counsel, solicitors, clerks, detectives—everyone is engaged in a foul conspiracy."

I ask you to contrast my speech with his words.

Probably when you see how gravely you have erred here you may pause and ask yourself whether you and others actuated by motives beyond suspicion may not be mistaken also in many other things.

It is not true that I charged all the Tichborne family with conspiring to defraud their relation. This allegation is too general for me to meet it with anything but general denial. If I were to call upon you for proof you could find no proof. In my two speeches, extending over forty-four days, I can lay my hand on several passages which refute such a charge.

You mention the names of several persons whom you say I charged with perjury. Is this an unheard-of act? How many people are we all obliged to charge with perjury, or with reckless swearing akin to perjury, in the course of our professional lives? I am amazed at such an accusation. In numbers of cases there is perjury on one side or the other. Are we to remain silent and to say all is truth? I can tell you nearly the exact number of persons whom I so charged out of 250 called for the Prosecution. It amounts to about fifteen. I would send you their names only for the law of libel. Compare this with what Brougham did at the Queen's trial, where not a hundred witnesses were examined, or what Sir J. Coleridge said in the Common Pleas, where only eighty-five were examined, or with what Mr Hawkins read from a deliberately written speech about nearly *all* of my 280 witnesses at the late trial, and you will then regret your own hastily-formed notions and perceive the appositeness of the quotation which ends this correspondence and for which I am indebted to one of my friends on the Circuit. I had a right to believe and to say that these fifteen persons were false. Mistake was impossible. Do you contend that I ought to have assumed that my case was false? that all the witnesses for the Prosecution were truthful and mine were doubtful? Surely you cannot contend for this. If you look through my speech you will see that over and over again I speak of numbers of witnesses as being *mistaken*. It is hard that you should thus run away with a general notion. I am prepared to prove that there is nothing which justifies your sweeping assertion, and I am prepared to justify all I said of these particular witnesses.

I used the words "Hampshire hogs" playfully, in allusion, as well as I remember, to Sir E. Doughty and Sir J. Tichborne and Roger, and the sort of existence which they led, and I never before heard that anybody noticed it or cared for it. I did not think it would be made a matter of observation.

I said that the Jesuits all over the world, and particularly in France, were the corrupters of youth. I condemned Stonyhurst teaching and morals as exemplified in the career of one of its pupils, and in its use of the Preston brothels. (See *the evidence of Mr Hoffland.*) I did call the French priests, who insinuated madness and subornation of perjury against the dead Lady Tichborne, "night owls." Do you seriously think or say that in doing so I did anything worthy of serious reprehension? If you had heard the evidence of these men against that unhappy Lady you would have been moved, I believe, with the warmest feelings of indignation, nay, I believe you might have used stronger language than I did—nor could I blame you if you had.

It is not true that I *charged* the owners of the *Bella* with scuttling the ship. It *is* true that I asked various questions bearing on the point as I was instructed to do, but I made no allusion to it ever again nor did I mention it at all in either of my speeches. The word "charged," therefore, is wrong, unless you say that simply putting questions is making a charge. And if you read my brief you will judge for yourself whether I had not grounds for all I said on this as well as on other matters.

I hope I am above the censure of the Jury of which you make so much. The Jury were not empanelled to try me, and the Judge—if he had meant right—should have rebuked their impertinence. It is enough for the Bar to have the Bench for censor, without voluntarily thrusting themselves into the power of an inferior and irresponsible body. I don't wonder, when *you* have been misled as you have been, that *they* should equally wander astray.

It is *not* true that I compared the Judges to Scroggs and Jeffreys. The Lord Chief Justice said it but he said what was untrue. *Litera scripta manet.* If there be any such allegation by me against the Chief Justice or his colleagues, let it be produced. I remember none and I believe there is none. Had I said it he would have been glad to seize the opportunity against me. I cannot now read over a forty-four days' speech, but I am pretty sure the statement is erroneous.

The Chief Justice says that I declared his name would be blurred and sullied in the judicial history of his country for his conduct at the Trial. Have we come to this abject condition that this may not be said of a Judge? If said falsely no one minds it—no one can be hurt. If said truly where is the offence? Why did not the Judge avenge himself for it when the Trial was ended? And if he did not are you to throw the Shield of Ajax over him? Have you forgotten Erskine's contests with Judge Buller? Are we to endure with meekness all that Judges choose to say? Surely you do not contend for this.

You say I threatened the Judges with historical infamy. What then? Is this ungentlemanlike or unforensic conduct? It was known to all the Judges that a strong feeling prevailed out of doors, that two of their body, months before they sat to try the Defendant, had declared him to be guilty. This had been said without any secrecy at numerous places. Thousands of persons who had heard this signed petitions to Parliament praying that one of these Judges should not preside at the forthcoming Trial. I prevented the presentation of these petitions. The Judges knew this. I myself acquainted Mr Justice Lush of the feeling and of the fact. Was I not justified therefore from what I saw passing in drawing the attention of the Court to a future time when we shall all have passed away and when history shall investigate this memorable Trial? I did so delicately, but I did so solemnly; it was not until the final hour that I used the phrase which the Chief Justice cited. I did so under the gravest conviction of duty to the Defendant, to the Bar and to the public. I hold that Counsel has a right to act as censor of the Judge if duty demands. If this grand standard of principle be lost sight of by the Bar, then the Bar as a body is without honour.

Have you forgotten the great attitude of resistance which the lights of our profession have shown to Judges and jurors when the occasion required it? Has their strong and violent language escaped your recollection? You, I suppose, are well read in our past judicial history—it may be that those whom you have influenced are not equally well acquainted with it. Free and independent speech has always been the noble characteristic of our profession. May it ever be so, even if I am to be its martyr. I will not go further back than Erskine. Permit me to refer you to some extracts from his speech in the case of Captain Baillie where he singled out Lord Sandwich, then a member of the Cabinet, in the most signal and sarcastic manner, and what made it more remarkable was the fact that Lord Sandwich was in no way before the Court, as Lord Mansfield told Erskine. But he could not stop him although he tried. And this has ever been regarded as one of Erskine's heroic acts. I refer you to the speech and to its daring diction. You will see how the Chief Justice of England was bearded in his pride of place when he sought to screen the real offender. Let me invite your attention also to the words of that great advocate in the case of Lord George Gordon, where he said to the Jury, " By God, that man is a *ruffian* who could find in the prisoner's conduct evidence of guilt." And he continued to treat him and to speak of him throughout the case as his friend, although he was on his trial for a most heinous offence. He probably shook hands with him also. I have before alluded to his contentions and scornful altercations with Judge Buller in the Dean of St Asaph's case. Is our spirit to be less than his? Mine never shall be. You will find all I have said is more than surpassed by the tone and temper of Erskine's reprobation. In his sun-bright path I am not ashamed to follow. The Bar for its own honour should support me.

No one ever thought of arraigning Erskine for thus speaking openly and boldly in defence of his clients, and in defiance of unjust power. If once a path shall be prescribed by Judges or by journalists to Counsel as to what they shall or shall not say, there is an end to the independency of the Bar or the rights of suitors in our Courts. If the agitation against me succeeds the Bar receives a blow from which it can never recover. Mark my words—for they are true. And if I *am* crushed I shall in no way grieve. For the Bar would then be a profession to which I should be ashamed to belong. I came to it having before my eyes, after long and earnest study, the highest and most exalted standard. While I have practised at it I have kept that standard in view. No man living can with truth allege anything against my professional honour or my character. I stand before my countrymen in this respect without reproach. I do not care for the verdict of the Bar Mess. My own conscience, my whole public life, is an adamantine shield against slander and abuse, even although it come from the Bench.

* * * * * * * *

[*Cases were here cited of famous advocates who had used their full prerogative in defending their clients.*]

An outcry nearly similar to that now raised against me by certain persons was got up against the present Lord Chief Baron for his defence of Tawell at Aylesbury. You remember how the newspapers rang, and the nickname which that eminent advocate received. He was accused of the greatest enormities, etc. His Bar Mess did not unite against him, nor did his Benchers yield to clamour. The public soon recovered from the arts of his foes, and he attained in due time the judicial reward to which he was so well entitled. With equal confidence I look forward to my hour of triumph over all these miserable intrigues which are going on. The millions are on my side and against them all factions are powerless.

All these facts prove that it has never yet been successfully attempted to crush Counsel for acts done in open Court, before all people and with the eyes of the world upon them. Never before in the judicial annals of England was it known that Judges deliberately stated of Counsel what those in this case did. That they heaped contumely upon him day by day simply because he sought to do his duty. that they constantly interrupted and misconstrued his words into the worst meaning, that they allowed him to be called a liar in open Court without rebuke and denied him redress when appealed to, and when they were told they had insulted him every day did not deny the charge but merely answered, "You brought it on yourself." All these things are unprecedented, and if the people of England do not take them up I can prophesy for the people of England a tyrannic crisis which they do not at this moment anticipate, but which is certain to come and to strangle them.

Perhaps you, as from your language it seems although leagued with my foes, will meditate on these things. You will bear in mind also that I defended a man of whose identity with Tichborne I am as sure as I can be of anything that I do not absolutely *know*, for which assurance there exist at least a thousand reasons which are no proofs in a Court of Law, but which to my mind nevertheless carry absolute conviction. Nor do I stand alone in this. I am supported by men of the clearest minds in England. Have not you yourself, in the course of large experience as a Counsel, seen over and over again indubitable moral evidence of the inherent justice of your cause, but evidence which, by the rules of law, you were unable to offer in Court? So it is with me in this case. If you think it is for ever decided you are in grievous error. I believe that before twelve months pass the real Arthur Orton will be in this country, proved and acknowledged by thousands of persons, and that the present victim of the Prosecution will be released amid general acclamation.

Your next charge is that I wilfully mis-stated evidence. I am sorry you use such language. You deliberately charge me with baseness. I can only answer it by appealing to my whole professional life, which refutes such an infamous accusation—by appealing to those who know me and who will say that I am incapable of any such proceeding. Why should you judge me so harshly? Why not make allowance for a *real* forgetfulness of facts which are to be numbered by the myriad, and which occupied ten months to try? Have *you* never, in a short cause of a few hours, forgotten the purport of evidence and unintentionally mis-stated it? Can you not suppose that

I might have done so innocently in a vast, heavy and complicated case of unparalleled magnitude? I notice that you do not particularise any mis-statements of mine. I am unable therefore to answer such a calumny (as your language compels me to call it) except by challenging you for proof. Yet I hardly think that we could conveniently try the Tichborne Case over again at Gloucester or indeed anywhere.

It is true that after the verdict the condemned man—the unjustly condemned man, as I shall always think—put out his hand to me and I took it. It is equally true that I said to him, " Good-bye, Sir Roger; I am sorry for you." It is certain also that I am ashamed of neither act nor speech, but that I should have scorned myself if, with the firm conviction in my mind that he is not Orton but is Tichborne, I had spurned him. Had I done so his enemies would have said that I acquiesced in the verdict. I do not acquiesce in it. I believe it is wrong, and I am hopeful that time will demonstrate it to be wrong.

And now permit me to commend this letter to your candid consideration. I give you credit for writing to me with honourable motives, although you have used language which I regret. I ask you not to be led away by prejudice, by passion or by base self-interest, which may mislead others but which is most unworthy. You are party to an act which must come before the world and be canvassed by it. Weigh well what I have written. Make allowance for the most overwhelming difficulties with which ever Counsel had to contend. Remember your own intercourse with me, slight as it has been, and ask yourself whether you ever heard an unworthy statement fall from my lips, or an unworthy deed upheld. If you did not—if you have always found me a man of honour—then I say condemn me if you can.—Yours sincerely,

EDWARD VAUGHAN KENEALY.

P.S.—The whole of these charges of yours are founded on the easy and convenient assumption that before the Verdict I knew or ought to have known that the Defendant was Orton, that all his witnesses were false or mistaken, and that all the witnesses for the Prosecution were incapable of falsehood or mistake. Of course if I had known this I would not have said or done some of the things you bring against me. But this is quite a new theory to guide the practice of Counsel.

No representation, however, which Dr Kenealy, his friends or the more just-minded contingent of the Press could urge in his defence availed. Like his client he was prejudged, and his expulsion from the Circuit Mess was followed very shortly by his disbenchment and disbarment.

At the age of fifty-four he was deprived in a few weeks of his well-earned position and of his chances of advancement. Exhausted by the prolonged Trial, and in a very precarious condition of health, he was thrown upon the world with no means of livelihood.

The Charges first made against him as to his conduct during the Trial were abandoned, and the charge of being Editor of *The Englishman* was substituted, showing the difficulty his opponents had in substantiating their indictment and their eagerness to find some or another charge upon which to condemn him. And it was for editing *The Englishman* and not at all for his action in the Tichborne Case that he was finally condemned.

An injustice so flagrant as was this to a man whose rigid professional and personal honour had never been impugned, a distinguished scholar, an ornament to his profession, and beyond all, a good and upright man, would be impossible in these days of an independent and intelligent Press. In those days a considerable contingent of the Press was composed of briefless barristers from whom honest and impartial criticism of judicial matters was scarcely to have been expected.

In these days the Press has among its representatives some of our finest and most progressive minds. In these days, when judicial and other injustices are speedily brought to light and redressed by the intervention of spirited and broad-minded Journals, Dr Kenealy would not have been allowed to suffer the extreme penalties of the professional law for that which his fiercest opponents were unable to allege were sins more serious than trespasses against taste and discretion.

Libels, it was stated, had appeared in *The Englishman*. But had this been so, why then had not the libelled persons sought the usual reparation of the Law Courts?

One morning journal thus commented upon the action of the Oxford Circuit:—

> Without giving him a chance of defending himself, or calling upon him for an explanation of his conduct during the late Tichborne Trial, the members of the Oxford Circuit have decided to exclude Dr Kenealy from the Bar Mess. Mr Huddlestone, Q.C., proposed his exclusion, which was seconded by Mr Staveley Hill, Q.C., and carried. About eighteen of the senior members of the Circuit, however, voted against the decree of ostracism. Most of those who voted for his exclusion were comparatively young members. The effect of the decision will be to nearly ruin Dr Kenealy, as he now loses the assistance of junior Counsel and solicitors, who profit by the employment of two Counsel, and who will not, as a consequence, ever engage him. The learned Counsel has eleven children totally dependent upon him.—*Morning Advertiser*.

Below is an example of many kind and encouraging letters such as Dr Kenealy received from strangers to cheer his uphill efforts. It may be taken as testimony to those methods of his defence which were later called in question.

Letter from Sir John Eardley-Wilmot, Bart.

QUEEN'S GATE, W., *August 1st* 1873.

Sir John E. Eardley-Wilmot, although a stranger to Dr Kenealy, cannot help expressing his sense of the able and energetic and powerful defence made by Dr Kenealy of his client. Sir E. W. was in Court on Wednesday and yesterday and listened with the greatest interest and attention to Dr Kenealy's able defence. He withholds his judgment till he hears what evidence the Doctor can offer to rebut the evidence of the Prosecution.

Sir E. Wilmot was well acquainted with the late Sir James Tichborne and his family, and when a boy at Winchester School used to play cricket at Tichborne in 1827 and 1828.

The following letter from Mr Grenville-Murray, a well-known and accomplished journalist attached to the staff of *Vanity Fair*, refers to a cartoon and article which had appeared in that paper and for which, I may add, the Editor later expressed regret.

Letter from Mr E. C. Grenville-Murray to Dr David Wilson.

101 Rue de l'Université, Faubourg St Germain,
Paris, *November 3rd* 1873.

My dear Friend,—I cannot suffer the absurd article in *Vanity Fair* to pass without begging you to inform Dr Kenealy that I had no part in it. About three weeks ago I was asked to supply notes for an article upon Dr Kenealy, whose well-earned celebrity makes him the common property of newspapers. It is one of the many penalties of Fame to be advertised in many manners, and all men must submit to be misinterpreted by fools.

The application made to me for notes respecting this great and upright gentleman gave me unusual pleasure because I was anxious that he should not be misunderstood, and I collected what information was accessible to me from my friends. Everyone whose opinion was worth having told me plainly that Dr Kenealy was not only the greatest living lawyer at the English Bar but that he was the greatest public benefactor who has been seen in this generation; for that he is the *only* man who has dared to brave the clique and coterie which govern England. My own admiration of him was simply unbounded. I had read with amazement and delight in the debates upon the Tichborne Case an assurance that there was still an English barrister not inferior in courage and genius to Erskine. I *knew* how much he had had to encounter, and that a man less brave and honest, less *grand*, would have been cajoled or bought off long ago. And when Dr Kenealy's name was mentioned in my presence I held my breath, and thought—*At last, at last* there is a great man at the English Bar.

I wrote of him as men do write of those whom they consider as demigods of the earth, and whom they reverence and esteem in their innermost hearts; and having heard that he was an Irishman it brought him close to me, for I thought that he might be of my own religion. I applied to him the lines of Lord Byron upon Grattan, another Irishman:

> "Ever glorious Grattan the best and good,
> So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest,
> With all that Demosthenes wanted endued
> And his rival or victor in all he possessed."

And I said that if this were a true portrait it was upon Dr Kenealy that Grattan's mantle had descended.

I have seen so much of the world that I felt I had a right to honour Dr Kenealy, and I did honour him in the only way I could.

Such a Press as ours, so base, so mean, so venal, so mealy-mouthed and subservient to power, never disgraced any country, and I need not tell Dr Kenealy that an honest writer cannot convey his ideas to the public through it.

My notes were not used.

I therefore desire to convey to Dr Kenealy through you my sincere appreciation of his genius and courage. Had it depended upon me the gallant and desperate fight he has fought, I trust to a successful issue, would have been acknowledged in becoming terms; and I will take care *it is acknowledged,* if not in the Old World then in the New. Great fame such as his is widened by detraction, and it reaches the highest summits of renown by a sort of *afterbound.* I will send it over the Atlantic, and it will come back to him fresher and brighter from the journey.

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE

(A Contemporary Portrait presented by the Prince to an O'Kenealy)

Meanwhile I wish to tender Dr Kenealy my sorrowful apology that a paper with which I am connected should not have better known how to recognise wisdom, goodness and learning. You and he are not only at liberty, but I beg of you to make what use you please of this letter. I wish that I could cry its contents upon the house-tops. Moral courage, the generous daring to stand up against the powers of darkness and wickedness in high places, and the cool strong abilities to do so successfully are, by the living God, qualities so rare and precious that they deserve to be worshipped, and the old gods of Greece and Rome had no nobler origin than the gratitude of humble folk to their deliverers.

Dr Kenealy's reward may come tardily, but he may remember the old proverb about the voice of the people; and truly it is the voice of God. When Britain shall sum up her worthies of this generation in the Time to come his name shall be among the first of them; and children yet unborn will feel their pride in their country grow warmer when they think of how he wrought and thought and (Heaven grant it!) conquered. —Yours ever affectionately and gratefully,

E. C. Grenville-Murray.

CHAPTER XIV

A Wrecked Career—*The Englishman*—Public Sympathy and Enthusiasm—Touching Tributes—*The Englishman's* Phenomenal Success—Entry into House of Commons—The Renowned Umbrella—Mr Evelyn Ashley's Slander and Defeat—Distinguished Crowd in House—Motion for Royal Commission of Inquiry into the Tichborne Case—Defeated for Stoke-on-Trent—Illness and Death.

My Father seldom or never afterwards spoke of this sudden hideous wrecking of his professional career. But, a proud and a supremely sensitive man, the injustice and the cruelty of it rusted into his soul. Moreover because of it he was deprived of his otherwise assured elevation to the Bench, with the attendant distinction and honourable ease to which his attainments and his professional career had entitled him.

From the hour of its occurrence he was a changed man. He lost his accustomed spirits and a philosophic and serene cheerfulness which all his life, and even since the grave and progressive failure of his health, had characterised him.

Of all sins we commit against our fellows, that of injustice is hardest to bear and most productive of mental and of moral suffering, and this is especially true in the cases of men themselves honest and just-minded. Even so, had he been at the time in normal health, his naturally brave and religious spirit would have enabled him to bear this as he had borne other sorrows and reverses, with calm and with fortitude. But the severe and protracted strain of the Trial had aggravated his serious disease, and had produced a bad nervous breakdown. In the midst of this, without chance even of a day’s respite or change of air, had come the final crushing blow.

On the first warning that he was about to be deprived of his profession he had started *The Englishman*, a weekly paper of independent views. And small wonder if some of the heat and bitterness of his soul toward those who had done their worst against him was expressed in its pages! One may regret that this should have been so. But nobody, I think, can feel surprise about it.

Being nominal Editor, he was of course held responsible for its contents, although, in point of fact, his state of health prevented him from even reading, far less from penning (as was represented) all that appeared in the paper.

The interest and sympathy felt for him were so strong and widespread that *The Englishman* became an immediate phenomenal success. The first week over 100,000 copies were sold. The supply running short, copies of the first number were sold by enterprising newsboys for a shilling and even for half a crown (its published price being twopence). The journal was torn in two and the halves sold for sixpence apiece.

Never before, it was said, had a paper so leapt into a large and assured circulation.

Of this journal, when projected, *Vanity Fair* for 11th April 1874 wrote:—

> Dr Kenealy is about to found a newspaper. It is not fashionable to say anything polite of Dr Kenealy; but he has nevertheless issued a fine manly prospectus, and he means to be a Redresser-General of Wrongs to the British Public. It might be wished, not so much for Dr Kenealy’s sake perhaps (because it is not fashionable to approve of him) as for the sake

of the British people, that the business of redressing wrongs were viewed with more favour than it is at present.

* * * * * * * *

There have been full-minded men before Dr Kenealy who had sublime ideas about newspapers, but a couple of roughs and a cudgel could put an end to them. The classes who have now got firm hold of all the power in England have fully determined that a newspaper shall not deal with facts, and at this moment there is not a publication in the Three Kingdoms which dares to print the truth upon any subject involving a serious interest.

Dr Kenealy may depend upon it that neither he nor anyone else will be allowed to vent a grievance by a cheap method.

Every official, every department, every board, every vestry, every public company and invisible private wire-puller will rise up against him and shortly make London too hot to hold him.

Thirty years ago a man who discovered a grievance had made his fortune; now a grievance would disestablish the whole Bench of Bishops if they presumed to bring it forward.

In the present lively state of public feeling upon the Suffragist question, it is interesting to find as part of *The Englishman* programme the following clause:—

It will advocate Female Suffrage, giving to every unmarried woman a right to vote in elections for Parliament, in a word the same occupation-franchise as is given to men by 30 and 31 Victoria, chapter 102. The mild, the soberising, the humanising influence which the bestowal on women of this political status would infuse into contests, would be of incalculable public benefit.

Twenty-five years ago I had the honour of telling Mr Disraeli that the Ballot was a measure which he, above all others, ought to take in hand as a sure obstacle to the influence exercised by large employers of labour over their men—an influence which gave undue power to a faction, which chafed every free spirit and trammelled the independence of the working classes. I now take the liberty of telling him that the extension of the suffrage to women is a matter well worthy of his attention. It would help to stem that wave of atheism and communism which is beginning to flow, and it would greatly check that electoral corruption which is one of our most prominent vices. Women are naturally religious, honest and good, and I have met quite as much wisdom and knowledge among them as I have found general among men.

It is but seldom in actual life that the tragic and dramatic notes of action and feeling are struck with the force and frequency with which they were sounded in the Tichborne Case. This strange episode indeed may be regarded as having been a species of moral tornado which, sweeping suddenly into the social midst, swept men from their feet. In its rushing and conflicting currents were excited every sort of human passion; prejudice, justice, anger, bitterness, heroic disinterestedness, sordid cupidity, ambition, devotion, cowardice, courage—in a word, every man's strength or weakness—the whole gamut of human motive and emotion raging and swirling about one large, melancholy, monstrous, mysterious Figure.

One of the tragic notes struck was expressed in the following pitiful letter, which was addressed to my Father some time after the sweeping tornado had involved him likewise in its tale of wreckage.

The writer was Mr James Wishaw, one of the Benchers of Gray's Inn. He expresses remorse and asks forgiveness for his share in the great injustice toward Dr Kenealy of which he and his colleagues had been guilty.

The letter tells its own story of a good heart and an honest conscience suffering sorely for the perpetration of a wrong to which their owner had been moved in the excitement of the hour.

Mr James Wishaw's Death-bed Letter to Dr Kenealy.

EASTBOURNE.

"SIR,—I am on my death-bed, and in all probability before many days have passed I shall be in the presence of God who made me, and to whom I shall have to render an account of the good or evil I have done in my past life.

"It will be a relief to my mind to ask your forgiveness for one of the worst acts that now presses on me, and which I helped to accomplish; I mean your professional ruin and your expulsion from the Bar and the Gray's Inn Bench. I feel now most strongly the cruel injustice of this act, and my conscience would be lightened of a heavy load if I could only feel sure that I leave this world with your pardon for an act which I have regretted. But never until now, when my time on earth is short, did I feel how deeply I had sinned, in giving way to the will of others *against my own conscience.*

"I send these lines written with a hand that trembles, and from a heart that feels the solemnity of my present condition, and once more before I close I ask you and Mrs Kenealy to forgive me for not protesting against the crime that was committed by the Chancellor and the Gray's Inn Benchers.—Yours sincerely, JAMES WISHAW."

Needless to say, my Father, ever warm and generous-hearted, immediately replied, assuring the troubled, dying man of his and of Mrs Kenealy's full forgiveness, and adding such words of comfort as he could devise.

Dr Kenealy began soon to receive requisitions from all the large towns and cities of the United Kingdom, desiring him to lecture in these upon the Tichborne Case. And this, so soon as his health allowed, he proceeded to do.

He received ovations everywhere, his lectures being attended by immense, enthusiastic crowds, who at the conclusion thronged upon the platform, begging permission to shake hands with him, to touch his coat sleeve, to kiss his hands. He became a popular Idol, the subject sometimes of the most moving and passionate devotion.

Every post brought to him letters from all lands and from members of all classes, expressing admiration for his courage and talent, and profound sympathy for him in the injustices he had suffered. Blind persons sent tributes, baskets and artificial flowers of their own fashioning. Sailors sent model ships they had made, sometimes from the wood of famous wrecks. Presents of game, of flowers, of books, of pictures, every description of tribute came from numerous and unknown sympathisers. So too came letters innumerable, suing for autographs; law-papers with notes imploring opinion on the merits and chances of the suits set forth. Whithersoever he went knots of persons recognised and cheered him, and would come up frequently to beg the privilege of a word or of a hand-shake.

At hotels he found always the best rooms reserved for him. During his travellings the police and railway-servants particularly showed themselves eager to do for him any small service which lay in their power. Vases and dinner-services were embellished with his portrait, photographs and busts of him were sold in shops.

In sympathy and in warm-hearted zeal the great mass of his fellow-countrymen strove to make up to him for all that he had lost and suffered. So sincere and vigorous was public indignation that the defeat of the Liberal Government at the ensuing General Election was attributed wholly to the action it had taken with regard to the Tichborne Case.

In response to a huge requisition he put up as an Independent member for the borough of Stoke-on-Trent, and amid scenes of the wildest enthusiasm was returned in February 1875 at the head of the poll, his majority numbering nearly 2000.

Descriptive of his somewhat unconventional first appearance in the House of Commons, the following amusing verses appeared in a weekly paper:—

DR KENEALY'S ENTRANCE INTO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

I

Once in February dreary, while the Commons weak and weary
Pondered many a quaint and curious Tory measure then in store,
While they nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at the Chamber door;
"Some new member 'tis," they muttered, "tapping at our Chamber door,
'Tis Kenealy, nothing more."

2

But the House was in a flutter, when, without a "hem" or stutter
In there walked a stately Counsel some of them had seen before;
Not the least obeisance made he—not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But with mien of ancient member took his place upon the floor,
Hitched his "gamp" upon the mace, and hung his hat behind the door—
Hitched and stood, and nothing more.

3

Stood the Counsel grim, beguiling their " gay wisdoms " into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance he wore—
" None come here without proposer," said the Speaker as a poser;
" 'Tis the Parliamentary custom of two hundred years and more; "
But outspoke the Doughty Premier, " Truly all know how he came here—
He's Kenealy—nothing more."

* * * * * * * *

6

Members willing to be civil, said, " Oh, quit the Tichborne drivel.
By the roof that bends above us—by the Commons we adore,
Tell our souls with sorrow laden that our Parliamentary Aiden
Shall not echo with the name of Arthur Orton any more;
That the mystery unriddled who the name " Sir Roger " bore
Shall not vex us any more."

7

But Kenealy, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
With his gingham hitched upon the mace, his hat behind the door,
And his eyes have all the seeming of a Counsel who is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor.
And the Commons, in that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Have a pretty treat in store.

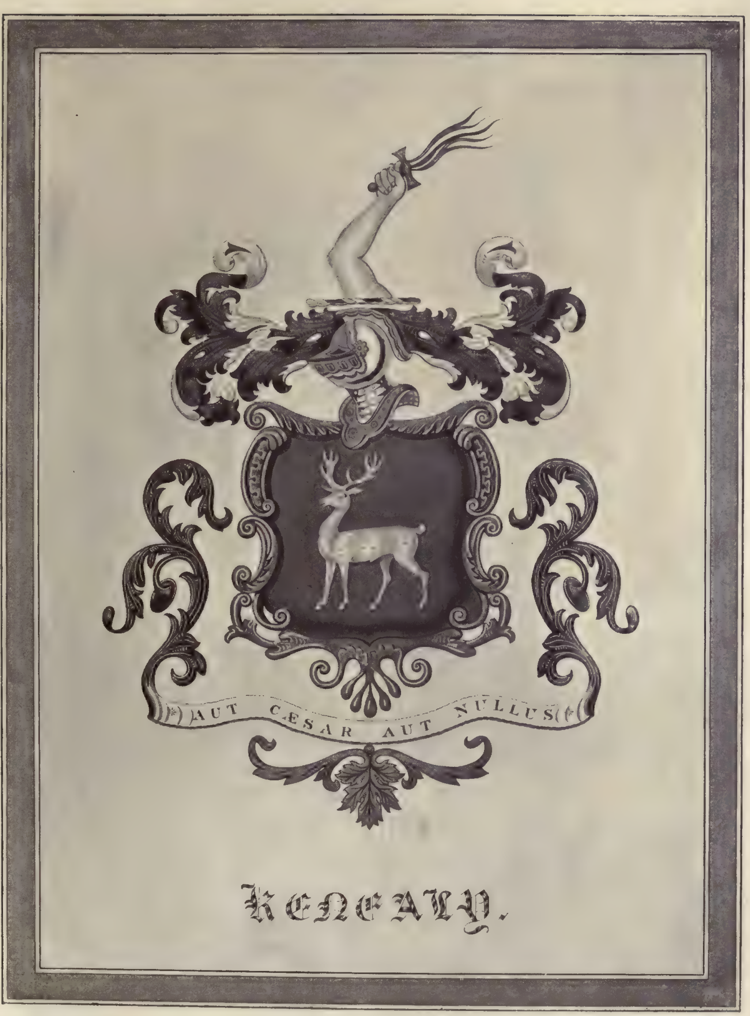
With regard to this manner of his introduction, unpresented, an incident of which much has been made, the truth is that until Mr Guildford Onslow called at his house to accompany him down to Westminster it had wholly escaped my Father's memory (well as he was acquainted with Parliamentary procedure) that the time-honoured custom was for a new member to be introduced by two fellow-members. He had, therefore, not applied to any to stand sponsor for him.

Mr John Bright had intimated that same morning to Mr Onslow that he would with pleasure perform this function. Dr Kenealy, however, seeing the dilemma, and considering that a notice so short would be discourteous, after a moment's reflection looked up, smiling, and ever ready of resource told Mr Onslow that the introduction by two members was merely a form sanctioned by custom and was not required by Parliamentary law. Unless, therefore, on the spur of the moment, two responsible members should prove their public interest by coming forward to support him, he was disposed to test the Speaker's right to insist upon the practice.

And, as he had said, the form being no part of Parliamentary law, he was sworn in without it.

But the thing was by no means premeditated. Had he remembered it he would have complied with the custom and would have asked two of his friends or sympathisers, Mr Bright one of them perhaps, to present him. That he hung his umbrella upon the Speaker's Mace was true. He described the incident, amused. In sheer absence of mind, when called upon to record his name, he found that he had brought up his umbrella. Looking about for some place to bestow it, a convenient nob upon the Mace revealed itself and there he hung it. Next morning the papers were full to overflowing with the story. It was described as a notable weapon of offence. In size it was likened to the far-famed umbrella of King Coffee.

Lady Burrard, an old friend, coming in that morning, demanded, laughing, to be shown this trophy. She was



THE FAMILY COAT OF ARMS

disappointed when it was brought. "Why," she exclaimed, "it is only just an every-day umbrella!"

Nevertheless for months afterwards it figured in large and singular dimensions in verse and in line in the comic journals.

I believe eventually the management of Madame Tussaud's begged it and that it was for many years on view as the veritable and only umbrella which had ever found a hanging place upon the Speaker's Mace.

[This Lady Burrard, widow of Sir Harry Burrard, Bart., and sister of Sir George Duckett, Bart., was a charming and clever observant woman of the world. A member of an old Hampshire family, she had met and had danced with Roger Tichborne in his subaltern days, and despite the dissimilarity of figure she at once recognised The Claimant as her former ball-partner. She gave evidence in his favour at the second Trial.]

Before he had taken his seat in the House Mr Evelyn Ashley, member for Poole, uttered at a public meeting a slander against him as false as it was foolish, charging him with having put into the witness-box a witness, knowing him to be perjured, a charge which his worst enemies had never made. Dr Kenealy brought Mr Ashley's conduct before the House as a breach of privilege.

Expectation ran high. The House was filled to overflowing. Among those present were the (then) Prince of Wales, Prince Christian, ex-King Amadeus, the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Westminster, Earl Granville, Lord Rosebery, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Earl of Wilton, Earl Stanhope, Lord Houghton, Lord Enfield, Earl of Airlie, Lord Colville of Culross, Lord Aberdare and others. Lord Hartington, Mr Disraeli, Mr Bright and Mr Lowe took part in the discussion.

Vanity Fair of the week, commenting on the event, said:—

"Dr Kenealy has certainly 'scored off' the leaders of the House of Commons, as well as off Mr Ashley, in the discussion on Thursday night. He got his apology from the latter, and exhibited the former in anything but a creditable light."

Of Mr Bright's diplomatic conversation with him in the little room behind the Speaker's Chair I have already spoken. Interested members watched them with curious eyes as Mr Bright, having sought out, convoyed the new member thither. An elect few were doubtless aware of that which was afoot.

All was, however, fruitless. To all of Mr Bright's representations my Father, having listened courteously, returned but one answer.

In his absolute and full belief that the convicted man was Roger Tichborne he could find it neither in his heart nor in his conscience to desert his cause. He thanked Mr Bright for his kindly intervention, he expressed gratitude. But not even the promise of being re-instated in his profession, nor the still more shining bait held out of political office, tempted him.

Nevertheless, despite his firm refusal, Mr Bright would not take "No!" but said at parting, "Well, Dr Kenealy, think it over and write to me."

The issue was the subjoined letter:—

"GRAY'S INN, *June 18th* 1875.

"DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your conversation with me yesterday, but I have made up my mind never again to think of the subject.—Yours truly,

"E. KENEALY.

"The Rt. Hon. J. BRIGHT, M.P."

Motion for Commission of Inquiry

On April 23rd, 1875, two months after his return to Parliament, Dr Kenealy made in the House of Commons his great Motion for a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the Tichborne Case.

He spoke for three hours, giving a masterly abstract of certain flagrant injustices The Claimant had suffered, and laying particular stress upon the acknowledged fact that forged documents had been put in evidence against him.

The Motion was defeated, Major O'Gorman, the doughty and gallant member for Waterford, being the only member who accompanied him into the division lobby.

So great was public interest in the matter that *The Times* issued a special edition containing a report of Dr Kenealy's speech and his reply to his opponents.

Previous to the Motion seventy-two petitions for The Claimant's release, signed by over 200,000 persons, had been presented to the House.

Having a faith which was pathetic in its idealisation of the aims and progressive aspirations of the working-man, he founded The Magna Charta Association, a league which had for objects the Restoration of the Fine Spirit of Magna Charta and the Restitution of the Bill of Rights, the Establishment of a Free Press, the Amendment of Laws which pressed Unjustly on the Poor, the Return to Parliament of People's Representatives, and the Equalisation of the Franchise.

As it turned out these ideals and the energy and altruism required to make them fact were unfortunately not forthcoming. The Association enrolled a number of members, but it presently broke up into factions and dissolution, it having been found impossible to make every member Chairman of his Branch.

In the House my Father made many good and pleasant friends and was ever a popular speaker. The word "Kenealy is up" was a signal which invariably brought members flocking in from the lobbies and from other favourite places of refuge from boredom. All were confident of hearing something which would repay them for the lending of their ears and their attention. He did not speak unless he had something to say, and his manner of saying it was ever eloquent, pithy and arresting. He voted independently, according as he regarded a measure as being for the public good, quite irrespective of Party. By this means he gave offence to many of his constituents, who were unable to appreciate an attitude so broad and enlightened. He supported the Tories upon the Eastern Question, having ever a distrust of Russia. He was no "little Englander," describing himself as even a bigot in his zealous upholding of the British Constitution.

Before long, however, his steadily-failing health prevented him from taking an active part in Parliament. After a speech delivered with the fire and the apparent vigour of a man still young, he would return home in a state bordering upon collapse, victim of his most distressing and prostrating malady. Every smallest effort had become a weariness and a pain. His heart showed signs of failure.

Yet still his brain and strenuous spirit were undaunted. He read and wrote and conducted his affairs. When scarcely able to walk he dragged himself down to the House in order to vote upon some measure in which he was interested.

At the General Election in the spring of 1880, a dying man, suffering from more or less constant and excruciating pain, he went down to Stoke and valiantly contested his seat, himself arranging the many busy matters connected with the contest, addressing meetings, exhorting, encouraging, displaying everywhere and infusing into all his accustomed fire and spirit. Few who heard him had the least suspicion of the physical and mental suffering with which he was battling.

When all was over, and when, with the turn of the popular tide, he had been defeated he gave up and returned home to die. He travelled to London the day following the declaration of the poll—April 3rd—and died from heart failure on the morning of Friday the 16th.

The death-bed is sacred. And yet because he, of all men, so profoundly realised the need for full belief in, and for earnest development of man's spiritual part, I could wish that the whole world of unbelievers had been present at my Father's death. For it was beyond all things a revelation which none could have denied or doubted: a revelation of the absolute existence of the soul.

And since to record it may be of help to some still wrestling with spiritual doubt, in all reverence and affection I record it.

When the end came there was a moment in which the strong, human face with its noble brows showed sunk and haggard to the last degree, physical life at its extinction. Then there was a moment in which that face flashed suddenly, irradiate, luminous—as though the shining soul had slipped its leash and stood for an instant smiling, free, on the threshold of its recent habitation. Another moment and both physical haggardness and spiritual illumination were lost in the waxen serenity of death.

But for some persons, at all events, a sure and final answer had been given to the sceptic question, "Has any man seen a soul?"

For what else could this have been—this lightning, luminous presence?

Extinct body and brain possess no light in them to flash. The poor clod of flesh at the moment of returning to its native dust can of itself have no vital, illuminant spark.

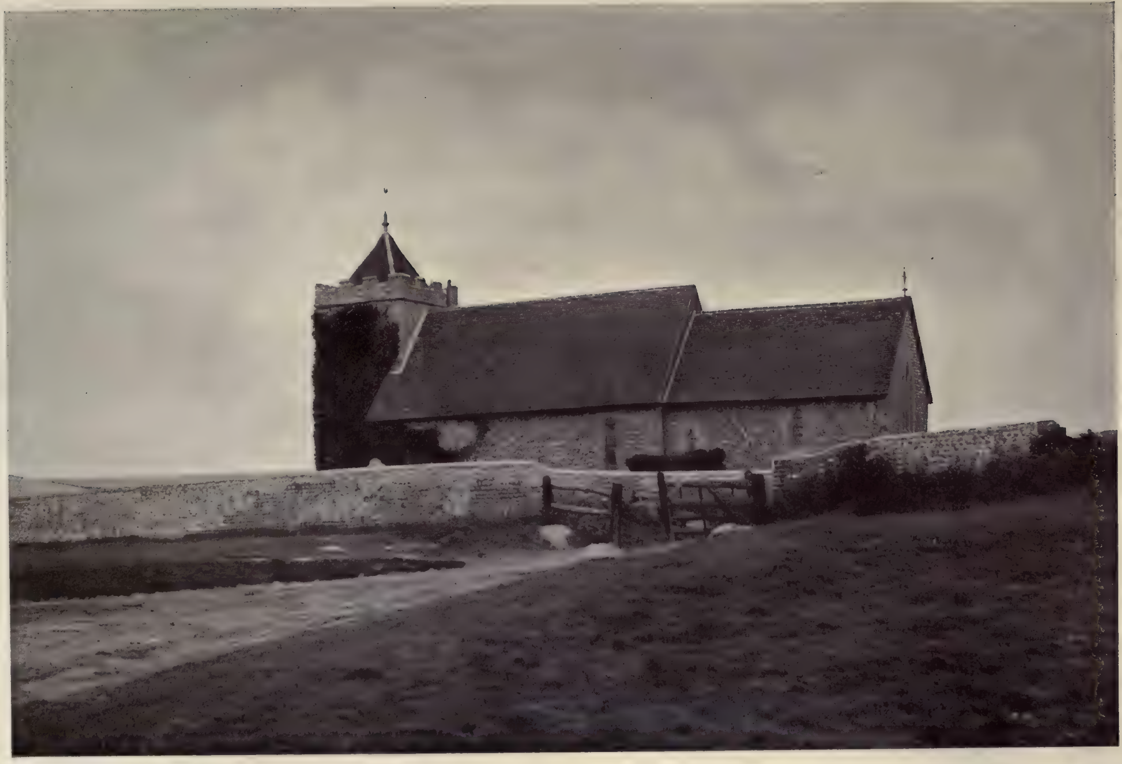
Yet there it was, a transient tremor which suggested severance, then for an instant that transfiguring, shining beauty, which the face even in the most exalted moods of one in whom the spiritual life was ever dominant had never shown—a light before which to cover the eyes and pray.

He was buried at Hangleton, Sussex, in that peaceful village churchyard, with its white tombs couching like sheep, shepherded by the grey old lichened church, whereby he had ever wished to rest.

It was of this lonely "Peace-be-upon-thee" resting-place that he had written:—

ON A VILLAGE CHURCHYARD IN SUSSEX.

Here,
Or in some humble field like this, would I
Myself desire to be consigned to dust,
Beneath a hillock with the daisy fretted,
A simple villager 'mid village folks—
With only these, my name and time of death.
All else is foolishness; all else is vain.
Yet would I not be grieved to think that some,
Warmed with the feeling for a Dreamer dead,
Such as in blessèd youth I too have felt
For the sun-soaring Spirits of sweet song,
Some high-aspiring boy, some gentle girl,
Would come and sprinkle flowers o'er my grave,
Would fling a rose or violet on the turf,
And say, "Upon thy breast I cast this gem
Of spring or summer, in a fond remembrance,
In token that thou hast a little place
Within my heart, and dwellest in my thoughts."



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